THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Weekly
Founded Benj. Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

OCTOBER 11, 1919

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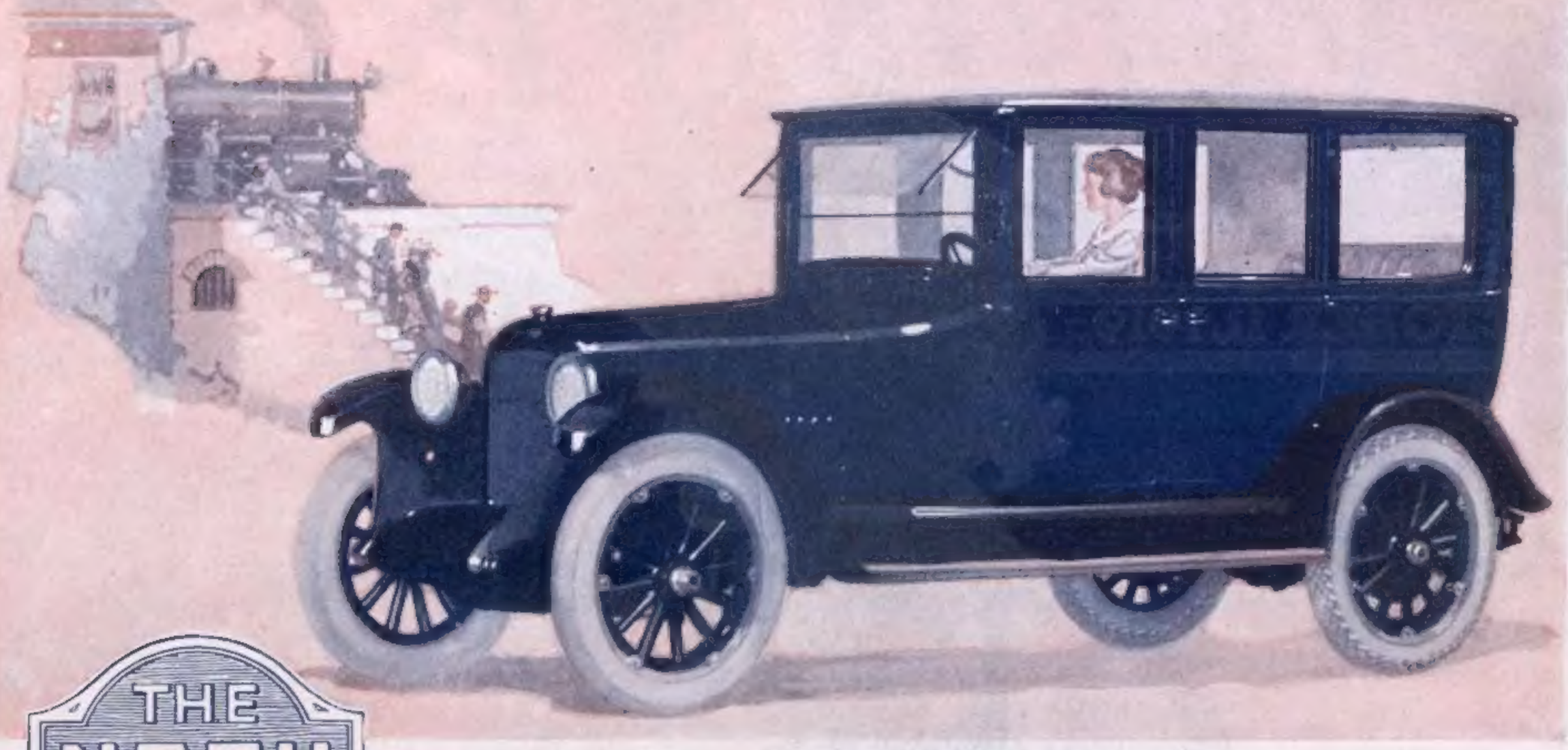
Irvin S. Cobb—Henry Payson Dowst—Wallace Irwin—Herschel S. Hall—Henry Watterson
Nina Wilcox Putnam—Ben Ames Williams—Baron Rosen—Henry C. Rowland—L. B. Yates

The Nash Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor



THE NASH SIX

THE body of this beautiful Nash seven-passenger Sedan is of solid construction; therefore permanently quiet. The upholstering is taupe mohair velvet, window curtains taupe silk, and the metal trimmings are of frosted silver. With the wide windows raised or lowered, as the weather may require, this Sedan is an exceptionally attractive and comfortable car.

Unusual Power Drives the Nash Six Sedan

THE unusual power of its Nash Perfected Valve-In-Head Motor is undoubtedly one of the chief reasons for the high regard in which the Nash Sedan is held by its owners. It gives this luxurious Sedan a responsiveness and "pick-up" that is beyond the ordinary for cars of this type.

And in addition this Nash car is economical of fuel and exceptionally quiet, even after many miles of service.

Nash Passenger Cars 5-Passenger Car, $1490; 4-Passenger Sport Model, $1595
2-Passenger Roadster, $1490; 7-Passenger Sedan, $2575
4-Passenger Coupé, $2350; 7-Passenger Car, $1640

Above prices F. O. B. Kenosha

In addition to Nash passenger cars there is a full line of Nash trucks including the famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad

The Nash Motors Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

Ingersoll Low Cost Methods *applied to* Jeweled Watches

The Trenton Factory devoted to making the Reliance

Quantity Production explains Ingersoll prices

One of the 127 Inspections of a Reliance

In order to produce watches of Ingersoll reliability at Ingersoll prices, it is necessary that they be made in large quantities on an interchangeable part plan.

Ingersoll has extended this principle into the jeweled watch field. The Trenton factory is devoted entirely to the 16-size, 7-jewel Reliance. The New England factory atWaterbury, Conn., produces only the 12-size Ingersoll Waterbury. No other jeweled watch is produced in a factory devoted entirely to the manufacture of one model.

Ingersoll quantity production methods include inspections and tests that assure accuracy. In the Reliance, for instance, there are 127 inspections before the movement is completely assembled. One of the inspections—checking the balance, set in beat, against a master balance—is shown at the left. Then each watch is tested for twelve days in six positions.

Note the values that you get as a result of these methods: the Reliance, a 7-jewel, thin, bridge-model watch, in a handsome solid nickel screw case at $8.00, or in a 10-year gold-filled case at $11.50. In Canada, $8.75 and $13.50.

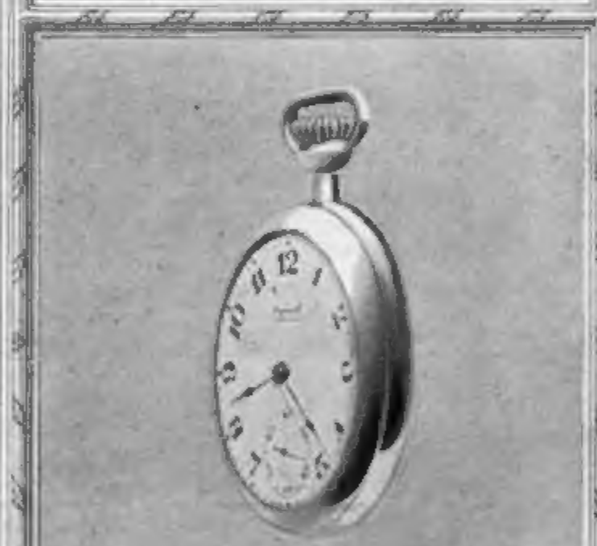
—Or the Waterbury, a sturdy jeweled watch of stylish size and appearance for $5.50. For only 75c more ($6.25) you can buy the Waterbury Radiolite that tells time in the dark. In Canada, $6.50 and $7.25. U. S. prices include the tax.

Look for the store with the Ingersoll display.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
315 *Fourth Avenue*
NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Reliance 7-Jewel
Solid nickel or gold-filled case



Ingersoll Waterbury
Jeweled 12 size

Waterbury Radiolite
Tells time in the dark

Ingersoll Jeweled Watches

Copyright, 1919, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Double-breasteds

A new and distinctive style

YOU know what the double-breasted coat used to be; a plain, substantial looking garment; gave the impression of bulk and solidity to the figure; lots of men couldn't wear it, and look well.

This season we've made the double-breasted coat a new thing; we illustrate several models here. Notice the high-chested, high-waisted effect; the smart curve of the waist-line and flare of the skirt. It's the most popular style of the season as we make it.

These clothes "reduce the cost"

The all-wool and fine tailoring in our clothes make them last longer; they cost less per year than other clothes because you don't have to buy so often

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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And Sold To—Irvin S. Cobb

"Twenty Dollars!" Pipes a Voice. He Clasps His Hand to His Brow. This is Too Much; it is Much Too Much

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHEN the new house was up as far as the second floor and the first mortgage, talk rose touching on the furnishings. To me it seemed there would be ample time a decade or so thence to begin thinking of the furnishings. So far as I could tell there was no hurry and probably there never would be any hurry. For the job had reached that stage so dismally familiar to anyone who ever started a house with intent to live in it when completed, if ever. I refer to the stage when a large and variegated assortment of hired help are ostensibly busy upon the premises and yet everything seems practically to be at a standstill. From the standpoint of a mere bystander whose only function is to pay the bills, it seems that the workmen are only coming to the job of a morning because they hate the idea of hanging round their own homes all day with nothing to do.

So it was with us. Sawing and hammering and steam fitting and plumbing and stone-lying and brick-lying were presumed to be going on; laborers were wielding the languid pick; a roof layer was defying the laws of gravitation on our ridgepole; at stated intervals there were great gobs of payments on account of this or that to be met and still and yet and notwithstanding, to the lay eye the progress appeared infinitesimal. For the first time I could understand why Pharaoh or Rameses or whoever it was that built the Pyramids displayed peevishness toward the Children of Israel. Indeed I developed a cordial sympathy for him. He had my best wishes. They were four or five thousand years late, but even so he had 'em and welcome.

Accordingly when the matter of investing in furnishings was broached I stoutly demurred. As I recall, I spoke substantially as follows:

"Why all this mad haste? Rome wasn't built in a day, as I have often heard, and in view of my own recent experiences I am ready to make affidavit to the fact. I'll go further than that. I'll bet any sum within reason, up to a million dollars, that the meanest smokehouse in Rome was not built in a day. No Roman smokehouse—Ionic, Doric, Corinthian or Old Line Etruscan—is barred. Unless workingmen have changed a whole lot since those times, it was not possible to begin to start to commence to get ready to go ahead to proceed to advance with that smokehouse or any other smokehouse in a day. And after they did get started they dallied along and dallied along and killed time until process curing came into fashion among the best families of Ancient Rome and smokehouses lost their vogue altogether. Let us not be too impetuous about the detail of furnishings. I have a feeling—a feeling based on my own observations over yonder at the site of our own little undertaking—that when that house is really done the only furnishings we'll require will be a couple of wheel chairs and something to warm up spoon victuals in.

"Anyhow, what's wrong with the furnishings we already have in storage? Judging by the present rate of non-progress—of static advancement, if I may use such a phrase—long before we have a place to set them up in our furnishings will be so entirely out of style that they'll be back in style all over again, if you get me. These things move in cycles, you know. One generation buys furniture and uses it. The next generation finding it hopelessly old-fashioned and out of date burns it up or casts it away or gives it away or rid of it. The third trying to restore it or the likes was despised and discarded is in stores it in the attic—anything to get generation spends vast sums of money of it, for by that time the stuff which strong demand and fetching fancy prices.

"The only mistake is to belong to the middle generation, which curiously enough is always the present one. We crave what our grandparents owned but our parents did not. Our grandchildren will crave what we had but our own children won't. They'll junk it. To-day's monstrosity is day-after-tomorrow's art treasure just as to-day's museum piece is day-before-yesterday's monstrosity. Therefore, I repeat, let us remain calm. I figure that when we actually get into that house our grandchildren will be of a proper age to appreciate the belongings now appertaining to us, and all will be well."

Thus in substance I spoke. The counter argument offered was that—conceding what I said to be true—the fact remained and was not to be gainsaid that we did not have anywhere near enough of furnishings to equip the house we hoped at some distant date to occupy.

"You must remember," I was told, "that for the six or eight years before we decided to move out here to the country we lived in a flat."

"What of it?" I retorted instantly. "What of it?" I repeated, for when in the heat of controversy I think up an apt bit of repartee like that I am apt to utter it a second time for the sake of emphasis. Pausing only to see if my stroke of instantaneous retort had struck in, I continued:

"That last flat we had swallowed up furniture as a rat hole swallows sand. First and last we must have poured enough stuff into that flat to furnish the state of Rhode Island. And what about the monthly statements we are getting now from the storage warehouse signed by the president of the company, old man Pi. Remit? Doesn't the size of them prove that in the furniture-owning line at least we are to be regarded as persons of considerable consequence?"

"Don't be absurd," I was admonished. "Just compare the size of the largest bedroom in that last flat we had in One Hundred and Tenth Street with the size of the smallest

"Exactly!" He Said. "That is Precisely What Makes Them So Desirable. You Can't Counterfeit Such Age as These Things Show, My Boy"

bedroom we expect to have in the new place. Why, you could put the biggest bedroom we had there into the smallest bedroom we are going to have here and lose it! And then think of the halls we must furnish and the living room and the breakfast porch and everything. Did we have a breakfast porch in the flat? We did not! Did we have a living room forty feet one way and twenty-eight the other? We did not! Did we have a dining room in that flat that was big enough to swing a cat in?"

"We didn't have any cat."

"All the same, we ——"

"I doubt whether any of the neighbors would have loaned us a cat just for that purpose." I felt I had the upper hand and I meant to keep it. "Besides, you know I don't like cats. What is the use of importing foreign matters such as cats—and purely problematical cats at that—into a discussion about something else? What relation does a cat bear to furniture, I ask you? Still, speaking of cats, I'm reminded ——"

"Never mind trying to be funny. And never mind trying to steer the conversation off the right tack either. Please pay attention to what I am saying—let's see, where was I? Oh, yes: Did we have a hall in that flat worthy to be dignified by the name of a hall? We did not! We had a passageway—that's what it was—a passageway. Now there is a difference between furnishing a mere passageway and a regular hall, as you are about to discover before you are many months older."

Period Furniture at a Glance

ON SECOND thought I had to concede there was something in what had just been said. One could not have swung one's cat in our dining room in the flat with any expectation of doing the cat any real good. And the hallway we had in our flat was like nearly all halls in New York flats. It was comfortably filled when you hung a water-color picture up on its wall and uncomfortably crowded if you put a clarionet in the corner. It would have been bad luck to open an umbrella anywhere in our flat—bad luck for the umbrella if for nothing else. Despite its enormous capacity for inhaling furniture it had been, when you came right down to cases, a form-fitting flat. So mentally confessing myself worsted at this angle of the controversy, I fell back on my original argument that certainly it would be years and years and it might be forever before we possibly could expect—at the current rate of speed of the building operations, or speaking exactly, at the current rate of the lack of speed—to move in.

"But the architect has promised us on his solemn word of honor ——"

"Don't tell me what the architect has promised!" I said bitterly. "Next to waiters, architects are the most optimistic creatures on earth. A waiter is always morally certain that twenty minutes is the extreme limit of time that will be required to cook anything. You think that you would like, say, to have a fish that is not listed on the bill of fare under the subheading 'Ready Dishes'—it may be a whale or it may be a minnow: that detail makes no difference to him—and you ask the waiter how about it, and he is absolutely certain that it will be possible to borrow a fishing pole somewhere and dig bait and send out and catch that fish and bring it back in and clean it and take the scales and the fins off and garnish it with sprigs of parsley and potatoes and lemon and make some drawn butter sauce to pour over it and bring it to you in twenty minutes. If he didn't think so he would not be a waiter. An architect is exactly like a waiter, except that he thinks in terms of days instead of terms of minutes. Don't tell me about architects! I only wish I were as sure of heaven as the average architect is regarding that which no mortal possibly can be sure of, labor conditions being what chronically they are."

But conceding that the reader is but a humble husbandman—meaning by that a man who is married—he doubtless has already figured out the result of this debate. Himself, he knows how such debates usually do terminate. In the end I surrendered, and the final upshot was that we set about the task of furnishing the rooms that were to be. From that hour dated the beginning of my wider and fuller education into the system commonly in vogue these times in or near the larger cities along our Atlantic seaboard for the furnishing of homes. I have learned though. It has cost me a good deal of time and some money and my nervous system is not what it was, having suffered a series of abrupt shocks, but I have learned. I know something now—not much, but a little—about period furniture.

A period, as you may recall, is equal to a full stop; in fact a period is a full stop. This is a rule in punctuation which applies in other departments of life, as I have discovered. Go in extensively for the period stuff in your interior equipments and presently you will be coming to a full stop in your funds on hand. The thing works out the same way every time. I care not how voluminously large and plethoric your cash balance may be, period furniture carried to an excess will convert it into a recent site and then the bank will be sending you one of those little printed notices politely intimating that "your account appears overdrawn." And any time a banker goes so far as to hint that your account appears overdrawn you may bet the last cent you haven't left that he is correct. He knows darned good and well it is overdrawn and this merely is his kindly way of softening the blow to you.

I have a theory that when checks begin to roll in from the clearing house made out to this or that dealer in period furniture the paying teller hastens to the adjusting department to see how your deposits seem to be bearing up under the strain. It is as though he heard you were buying oil stocks or playing the races out of your savings and he might as well begin figuring now about how long approximately it will be before your account will become absolutely vacant in appearance.

As I was remarking, I know a trifle about period furniture. Offhand now, I can distinguish a piece which dates back to Battle Abbey from something which goes back no further than Battle Creek. Before I could not do this. I was forever getting stuff of the time of the Grand Monarch confused with something right fresh out of Grand Rapids. Generally speaking, all antiques—whether handed down from antiquity or made on the premises—looked alike to me. But in the light of my painfully acquired knowledge I now can see the difference almost at a glance. Sometimes I may waver a trifle. I look at a piece of furniture which purports to be an authentic antique. It is decrepit and creaky and infirm; the upholstering is frayed and faded and stained; the legs are splayed and tottery; the seams gape and there are cracks in the paneling. If it is a chair, no plump person in his or her right mind would dare sit down in it. If it is a bedstead, any sizable adult undertaking to sleep in it would do so at his peril. So, outwardly and visibly it seems to bear the stamp of authenticity. Yet still I doubt. It may be a craftily devised counterfeit. It may be something of comparatively recent manufacture which has undergone careless handling. In such a case I seek for the wormholes—if any—the same as any other seasoned collector would.

Up until comparatively recently wormholes, considered as such, had no great lure to me. If I thought of them at all I thought of them as a topic which was rather lacking in interest to begin with and one easily exhausted. If you had asked me about wormholes I—speaking offhand—probably would say that this was a matter which naturally might appeal to a worm but would probably hold forth no great attraction for a human being, unless he happened to be thinking of going fishing. But this was in my more ignorant, cruder days, before I took a beginner's easy course in the general science of wormholes. I am proud of my progress, but I would not go so far just yet as to say that I am a professional. Still I am out of the amateur class. I suppose you might call me a semi-pro, able under ordinary circumstances to do any given wormhole in par.

Chats With a Wormhole Specialist

FOR example, at present I have an average of three correct guesses out of five chances—which is a very high average for one who but a little while ago was the veriest novice at distinguishing between ancient wormholes, as made by a worm, and modern wormholing done by piecework. I cannot explain to you just how I do this—it is a thing which after a while just seems to come to you. But of course you must have a natural gift for it to start with—an inherent affinity for wormholes, as it were.

However, I will say that I did not thoroughly master the cardinal principles of this art until after I had studied under one of the leading wormhole experts in this country—a man who has devoted years of his life just to wormholes. True, like most great specialists he is a person of one idea. Get him off of wormholes and the conversation is apt to drag, but discussing his own topic he can go on for hours and hours. I really believe he gets more pleasure out of one first-class, sixteenth-century wormhole than the original worm did. And as Kipling would say: I learned about wormholes from him.

At the outset I must confess I rather leaned toward a nice, neat, up-to-date wormhole as produced amid sanitary surroundings in an inspected factory out in Michigan, where no scab wormholes would be tolerated, rather than toward one which had been done by an unorganized worm two or three hundred years ago, when there was no such thing as a closed shop and no protection

(Continued on Page 165)

In Such a Case I Seek for the Wormholes—if Any—the Same as Any Other Seasoned Collector Would

THE BOSTWICK BUDGET

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THIS is the story of the unfortunate Mr. Bostwick, who owed four thousand, four hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-nine cents, and tells how John W. James, attorney at law, consented to prefix to his name the symbol Dr. to help a friend be rid of it as a suffix.

As appended to Mr. Bostwick's name it looked like this:

Mr. Samuel T. Bostwick, Dr. to Silas Brown & Co. Sept. 1 Acct. as per bill rendered.....\$121.84.

And Mr. Silas Brown "would very much appreciate an immediate settlement, failing to receive which we shall feel obliged to take necessary steps for collection, and beg to remain ——"

"Well," said Sam hopelessly, "they can remain and go hang! Blamed if I can help it!"

"But, Sam, dear, we ought to send them something. Couldn't we let them have fifty dollars?"

"Now, Lucy, how can I? We've simply got to pay the club this week, because if we don't I'll be posted. Then how would you feel? Couldn't go near the clubhouse, and all your friends talking. It would be fierce."

"How much do we owe the club?"

"Forty-four-twenty. That leaves us fifteen dollars and eighty cents to get through the week with, and I've got to have a new commutation. That'll take seven-ninety, just half. Thank goodness our ghost walks every week instead of once a fortnight."

"I don't see how we're going to manage, Sammy. The duke's absolutely got to have some rompers and another pair of play shoes. You've no idea how that child goes through his things."

"Now, Lucy, I wish you could get along for one week without buying something for that kid. If you would only wait until ——"

"W-e-ell. But he looks like a ragamuffin, poor lamb. I'm so ashamed—and you know the Randalls may drop in almost any day."

The Randalls were Lucy's bête noire.

They were prone to roll up in a luxurious car at the most inopportune times—for instance, when Lucy had just washed her hair. Marcia Randall would soothe her hostess' embarrassment with:

"Why, my dear! You mustn't mind me! Aren't you perfectly wonderful to be able to shampoo it yourself? Mercy! Celeste has such a time with mine. She's threatened to leave me again and again, it's so difficult. But you know how it is with servants who have been with one for years. I'm sure I should be devastated without Celeste."

After an hour of that brand of conversation Lucy would bid her guests a sugary good-by and then seek the back part of her small suburban home, mad enough to bite sections out of the woodwork. At dinner, served by a ponderous Finn with a finesse acquired apparently somewhere north of the Arctic Circle, Lucy would retail the story to her husband.

"And I tried to serve tea. Fanna gave us confectioner's sugar and wore a pink wrapper with bedroom slippers. Marcia Randall said—now, Sam, just listen—she said:

"'Oh, Lucy, what do you think? I'm going to lose Sarah, my waitress. I'm heartbroken. She's simply perfect, you know, and I've had her over three years. She's to marry the Vanderbergs' butler.'"

"Can't You See, Silly? I'm Playing Tennis for the Championship of the Sahara Desert. Go Away! Go Back to Bed! You Need Your Sleep"

"Lord! Forty-two and a half I hadn't thought of. Makes the grand total forty-four-sixteen-sixty-nine. Luce, it's terrible!"

"Terrible," agreed Lucy. "And no new rompers for the duke. Next week you'll simply have to pay Fanna or she'll leave; and the next week it'll be something else."

"Oh, go to Parker & Parker's. Have the stuff charged. We don't owe them much."

"Their prices are frightful."

"Well, what are you going to do? You said yourself the poor child looked like a ragamuffin."

"It seems such a shame to pay more just because we haven't ready money. I could shop so economically with even a little cash—say forty or fifty dollars. Last week it was Calder, the tailor."

"But he'd have sued me. As it is, he's ready to make me another suit, though I still owe him sixty-some dollars."

"And the coal the week before. Sam, what made you give Blackman fifty dollars on account? The coal was in!"

"How you must have felt for her, Luce! I bet you burst into tears."

"I could have choked her."

"Why didn't you let her have Fanna? That would have been revenge enough."

"Oh, I know Fanna isn't perfect, but she's lovely to the duke and he adores her."

"Glad she's got something to commend her besides weight and appetite. I suppose she's better than no maid at all."

"My, yes, only I wish you could see how our milk and cream disappear. And meat? You and I scarcely made an impression on the roast last night, but there wasn't enough to slice up for luncheon to-day."

Following his discussion of the imperative club bill Sam sat down and made a lot of figures, growing bluer and bluer as the evening advanced.

"Luce," he said, "this is the worst hole we've ever been in. We owe $4374.19."

"Oh, Sam, you must be mistaken!"

"Well, then, you take these bills and statements and add 'em up yourself."

"Isn't it dreadful? Makes me wish we were more like the Bakers—they're so thrifty."

"Tightwads! They make me tired. Besides, they can scrimp because their social demands aren't like ours. Baker's father was a truck driver or something. Their standards are different."

"Their standards seem to include a car."

"Yes, if you call a Gimme a car. Then, too, Baker's a handy bird. He likes to putter round the house. He's always making things and he's mechanical. He can do his own tinkering and hold his upkeep down."

"He made a beautiful gocart for their baby. Mrs. Baker was awfully proud."

"Don't blame her. I'd be proud if I could do the same, but that isn't my bent. Heard Baker up at five this morning cutting his lawn. Confounded nuisance, waking the neighbors. And it would kill me to pile out that early."

"Probably do you good—especially if you went to bed in some sort of season. By the way, it doesn't look as if we could pay Fanna anything this week. We'll be five weeks behind this coming Saturday."

"Yes, but Blackman would have had it out again if it took dynamite. You don't know that robber. And I'm paying a dollar a ton more than it would have cost last April. Gee! Don't you get it in the neck when you're poor?"

"That makes me think," said Lucy. "Angelo was here this afternoon to ask when you intend to pay him for the furnace and ashes last winter and the lawn this summer. He's only had ten dollars in six months."

The unlucky Mr. Bostwick buried his head in his hands and groaned.

"Gee!" he repeated. It was all he could think of.

II

JOHN W. JAMES was a very competent lawyer who had acquired a great deal of money through conscientious application to his practice, and a barrel or two more through a sagacious choice of parents. Small and alert, he was a man noted for his energy, the size of his fees and certain original habits of thought which led some of his acquaintances to call him eccentric.

About forty, a bachelor and rich, he had lately awakened to the realization that many things are more amusing than making money, especially money one does not need. He was of moderate—not to say frugal—habits, belonged to but one club and had never met a chorus girl. He had no clear ideas on the subject of entertainment seeking, so naturally he looked for mental stimulation along the borders of his accustomed paths. By avoiding the routine type of cases he began to escape the tedium of legal procedure, the pompous technicalities of his profession, the meticulous splitting of hairs. The affairs of his established clientèle he turned over to a corps of assistants over whom he exercised a sufficiently critical supervision; kept away from the courts; played golf; took his ease; and accepted the occasional case which presented points of interest calling for the functioning of his imaginative faculties—the bizarre, the dramatic or the poignant.

He had in truth come to the place where the law for its own sake bored him insufferably, wherefore he turned down far more business than he accepted.

"A client's like a book," he explained. "He's either interesting or stupid—usually the latter. He's always being

cheated or afraid someone is going to cheat him. I refuse to let 'em weary me with their troubles at any price."

"Well, John," queried a club mate, "what's your idea of a good time? Why don't you go shooting fee-rocious tigers or exploring lost rivers?"

"You don't understand. I'm not going to give up practicing law. I'm only hoping to find adventure in my own profession—heart throbs, human interest."

"Or romance?"

"Blaa!" remarked John, and walked away.

As proof of the inconsistencies of men and lawyers, consider now the case of Samuel T. Bostwick, near-bankrupt, whose woes could—one would suppose—hardly be more sordid or uninteresting.

If John W. James was looking for heart throbs and drama the Bostwick catalogue of hard luck promised only the dullest of reading. And yet ——

"Hello, Sam!" said the lawyer when young Bostwick dropped in one noon. Sam had to do his personal errands during his lunch hour.

"Hello, John! I called for only a minute. It's about that hundred. I was planning to square it up this month, but things have sort of—er—broken badly; that is, I've been in rather hard luck. Oh, I know explanations don't pay interest; you ought to have your money."

"That's all right, Sam—any time at all. How are Lucy and the infant?"

"They're bully, thank you. I'm awfully sorry about the money."

"Don't let it worry you, Sam."

"But it does worry me—almost to death. It isn't merely that I can't pay you now, but I'm in serious trouble and I was wondering if I could impose on you for a little—say a couple of hundred more just for a few weeks until some things I'm expecting to come to a head are a little further along."

Sam blurted forth this pathetic and excited plea in a manner calculated to touch a heart of stone. The attorney's eyebrows were slightly raised in surprise. He gazed thoughtfully at the young man for some seconds before he spoke.

He saw a good-looking chap, obviously well bred, in the neighborhood of thirty, whose clothes fitted him most acceptably. Sam's hat tilted at just the subtly correct angle so difficult of imitation by those not to the manner born. The nice balance of tone between his tie and the fabric of his coat, the recurrent note of color in his silk shirt, the smart crispness of the handkerchief peeping over the brink of his breast pocket—each of these details contributed its essential fraction to the perfect ensemble.

"Sam," finally remarked the attorney, "how long do you intend to keep on being an ass?"

Sam winced, endeavored to meet James' direct gray gaze, lighted a sheepish cigarette with an attempt at bravado, wriggled and made answer:

"Why do you call me an ass, John? God knows, I try hard! I have the darnedest luck."

The lawyer smiled.

"Yes," he said, "you have had some of the darnedest good luck of any boy I know. That's why I called you an ass. What time do they close the office where you work?"

"Five."

"Then I wish you'd come back here at that time. I may as well say, Sam, I'm willing to help you."

Sam jumped up and stretched out a large and grateful hand.

"By George, John, that's white of you! I don't know how to thank ——"

"No, Sam, I don't think you do. And I said willing—not will. There's to be a string attached to any assistance you get from me. So don't get all het up, because you may not like my conditions."

"Don't worry; I'm not fool enough to decline any reasonable conditions."

"Mine aren't reasonable; they're most extraordinarily unreasonable. One of them is that you become a man instead of a spoiled brat. Now go back to work and don't be too optimistic. You may not like the medicine I'm going to make you swallow."

Sam marched officeward with the sprightly step of a colored man in the wake of a military band. Good old John! Of course he wouldn't feel the loan any more than so much chicken feed. He was simply rolling in money, that bird. As for the warning about the unpleasant medicine, that was just old John's way, bless his heart! Stiff lecture about extravagance and running bills. Let him rave. It was superfluous anyhow, because Sam and Lucy had already made up their minds to turn over a new leaf. And John James' check would help them surmount the immediate crisis. Things would be easier after this, with a strictly pay-as-you-go policy in force from now on.

Sam could not have told you how many times such resolutions had been made. But this was different—oh, yes! John's two hundred—and why not make it five while the getting was good?—John's five hundred dollars could be spread out thin among a lot of creditors. It would keep them quiet for a long time.

The hopeful Sam even called Lucy on the telephone to inform her in a guarded way that their troubles were over for the present. Wasn't it great of John? Old John was a brick! They'd have to invite him out to the house right away. And didn't she think she'd like to come in town and have dinner and see a show just to celebrate?

Lucy said it was one of Fanna's nights out and she had to stay home with the duke. Besides, she didn't have anything fit to wear. They'd talk it over when Sam got home—after he'd seen James again.

They did. They talked it over until three o'clock in the morning. But the "it" which formed the subject of their discussion was not the one thousand dollars which Sam had decided to borrow from John W. James that night when the office closed. Well, not within the visual scope of the unassisted optic.

III

"I SUPPOSE you've come here prepared to name the amount I'm to write you a check for," said James that afternoon before Sam had had time to get comfortably seated and light a cigarette.

There was something so coldly businesslike in the attorney's gray eye that Bostwick hastily revised his figures downward and murmured waveringly that five hundred dollars would be about right. He had never realized before what a hard, uncompromising face John W. James had. He could have gone on at short notice to play the part of the rich money lender about to foreclose the mortgage. He wouldn't even need a make-up. In imagination Sam heard the hisses of the gallery gods:

"Stand back, John James! Your deed is a forgery! The watermark proves that at the time you claim my father signed this deed the paper was not even made. John James, you are foiled!"

"How much do you owe?" the mortgagee—I should say, the attorney—demanded abruptly; as if it was any of his business.

"Oh," replied Sam speciously and with a studied shrug which asked what difference a few dollars made one way or the other, "I guess it must be about—er—well, not over—er—don't believe I know to a penny. Few hundred dollars I suppose, more or less."

"First condition of helping you, Sam, is that you tell me the absolute truth. No dodging. How much?"

Sam fished in a pocket and lugged out a notebook, which he leafed through until he found a loose slip. This he eyed with ostentatious surprise as if he hadn't really expected to find it.

He sparred for time.

"Lemme see. Lemme have a pencil. Thanks."

He ran the point up and down a column of figures.

"What I should have," he began, "to settle some things that must be paid right away ——"

"You're not answering my question. How much do you owe?"

"Current and overdue bills—close to two thousand dollars."

"Close over, I guess—not under. What else besides bills? Any notes?"

Sam's jaw dropped.

"Er—you see, a couple of years ago my Uncle Marcus Freedom let me have some money. I finally gave him a note for two thousand dollars covering several loans."

"Ever paid your uncle any interest?"

"Oh, not yet! You see, Uncle Marcus wouldn't be hard on me."

"Why don't you ask him for five hundred then? He's a very wealthy man, and your own kin."

"Why, John, I wouldn't think of asking him for more after all he's done for me!"

Sam looked reproachfully virtuous.

Rudely the lawyer brought him back to earth.

"You know well enough he wouldn't let you have another cent. He's through with you—probably thinks you've bunked him—and I guess you have. You've bunked a lot of people and you go merrily along as usual."

"That's not fair, John."

"You've spent your money without counting the future for a moment. You've had a sublime confidence that the ravens or some other miraculous agency would pull you out of your fix. But if they were slow in calling round your Uncle Marcus and your friends and a lot of trusting merchants could stand the gaff. In other words, you dance, they pay the piper. Now, how much do you owe—all told?"

"Four thousand, four hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-nine cents," blurted Sam.

"Hell!" said John James. "You are in a bad hole."

Hereupon he delivered himself of opinions touching intimately the life and habits of the genus damphoolensis. John's vocabulary was varied and flexible, but he drew upon its reserves until it creaked under the strain. Sam began to wonder how soon the varnish would begin to curl up and peel off the furniture. He shriveled.

It dawned upon him that the reason he had to sit there and submit to this abuse was that he was in debt to James. He couldn't open his mouth to say a word. He had roped and hog-tied himself helplessly. All he could do was to wait the exhaustion of James' breath and vocabulary, which were just now giving a magnificent exhibition of teamwork. Sam was bitten by the earnest wish to beat the head off the attorney, but prudence restrained him. There might be at least a nickel lining to the cloud—black as it was—so he sat tight. The bombardment finally ceased and John W. James walked to the window, to stand gazing moodily into the street.

"Your father did me a great favor once," he said. "That's the only reason why I give a hoot about helping you. I want to keep you from making the mistakes that he made. He spoiled you, Sam, by being too easy-going. He was lax with you and you formed extravagant habits. He was too soft-hearted to make a first-rate business man, spent all his money on his family and died poor.

"Your extravagant habits, Sam, are like an ailment that can be relieved only by drastic treatment. Pity they were allowed to develop; but the heroic way is the only way to get rid of them."

Sam sighed. When would John ever run down? Of course what he said was true, but ——

"How much pay do you get, Sam?"

"Sixty a week."

"And can't live on it? That's absurd!"

"I didn't say we couldn't live on it if we really had it; but the confounded bills come and eat it up before I can get it home."

"You bring me your pay envelope this week, Sam—unopened."

"But, John, I've got to pay ——"

"Never mind that! Bring it to me! Also bring your wife here at the same time. If you will do as I tell you I'll show you how to pull yourself out of the hole you're in. It's going to hurt you like the devil, but that's your own fault. Any money in your pocket?"

Sam produced $3.47.

"That'll do you until Friday—pay day. Better get along on half. Give the other half to Lucy. I dare say she has to use forceps to get a dollar away from you. Now go home and I'll think your case over. You're engaging a high-priced lawyer, young man, so you'd better take my advice. Quickest way would be bankruptcy, but that's

"That Bird Didn't Get His Money by Saving It," Grumbled Sam. "He Made it Faster Than He Could Spend It"

messy. Besides, it leaves behind a moral responsibility which the courts can't cancel. And it wouldn't do you any permanent good, because it's too easy."

"But, John, I thought you were going to let me have some ——"

"Money? I know you did. Absolutely nothing doing! I've already given you a hundred dollars' worth of valuable time. Now you go home. Get a little cash book and keep an account of every cent you spend, and when you think of buying something ask yourself whether you'd want me to see it. That'll make you choose between keeping your money and making a false entry. I still believe you're too much of a man to monkey with the books. Then come to me Friday after five and bring Lucy—and the pay envelope."

Sam flared up.

"Now, look here, John! I don't have to stand this from you. I didn't ask you to take charge of my affairs—not by a long shot!"

"Very well, Sam. Do just as you please. I told you this afternoon the medicine would be bitter. But if I'm to be your doctor and cure you of debt you've got to take what I prescribe. There won't be much chocolate coating either. If you don't like the treatment you have your option of keeping the disease."

The little lawyer rose and stood behind his big desk. Samuel T. Bostwick squirmed and inched toward the door. But with a hand on the knob he hesitated, turned and said:

"All right, Doctor James, I'll take your pills. I haven't an idea what they've got in 'em, but they can't more than kill me. And I s'pose Lucy's got to take 'em too."

James nodded.

"Now if you're a better sport than you are financier you'll win. That is, you'll win if you're game. If you're yellow I want to know it. Personally I believe in you; otherwise I wouldn't be bothered. Give my love to Lucy."

"Sure," said Sam, taking the lawyer's outstretched hand. "I'll do that little thing, though I don't know how she'll take it when she finds out what's going on."

"I don't see how you're going to get along until Friday," Lucy had objected. "Please take a dollar of mine, honey. Well, I hope you don't starve."

Sam did not starve. He spent a dollar for lunch the first day, and thirty-five cents the second. His evening papers cost four cents and cigarettes twenty-five. These he husbanded carefully, smoking less than a third his usual number. The fact that the ghost circulated on Friday did not help, owing to his having promised James to deliver the envelope unopened, so out of his remaining nine cents he purchased a five-cent cake of chocolate and called it a lunch. At closing time he joined his wife at the entrance of the building.

"What's the state of the bank roll?" he asked.

"Sixteen cents."

"With my four we have twenty. Let's take the bus." Lucy gripped his arm spasmodically.

Marcia Randall Would Soothe Her Hostess' Embarrassment With:
"Why, My Dear! You Mustn't Mind Me! Aren't You Perfectly Wonderful to be Able to Shampoo It Yourself?"

"No! No!" she said in a scared voice. "We'll walk. How do we know what that ogre intends to do? We might be absolutely penniless."

Arrived at the office of John W. James, Lucy at least was cordially received.

"Lucy!" he cried, seizing both her hands. "What a little peach you are! I haven't seen you for a long time. This is a great pleasure."

"It—it must be," replied Mrs. Bostwick. "I wish I—we—felt the same way about it."

This did not sound so severe as she had meant that it should. She seemed—in spite of her predetermined intention to crush the tyrant with a look—to be treating the situation in a manner good-humoredly ironic. She had not intended to be good-humored. She caught herself smiling pleasantly at James and felt hypocritical and fatuous.

"Same old Lucy," chuckled James. "Snappy as ever; eh, Sam? If you had Lucy's pep you'd amount to something."

He laid a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Double deuce!" thought Sam resentfully.

"Now," went on the attorney, "if Sam and I can be excused for a few minutes I'll see Lucy afterward. You don't mind, do you, Lucy?"

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Bostwick, endeavoring to stiffen. She was small and of an engaging plumpness and possessed of brown eyes and a dimple. Her attempt to stiffen was not much of a success, but resulted in a grimace which James mistook for a pout. This he thought immensely becoming.

"Thanks," he said, and closed the door of his private office. His client set his teeth and awaited the opening gun.

"Got your envelope?"

Sam passed it over.

"Cash account?"

The victim produced a small book and surrendered it glumly. James added up the entries rapidly.

"Got four cents?"

Sam extended his hand, palm upward, exhibiting four pennies.

"Books balance. Petty cash O. K."

The little man briskly clipped an end from Sam's envelope and counted the contents.

"Sixty. Now, Sam, if that money didn't belong to your creditors it would look pretty fine, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, boy! But now it looks like stage money."

"Exactly. As for its doing you any good, I suppose it seems hopeless. Now, if only ten dollars of it belonged to your creditors the remaining fifty would be well worth while, eh?"

"Don't kid me, John!"

"I'm not kidding you. We'll just set aside ten dollars and call the fifty yours—well, theoretically anyhow. Fifty dollars a week is twenty-six hundred a year. What would you do with it?"

"Live on it of course."

"But you haven't lived on sixty, Sam."

"On account of the confounded bills."

"Nonsense! It's on account of your idiotic improvidence. You say now you can live on fifty a week. What would you do with the money?"

"Why, buy food and clothes and milk and ice—well, what under the twinkling stars do you think I'd do with it? Get a steam yacht?"

"Something equally foolish, I've no doubt. How much of it would you save?"

"Aw, John, don't talk like a piece of cheese! We couldn't save anything on fifty a week; but just as soon as I get another raise I intend to save ten per cent of my salary regularly.

"I believe in saving—when a chap can afford it of course."

"Oh, you really do? That's encouraging, because you're going to start saving right now. Here!"

James counted out fifteen dollars.

"What's that for?" queried Sam.

"Savings-bank account. Start it to-morrow morning. Hereafter you add fifteen dollars each week. Great Scott! Believe in saving? You bet your sweet life you believe in saving—if you know what's good for you!"

Sam eyed the fifteen dollars, then looked up with a puzzled frown.

"I don't get you. Ten dollars goes to pay bills and fifteen into the bank. What the dickens do you think Lucy and I and the kid are going to live on? Faith? You're crazy!"

"Lucy and the kid and you are going to live on thirty-five dollars a week until further notice."

"But, John, have a little sense! How can I save fifteen a week and make any headway paying my debts? Lord knows ten dollars a week isn't a drop in the bucket! Why, that would take over four hundred weeks—more than eight years."

"Quite so! Nevertheless it's the only way. The fifteen a week in the bank is what I call a desperate necessity. You haven't any money—neither has Lucy. Suppose you were to be taken sick to-night—perhaps die? What would become of your family?"

Sam groaned that he'd be darned if he knew.

"Of course you haven't any insurance."

"I had, but it lapsed. Anyhow, I'm healthy."

"And cocksure. You're the sort of chap who gets it in the neck when he's least expecting it. You take out two thousand dollars of insurance right off."

"Say, John, you were going to help me get out of debt, and now you tell me to do things that cripple me worse than ever."

"My dear, foolish, thick-headed fellow, haven't you brains enough to see that you've absolutely got to provide first for your family? You're to keep on saving the fifteen a week until you have several hundred dollars set aside. Do it in Lucy's name too. That's a sacred duty—creditors or no creditors."

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IV

IT WAS a very resentful Lucy who accompanied her husband on Friday after closing time to the office of John W. James, attorney, for though she was far from clear in her mind what the doctor would prescribe she felt sure it would be something disagreeable. Sam had his as yet unviolated pay envelope in his pocket, and Lucy yearned to it. True, she had not been on intimate terms with its predecessors, but it now appeared that she wasn't to have even a bowing acquaintance with this one.

For several long contentious hours she had stubbornly refused to subscribe to her husband's plan to permit the lawyer to dictate his financial affairs.

"How could you be so weak?" she demanded. "Haven't you any backbone? Is he a hypnotist? Why, he's a perfectly terrible man!"

And Sam, who was not very well sold on the proposition himself, made a rather wabbly advocate. All he could urge in defense of his surrender was the reputed sagacity of John W. James. He certainly could not deny that he was a bully and a tyrant.

"He may be a wonderful lawyer," bewailed Lucy, "but he has no right to mix in our affairs and you had no business letting him."

"It's time someone took a hand," said Sam lugubriously. "We can't be any worse off, and John says his treatment cures—if the patient follows directions."

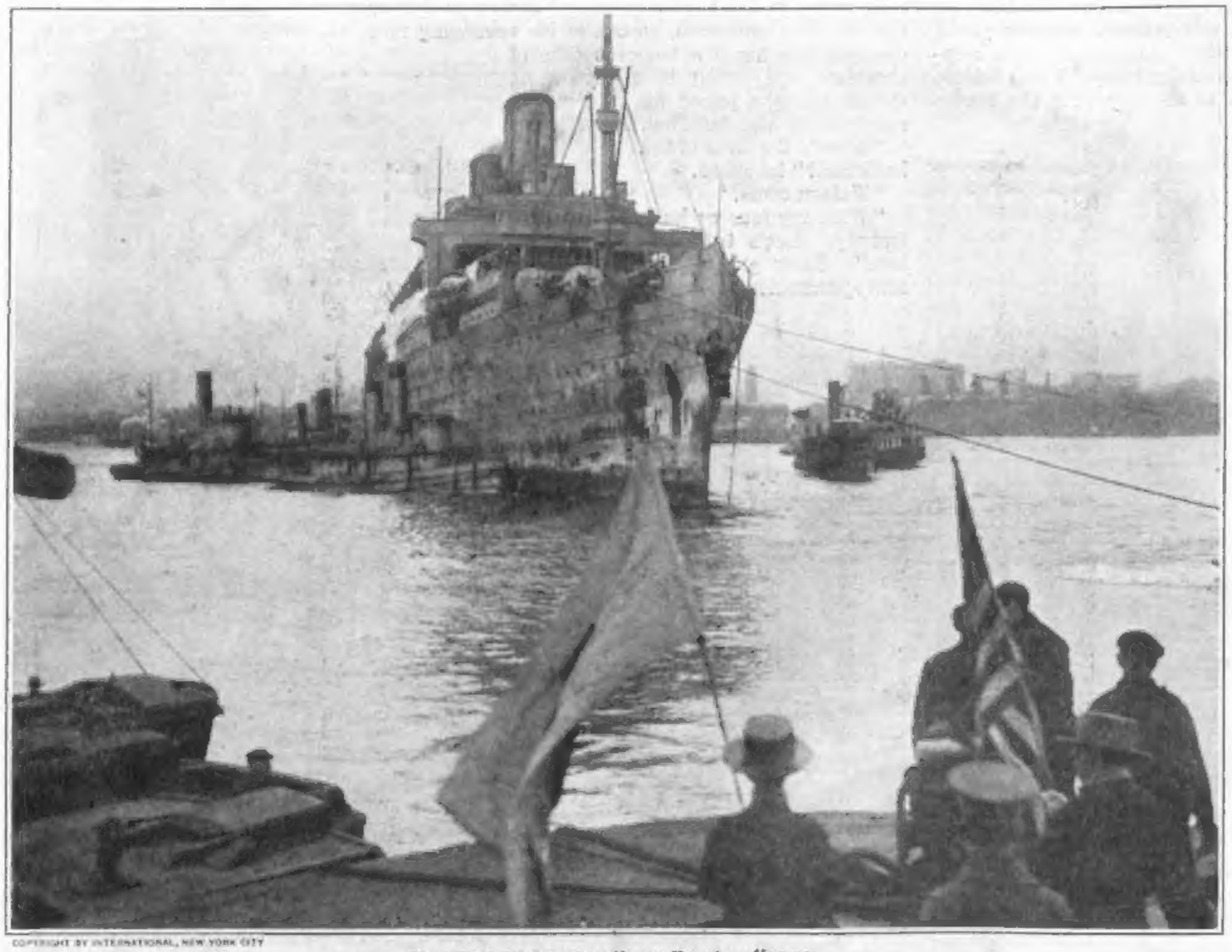
"Bother directions! I'm not going near him!"

But finally she did. Her acquiescence was protesting and ungracious—but it served.

As suggested by his mentor, Sam had divided his $3.47 with Lucy. This he accomplished by giving her $1.73 and matching her for the odd penny—which he lost.

Where Do We Go From Hoboken?

By HERBERT QUICK



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New York Welcoming Home Her Own "27th"

OF COURSE you haven't forgotten it—that pithiest, if that somewhat profane slogan, in an army which seemed to have a genius for slogans. It should not pass into the limbo of things forgotten, if for no other than historical reasons. As the shores of America dropped back into the things to the west'ard—for though you were from Sauk Rapids or Joplin you had already attained a seagoing phrase or two—as everything you had ever known disappeared behind the waves—went west, in fact—you said or heard said as you fixed your eyes on that eastern horizon beyond which you might help to win the greatest battle of all history or you might be driven into the sea after defeat: "Well, it's hell, heaven or Hoboken by Christmas!"

And you, peaceful but nevertheless useful citizen, just think of the eternal and everlasting Americanism in that phrase: "Hell, heaven or Hoboken by Christmas!" No boasting in it. No flub-dub of chasing the Germans breathless. No pose. Just invincible determination to do the fearful thing, and do it quick. No victory-or-death pledges, with sword drawn and pointing skyward, eyes turned upward, and hand thrust into bosom—nothing in it but a quiet expression, an odd, quizzical assumption of victory. Yes, there was in it a hint of death, too, an even-handed, broad-minded clause giving even the devil his due in case he had anything coming to him, a little outcropping of hope that it would be heaven, in a universe in which devotion to country and humanity might be expected to count for something; but back of it all the feeling that really it would be Hoboken after all. No poet, no orator, no master of style ever coined so splendid an expression; for in it was the soul of a nation, a nation the most sentimental in the world, but one which hates sentimentalism as the devil hates holy water.

After Khaki, What?

NOT much more than half of you crossed the water, but all of you had that expression, and the magnificent spirit back of it in your hearts; and all of you—all who came back—had a Hoboken of wharves and docks or a Hoboken of the spirit from which to make that fresh start which always exists for each of us at every finish. Each of you has gone through his Hoboken and closed the episode of the service. You are all passing through the period of readjustment. To all of you the question has presented itself in one form or another: "Where do we go from Hoboken?" After khaki, what? Standing on the wharf, actual or spiritual, filled with memories which you cannot even begin to express to anyone—to say nothing of those who do not already know—conscious that you have something within you which nobody can ever understand or even imagine, you look back across the billows to those peoples you have fought for, and forward to those who sent you, and think: "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

Back, of course; that's where you go. Back to the soap works, the foundry, the warehouse, the rags and old iron business, the cracker factory, the drug store, the street-cleaning gang, the roundhouse, the meat wagon, the sample cases, the typewriter, the ledger, the school, the pulpit, the stage, the trombone, the anvil, the steam hammer, the cattle ranch, the orchard, the plow—the job, in short; or the hunt for the job. Back, some of you, to a world in which you don't care much whether you do anything or not; to a sort of good-for-nothing consciousness, which makes you reluctant to face the music of life, even after having faced death in a thousand forms. All of us have felt a touch of it, after a vacation or a fit of sickness or anything which breaks us up. We have hated to put our noses back against the grindstone; and some of us can understand how—after a year or two of having everything planned for you, everything laid upon you as commands, all your food provided, all your amusements looked after and all your movements ordered—it is a little unhandy for you to begin to think and do for yourselves. Some of you are going to be pretty worthless for a while, but you'll get over that, and you'll find that, like a spring which has been unbent for a while, you'll have more kick in you than ever—that is, most of you will. It all depends on what you were before you went.

Many of you returned from your spiritual or material Hoboken with hazy expectations which haven't been realized. A little balloon of hope blew up after you got home. One of you was on the car with me coming into his home town, and I was sorry for that boy. Allow me to tell you about it, for it illustrates this point of what the sentimental novelists call disillusionment on getting home. This boy had never been much good before he went to the war, so far as his neighbors could see. He didn't get along well with his father, and half the time the farm went to weeds because they couldn't agree. But he had gone in at Château-Thierry, and on through with the Château-Thierry crowd. He had seen everything twice, so far as war is concerned. He couldn't tell about it, for it was all unrelated in his mind, and how could an ignorant boy be expected to have anything to add to the failures in description with which the great tellers have struggled. "It was hell!" was what he said, and that's as near to success as anyone has attained.

But I could see that he was coming home in a sort of exaltation of spirit. He was a better boy that minute than he had ever been in his life. He said that they might say all they pleased about France and them other foreign countries, but they weren't so much after all. He hadn't seen anything he'd trade his neighborhood for, and he had traveled some, believe him—and as for the people, well they might be all right but they weren't like folks. He didn't want to say anything about the French, and they certainly oughtn't to be run over by the Germans; but what the Huns wanted France so darned bad for he couldn't see. Nice folks maybe, but funny. As for him, he was going right back to the farm and buckle to. The old man was getting older, and needed help and he was going to get it from now on. The folks didn't know he was coming. He'd fixed up a surprise for 'em apurpose. He was in a glow of exaltation—coming back from the wars, the oldest and most wonderful experience of man since our ancestors threaded their way into camp through the forest and sang war songs so we wouldn't waylay them as they came, mistaking them for our enemies. Ancient and wonderful exaltation, coming back from the wars! You felt it returning from your own Hoboken; and you can sympathize with him, as did I, whose service consisted in three years of fierce trench warfare in the bloody Battle of Washington.

"I go part of the way to your farm," said I. "Won't you ride with me?"

"No, thank you, sir," said he—the "sir" being a military addition to his manners—"I've got too much plunder. I'll just tell the fellows at Smith's or Peterson's garage that I want to go out and they'll take me. Won't charge me a cent, either. I'll just tell 'em I want to go."

I looked at his plunder—the scalps he was bringing back from the wars. German helmets, his roll—all the load under which a man must labor if he brings all he is allowed. He wanted to have them where he could tell their story to his father and mother, and perhaps he thought of their place in the house after he should be old—like the sword of Bunker Hill, and the old Queen's arm that Gran'ther Young fetched hum from Concord, busted, and the old Belgian musket, with wood running clean out to the muzzle and a ramrod like the rod to the hind-end gate to a wagon that his own grandpa carried through the campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley.

Gratitude Without Words

I HOPED that the fellows at Smith's or Peterson's garage would take him out, for oughtn't a hero of Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne have the right to be carried home with his scalps when he got back? But I knew that before he went away he wouldn't have been trusted with the cheapest flivver for an hour—he'd have been required to pay in advance—and I had my doubts.

I wasn't much surprised, therefore, when in an hour or so I saw him plodding along the road on foot, without his plunder, in the rain. I think this a tragedy. But didn't you experience something of the sort? Even when the grand celebration was going on, didn't you feel that after all there wasn't much to it? When you are older you will realize that human power couldn't have devised any system that would greatly break the shock that was sure to meet you on your return from whatever Hoboken you landed at, whether it was in New Jersey or the home railroad station. We can't tell you how we feel about you. It is impossible. We can't kiss you on both cheeks; and you'd slap our chaps if we tried it. We can't weep; and you'd think us silly and soft if we did. We can't give all of you jobs at once. We can only shake your hand and tell you we're glad you're back and let disillusionment take its course; but let me tell you, my boy, no people were ever prouder of any soldier than we are of you. We think you the finest soldier that ever trod shoe leather or the faces of a foe; but how in the name of heaven are we to tell you?

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DEMNITION BOWWOWS

Their Tracks in Rumania

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE first thing the average American realizes when he comes in contact with certain peoples of Europe is that filth does not offend them. And this is a thought to pause upon and ponder. We are supposed to be slightly touched in the intelligence on the subject of cleanliness, but when I write the objectionable word "filth" in this connection I do not mean mere bathlessness and native distaste for personally cleansing processes; I mean filth.

I am thinking of people who if they ever knew anything about the niceties of life, if they ever enjoyed modern comforts and conveniences, have surrendered their right to such blessings with a completeness and unconcern that are incredible and appalling, while accepting as a seeming matter of course conditions that in the United States we now would denounce unanimously as shameful and intolerable. I am thinking of people who are serenely indifferent to every rule of sanitation that was ever thought out and put into practical operation; of people who are on terms of usual and easy familiarity with the creature which we in wholesome though mirthful disgust have nicknamed "the cootie"; of people who harbor year in and year out on terms of equality the kind of bedfellow whose ugly little name is not pronounced in polite society; of people whose habits of life are such, in short, that contact with them is actually dangerous.

Living with such people and learning from them all there is to know about deprivation, dirt, disease, disorder and all-round disagreeableness, the American stops to think and begins to wonder. He finds he can get along as the world round him gets along, and a question inevitably presents itself to him as to just how substantial his own veneer of civilization may be. He sees that it is not such a long way after all from ordered and orderly existence to the everlasting demnition bowwows; he knows that in his own country things are not as they used to be; he knows that the American proletariat dog is seeing the dawning of its day; he knows, too, that it is not an American thoroughbred but a European mongrel, and in the light of what he is permitted to observe in Europe he begins shudderingly to examine the possibilities. He realizes that material deterioration and hideous retrogression of national standards are the inevitable results of social disorganization and the outlook from his standpoint begins to worry him.

Her Majesty as a Nurse in an Evacuation Hospital

I myself have lived through hours of cold chills just by looking into the years and wondering if my people could ever become as other peoples are. And I think perhaps they can if they fail to check the crumblings of the castles they have built.

Don't Forget Your Insect Powder

THAT in my mind I have pictured our downfall chiefly in such visible and loathsome manifestations as unsanitary surroundings and unnamable insects is due to my observation that these things are inseparable from a disordered state of community existence and to the fact that I myself have endured them with a certain degree of unconcern and significant composure. We can come to anything, and that you may believe. Because we are what we are—sons and daughters of a land magnificently equipped and heretofore scrupulously upkept—it tortures us to think that a day might come when the stranger in our midst would have to provide himself with a box of insect powder as a necessary part of his traveling equipment; insect powder and a little bellows with which to blow it into creases, cracks, chinks, crevices and all manner of interstices in our hotel beds, in the berths of our sleeping cars, in the seats of our ordinary railway coaches, in the upholstery of our taxicabs, in the chairs of our theaters, and even in the pews of our churches! Can you imagine such a state of affairs? It is not too utterly unthinkable. Other peoples have come to it. We have many of their representatives with us. And what with Plumb plans, foreign domination of labor and industry, unchecked socialistic agitation and a leadership which leads steadily away from purely American conceptions, we may be on our way.

All of which is mere introductory and side-line rumination as I think of a people not so much influenced in its personal habits by surrender to radical teachings as by natural inclination.

The Rumanians are a great people. They say they have waited a thousand years to do what they are doing now, and now they are doing it. They are a great people. But I don't mind telling you that their Teutonically trained and conscientiously clean antagonists dread less their powder and shells than unavoidable personal relationship with them. I shall never forget the first lot of Rumanian soldiers I ever saw. They were standing on the platform of the railway station at Brasov, in Transylvania, and I think perhaps it would have been unsafe to touch one of them without rubber gloves. Their rifles and knapsacks were strapped to their backs and even these were not clean; their uniforms were nothing but dirt-incrusted rags; their feet were wrapped in frayed and muddy burlap or were incased in heelless, shapeless and unsightly felt boots; and they were principally engaged, while they slouched rather than stood at ease, in hitching their trousers at the waistline and picking nervously at the unkempt hair behind their ears.

I have seen men under arms in nearly every country on earth, including interior China in famine times and islands of the Pacific inhabited by savages, and I can think of none that could be compared with these Rumanians to anything

(Continued on Page 53)

The King of Rumania Decorating Soldiers

WASTE MOTIONS

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Here is a List," He Declared, Flourishing the Manuscript, "of All the Young People in Lewisburg Who Ought to Get Married. Lots of 'em in This Audience at This Very Minute"

EFFICIENCY being his diversion as well as his religion Lemuel E. Prigley wasted no time in sentimentalizing after his daughter Mathilde had announced her engagement to Mr. Alsop Alexis Towers. He enjoyed the triumphant thrill which had often come to him at the consummation of a handsome business stroke, and his mind relished her every word, delivered in that fashionable drawl she had acquired expensively at a New York boarding school. He merely kissed her on a spot over her eyebrow where he would do the least harm to her complexion. He was a little weed of a man and she was a tall flower of a girl, so the parental blessing took him to his tiptoes.

"Honey, that's mighty fine," he told her, smacking thin whimsical lips under a mustache so long and bristling as quite to outbalance his comical little face with its enthusiastic gray eyes and funny pointed nose.

"We're going to be awfully happy and Alsop ——"

"Of course," cut in old Lemuel, employing his briskest manner. "Take happiness for granted. Love. All that sort of thing." He dashed the phrases from side to side as one winnowing chaff to find good grain. "This Alsop Alexis Towers—not much good for rough work. Nice piece of bric-à-brac. The British Government's going to make him a duke or something—right?"

"The Towerses are an old American family," she told him, reciting a lesson she knew by heart, "but it turns out that Alsop is second cousin to the Earl of Collingvyne, who's the last of the English branch, and when the earl dies ——"

"Sickly lot!" Lemuel raced impatiently on. "That's understood. Not much work in the boy. All right. Fix that all right. Now when's the wedding?"

"It's getting toward the end of May," she demurred, holding him with eyes that were like his, but more beautiful and a little colder.

"Fine!" He clicked a key chain in his pocket, the sound suggesting the efficient unlocking of all problems. "Then we'll make it the fifteenth of June."

"Father!" She threw her arms round his scrawny neck—a caress which, though pleasant to the sense, reminded him of wasted motion. He wriggled away.

"Do you want—Alsop to come and talk to you?" she asked, nervousness unsteadying her costly voice.

"Lord, no! Why should he be wasting my time?"

But when she had turned to go with what he could not help feeling was a gesture of relief he called her back with the query, "How about Harry Wiggin?"

"How about him?"

Her complexion, which was of the pink that goes with auburn hair, pinked deeper at the repetition of his question. "Can't keep one and marry the other. Bad business. Can't be done."

"I had no intention," she declared, heightening with her recovered dignity. "He knows he doesn't come any more."

"Oh, well, that's different!" he announced, beaming pridefully. "Secret of success, Tilly—simplify. No loose ends. No false motions. All right, darling. Kiss me. All settled for the fifteenth of June."

That was all. Mathilde Prigley moved away, a satisfactory spare figure, smartly dressed for the afternoon. Old Lemuel's first thought was, "Thank the Lord that's over!" just as he gave thanks when some particularly delicate negotiation connected with Prigley's Pineapple Polish had been completed to his own satisfaction. He had an instinctive animal affection for his daughter, but his intellect convinced him of her shortcomings. Lemuel considered Harry Wiggin to be the ablest young man he had—the best hustler and the best organizer. But Harry had no family, no background. Mathilde had had acuteness to see that. As a matter of fact, Lemuel sometimes thought that Mathilde had too much acuteness along certain lines and not enough along others. She was a trifle papery for a man like Harry, who was nothing if not human.

Quite without wasting steps Prigley went out on the veranda of his big house and looked over as many of his fifty acres as his eye could compass. Lemuel, who had always counted imagination to be forty-nine per cent of his idol, Efficiency, indulged a rich moment in fancying a long line of Lewisburg's sleekest vehicles rolling grandly to his door or parking under the oaks down the drive. The Prigley-Towers wedding! Aside from their noble pretensions, the Towerses were undoubtedly of the best people in the state. Jessica Stanchfield had informed him of that long since; how would he have gotten along without old Jessie, whose worldly guidance had brought him this triumph of efficiency? And now the Prigley blood would mingle with that of royalty. Or was it royalty? A title was a title, wasn't it? Matty's first-born should be named Prigley Towers—Sir Prigley Towers, possibly. Lemuel would have to ask Jessie about that.

He pressed the first button he came to in the hall. The promptness with which old Moab's black grin appeared was indeed a tribute to Lemuel's powers of organizing everything with which he came in contact.

"Car," he said, knowing that the monosyllable would serve as an order for his hat and stick and for an obese blue limousine shortly to snort its way under the porte-cochere.

During that pause which must occur even in the operation of the best oiled machinery, Lemuel stood at the foot of the broad staircase and hearkened to little intermittent, not unpleasant whirring sounds which came from the regions above. Tick, tr-tr-tr-tr, tick, tr-tr-tr-tr! Locustlike it rattled—or like a distant battle of fairy machine guns. Lemuel smiled, then almost slyly he tiptoed up to the second landing, where he paused at an open doorway and fed his eyes upon the pretty sight within.

Becomingly framed by the white-enameled molding of a sunlit window a lovely young creature sat typing letters. Over the chattering keys her fingers flew like dancing fairies. Sunlight caught the smooth-brushed gold of her hair, and when she looked up, startled by Lemuel's discreet clearing of the throat, her eyes were blue as little lakes.

The slave of efficiency was enthralled at the upward glance; he remembered the popular engraving of St. Cecilia playing the organ and looking at the angels.

"Miss Ireen! Miss Ireen!" he began with a sort of fond sternness as with one hand he brought out a fat jeweled watch and with the other held up a warning finger. "Five-two, Miss Ireen. You know the rules."

"Just one line more, Mr. Prigley," she coaxed and pouted seductively.

She brought down her slim young arms and rested them on the table; the color of her flesh showed through the transparent sleeves like rosy dawn through a mountain mist. The rose warmth seemed to glow in his own heart, mounted to his brain and gave him a pleasantly giddy sensation ere he managed again to pitch his voice to its best efficiency key:

"Don't drive a good horse to death. Bad business. Long hours are idle hours. Don't whip a willing ——"

But his misquotation was interrupted by an impertinence never before encountered in his broad experience as an employer. Miss Ireen McKane went right on typing—typing in his face, as it were! Prestissimo! The fairy dance of her fingers had now capered into an elfin clog. Then abruptly the music stopped while Miss McKane unrolled paper from cylinder, glanced professionally over the text, then laid the letter carefully aside ere returning the smile of the great man who now stood over her, looking as tall as Nature would permit.

"I can't accept any work done without my orders after closing time," he told her as sternly as he knew how.

"I wasn't doing this for you, Mr. Prigley," she informed him, bathing him in her angelic gaze. "It was a letter of my own."

"Do you mean to say you've been using my time on your personal correspondence?"

Every efficient atom was horrified. And yet he felt with a pang of conscience that he had hurt this pretty creature, for her pale virginal face flushed slightly and she lowered her eyes, showing two romantic rows of golden lashes. Surely, thought Mr. Prigley, he had not come there to be cruel.

"I didn't start this until five o'clock," he heard her explaining in her gentle voice.

"Mean to say you've done a letter in two minutes?" he exclaimed, glad that his tone had changed to one of kindness.

"It was a short letter," she explained. "Just a line. '*Dear Sir:* Please find rent inclosed. Yours truly.'"

Mr. Prigley sat down. He had no right to sit down, because his car was waiting outside and he had timed himself for a serious interview in town. However, he

settled himself into an attitude of unnatural idleness as he sat regarding the charming little virtuoso at the keyboard.

"You have a great deal of ability, Miss Ireen," he said.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Prigley!" She sat weaving her fingers together and her look was of embarrassed pleasure.

"Ability." He had now cramped himself back into his characteristic word-saving method. "But no place in business for attractive young ladies. Understand? Beauty all right in its place—fine thing to put on the label. But honest homely article must be inside the can. For results give me cross-eyed girls with crooked teeth. No nonsense."

"I'm sorry," said the lovely Ireen, every dimple, every tender curve expressive of what she was sorry for.

"All right," he agreed dryly. "Ever think of getting married, Miss Ireen?"

She didn't blush this time, but gave him an almost infantile stare as she said:

"Of course, Mr. Prigley! Every girl's thinking of that, I suppose."

"Thought so," agreed Mr. Prigley, as though he were taking another note for his book on motion saving.

Again he glanced at his watch, and what he saw there brought him punctiliously to his feet. The whole conversation had given him a feeling of guilty joy, because Mathilde, whose will had already bound his with bands of steel, disapproved of his talking with Miss McKane.

"Car's waiting," he explained. "Going downtown. Suppose I drop you."

"Thank you, Mr. Prigley!" She looked adorably sorry. "There was a young man coming to get me. He ought to be here by now."

"I see. I see."

Mr. Prigley counted his steps to the door. There were just thirteen of them. He made no computation of the stairs as he went down; he knew the figures by heart. The manservant stood at the door with his silver-headed walking stick and gray-felt hat. The obese blue limousine stood precisely in place, a chauffeur holding the door, and the owner was about to step in when his attention was arrested by a frivolous intrusion. A racy little motor car of grasshopper green came whirling toward him round the oval driveway. A chuckle-faced young man in a leghorn hat and a pin-checked suit jauntily plied the wheel and brought his fender dangerously near the tail light of the Prigley Juggernaut.

Mr. Prigley gazed again. It was Harry Wiggin!

There was a moment of embarrassment for Mathilde's proud father. His temperamental and daring Middle Western manager hadn't been to call on Mathilde for sometime. It was a tricky turn of fate that he should have chosen this of all afternoons to renew his devotions. Prigley liked Harry Wiggin and hated to consider his approaching laceration.

By now Harry had come smilingly up the steps and was holding out a chamois-gloved hand. Harry was, as Mr. Prigley thought, dressy. He approved, just as he approved of æsthetic designs on can labels; but the expectant smile on Harry's rugged, rather beefy face had only the effect of wringing Mr. Prigley's paternal heart. Should he break the news that was not his to break?

"Why, Harry!" he began cordially. "Glad to see you up this way!"

He paused because, if it was his Middle Western manager's intent to consult him on business, then the next move was plainly Harry Wiggin's.

"Just got my new car out of the garage," said Harry evasively. "Carburetor adjustment. I thought, as long as I was coming this way ——"

"Oh, yes."

Mr. Prigley stood regarding the racer with a rather fishy eye. Decisive blows being important in his life strategy, he struck at once:

"Afraid you're late, Harry."

"Late?"

"Tilly left fifteen minutes ago."

"I see."

Though he saw there was no sign of grief on the solid, healthy face. Instead Mr. Wiggin seemed inclined to linger. Mr. Prigley hoped he would go and stop wasting his time.

"I was calling for Miss McKane," explained Harry at last.

"Miss who?" The efficiency expert wasted a long breath.

"Miss Ireen McKane," said Harry Wiggin quite distinctly. "I understood she was doing some work here and I've called to take her home."

"Yes; yes." The staccato popped nervously.

An instant later he had pressed a button and brought his manservant to the door.

"Moab, tell Miss McKane that Mr. Wiggin is waiting for her."

Mr. Prigley got into his car and heard the door closed gently upon him. He was confused. So this was the way of the wind!

Mr. Prigley had given his orders, which the chauffeur understood almost before they were given. To Miss Stanchfield's. That capable, distinguished, fashionable old maid had stood at Lemuel's shoulder these five years, cunning pilot that she was, ably steering him away from the shoals of solecism into the deep calm bays of social approbation. It was natural, then, that Jessie Stanchfield should be the first to be told of Mathilde's engagement. To tell Jessie first would be the efficient thing to do.

That monument of worldly success, the big brick-and-marble French Renaissance house on the hill, with its rose garden, pergolas, keeper's lodge, gardener's cottage and colony of garages, was but an outward manifestation of what inwardly Miss Jessie Stanchfield, and much money, had done for Lemuel E. Prigley.

Prigley's Pineapple Polish had been, up to his removal to Lewisburg, Lemuel Prigley's life and character. It was nearly twenty-odd years ago, shortly after his daughter's birth, that Lemuel, then a small hardware dealer in Harnessville, bought out his partner, and with the transaction became proprietor of a certain mud-colored salve which claimed honest merit as a destroyer of rust. It was called Rustine, a forbidding name, which made few friends and showed dismally on fly-specked window cards of funereal appearance and limited circulation.

Lemuel looked over Rustine, as he had looked over every item in his stock, with a view to fortune. It was a homely, unpretentious mixture with a disagreeable habit of doing just what it promised to do. One day a retail bicycle dealer of the town came and ordered four cans with the remark, "It smells like hell, but it sure does knock the spots off."

Lemuel considered this remark. Surely Rustine needed a new name, a new dress, a sweeter, more engaging personality. At last he chose for his emblem of success the pineapple. The polish should be labeled with something everybody understood, desired, commended.

One hot afternoon he had taken his problem to a corner drug store and dipped remotely into a tall beaker of that combined starch, frost, cream, perfume and carbonated water which follows the American flag under the name of ice-cream soda. The aromatic flavor mounted pleasantly to his nose. Lemuel made a census of flavors. There were fourteen customers at the curved marble counter. One lemon, three oranges, four raspberries, one alleged stimulating brown drink and five crushed pineapples. Pineapple, then, had it; not by a majority, but by an appreciable plurality. Prigley's Pineapple Polish! The entire proprietary title came to him at once, pleasing by its alliteration. True, the muddy salve incased in dreary tin had nothing in the world to do with pineapples, but the suggestion was poetic, luscious, redolent of the tropics.

The artisan who compounded Rustine wasted a great deal of the compound on his apron, hair and workbench; he made a hundred and ten false motions a minute.

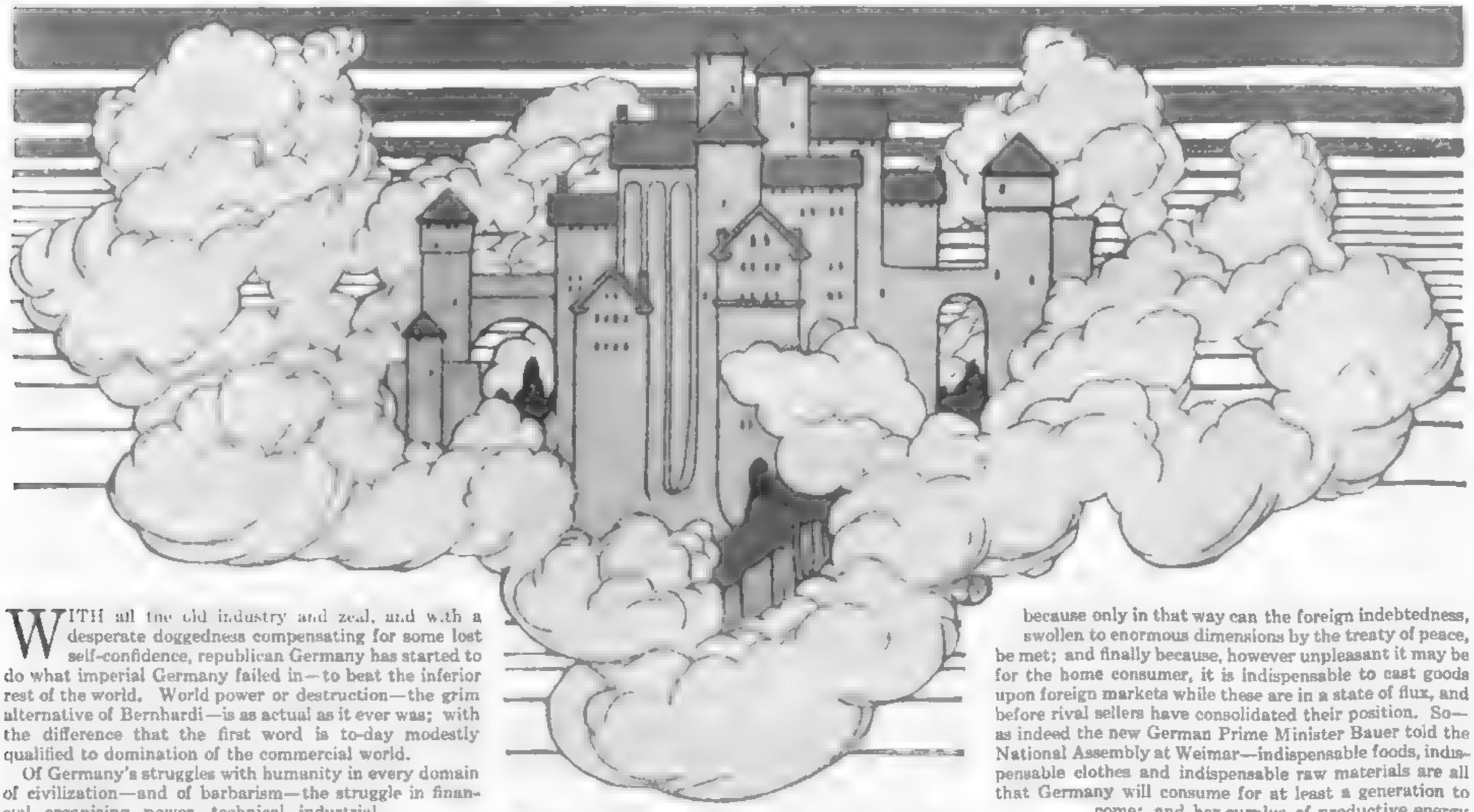
Lemuel Prigley changed all this. He borrowed money, employed a force, invented a can with a patent screw lid, introduced a synthetic perfume into the mixture which gave the tin, when opened, an overpowering smell of pineapples. For the sum of twenty dollars a young reporter on the Harnessville Post made a literary discovery, a magic scouring acid in the heart of the pineapple; an acid which rendered kitchen labor aromatic, polished, scoured and brightened without that risk of destruction encountered in dangerous mineral compounds. The young reporter's article went broadcast through the medium of boiler plate. Advertising did something, efficiency did more.

Prigley's Pineapple Polish was sold wherever there were pie tins, pianos, pokers or pipe organs to brighten. Every doorknob in America began to testify to the virtues of prepared pineapple juice as a polisher. The world, in short, became Prigley's pineapple to open and enjoy at his leisure.

(Continued on Page 139

Several Tables, Joined Together Into an Extemporized Counter, Stood Burdened With All the Wealth of Ormuz and of Ind

Germany's New Bid for World Trade



By Robert Crozier Long

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WITH all the old industry and zeal, and with a desperate doggedness compensating for some lost self-confidence, republican Germany has started to do what imperial Germany failed in—to beat the inferior rest of the world. World power or destruction—the grim alternative of Bernhardi—is as actual as it ever was; with the difference that the first word is to-day modestly qualified to domination of the commercial world.

Of Germany's struggles with humanity in every domain of civilization—and of barbarism—the struggle in financial organizing power, technical industrial dexterity and commercial pushfulness remains undecided; and here Germany, though weakened, is unbeaten still. She has behind her all the material, intellectual and moral—or immoral—forces that make for victory: The old personal industry and inherited skill of labor, the high educational level, the advanced technic of production and the judicious unsqueamishness as to means employed whenever the dropping of "unreasonable" scruples brings nearer a satisfactory end.

And Germany has on her side a further advantage which fully compensates for her loss of maritime power. That is her privileged geographical position in the Eastern Hemisphere, in the mathematical center of the world's greatest aggregation of civilized men; next door to England, France and Italy; to the potentially wealthy lands of Austria and the Balkans, to the Scandinavian north, and to immeasurable Russia, which almost seems to have been created to supply to Germany everything that Germany wants, and to take off Germany's productive hands everything of which Germany needs to be rid.

The Persistence of the Conquered

AND above all Germany has the special advantage that her fighting days are over. That is the real meaning of the gibe which one hears in the streets of Berlin that though the Allies won the war Germany won the peace. The Peace Conference, it follows, may have done the non-German political world a service when it drew Germany's political teeth, killed her high diplomacy and broke her sword. But thereby it rendered the non-German commercial world no thoughtful service. It is easier to fight with one weapon than with two; and Germany to-day—rid of the cost of an army and a navy, with the brain power which she formerly wasted on planning raids through Belgium concentrated on the arts of peace—is more formidable by far than in the vanished fighting era of her history. The ingenious Professor Nicolai, Wilhelm II's heart doctor, who first startled Europe by flying from Prussia in an aëroplane, put that fact convincingly when in support of his doctrine that the battle is not always to the strong he quoted the reply of the wise old Li Hung Chang to the merely violent conqueror Waldersee:

"How is it," asked Waldersee when the Boxer struggle was over—"how is it that you can look on so coldly while your lands are being conquered and ravaged?"

"Oh, we are always being conquered!" answered Li with a weary smile. "The Tartars also conquered us. But look round you for a moment, and then please answer my question: Where are the Tartars now?"

In Germany and in the adjacent countries which are the present chief theaters of German commercial activity this eternal paradox—the dwindling of the lion and the wolf, and the unceasing increase and multiplying of the laborious ant—is brought to notice every day. In Germany one sees it in unexampled preparations to produce and export, to cut prices, to regain markets, to win new ones; and in the small neutral countries one sees it in panic preparations to resist the inevitable flood of impossibly cheap German wares. Most of all one sees it in soviet Russia, where the German engineer and German trader flourish in a milieu of hardship from which the toughest Ally citizens long ago fled. In all these countries acute economical observers realize that the supposed crushing of German commerce is a myth. They remember that Germany after the Thirty Years' War was far worse off than to-day; and that after the Seven Years' War the Prussia of Frederick the Great was a byword for poverty, mean living and anticommercial bureaucratism. So that neither in Germany itself nor in the neighboring neutral countries does one find a single intelligent observer who does not foresee a time, which historically considered is not very remote, when republican Germany will be the greatest seller in Europe, and not impossibly the greatest seller in the world.

Enterprising German business men with whom I talked in the first weeks after the revolution all laid stress upon this dominant aspect of Germany's commercial renascence—on the fact that only as a great seller, as a great exporter, can Germany again get on her legs. And for that she must make every conceivable sacrifice.

"We have nothing to export; but we shall export our own blood" are the words that were used to me three months ago by the agent of a German firm who arrived in Stockholm to get orders for a class of metal articles of which every German household was at that time in dire need. And at the present time in the city of Copenhagen Germans are offering unlimited quantities of glass, though at home there is a complete glass famine due to the fact that the Saxon, Bavarian and Silesian glassworks no longer get the Bohemian soft coal upon which they depend, while nearly all of the other most important glassworks are on occupied ground.

But the doctrine that Germany will sell abroad what she cannot afford to buy at home is well understood. A frantic export trade is necessary because only in that way can the shrunken exchange of the *Reichsmark* be restored; because only in that way can the foreign indebtedness, swollen to enormous dimensions by the treaty of peace, be met; and finally because, however unpleasant it may be for the home consumer, it is indispensable to cast goods upon foreign markets while these are in a state of flux, and before rival sellers have consolidated their position. So—as indeed the new German Prime Minister Bauer told the National Assembly at Weimar—indispensable foods, indispensable clothes and indispensable raw materials are all that Germany will consume for at least a generation to come; and her surplus of productive energy will be concentrated on a profitable and redeeming export trade.

The German whom I have referred to not only stated this; he added that Germany's exports must be of a particular kind. They must be quality goods—*Qualitätserzeugnisse*—goods the production of which will absorb the greatest possible amount of labor and the smallest possible amount of raw material. That is involved by the vast prices that foreign raw material will in future cost Germany. Whereas his own corporation, said this agent, paid for copper before the war 1200 marks per metrical ton, to-day, as a result of the threefold depreciated mark exchange, it must pay for copper, which in the world market has less than doubled in price, at least 6000 marks a ton. Such an extra burden could be borne only if the corporation turned out high-priced goods in which the cost of raw material was a relatively small item.

Germany Shamming

THAT accounts for the visitor's first observation in neutral countries: That offers of German mass goods have markedly fallen off, whereas all the big cities teem with German agents who have fine and costly products to sell. The dumping of German goods of which one hears so much is indeed a fact; but this does not mean the production of goods of cheap class; it means that the production of naturally expensive goods and their export at prices below those of neutral and enemy rivals are the main means by which Germany hopes to recover her position in foreign trade.

Visitors to Germany and to the neutral countries where German trade emissaries abound are surprised to find overweening confidence as to the future side by side with exaggerated depression. Part of the depression is false—its source is Germany's wish to paint her condition worse than it is, that being useful in combating the economic provisions of the peace treaty. But in fact Germany has troubles that are real enough; and it is only when one weighs also her advantages that one realizes how fundamentally strong her position is. All German industrial troubles converge in one direction—toward the raising of production costs. That is the practical result of the exaggerated wages and inflated living cost of which Germans complain. By this price rise beyond doubt Germany's selling power abroad is reduced. But against the drawback is the overwhelming advantage of the sunken mark exchange. And this sunken exchange is the lever for selling which Germany is to-day wielding with success in every country within her reach.

The main facts of Germany's price level and of the compensation of the fallen mark exchange need to be made clear. Germany is short of coal and iron. In the first five months of 1919 coal output in the Ruhr district fell to 60% of normal. In 1918 pig-iron production totaled only 11,864,000 tons, against 18,935,000 tons in 1913. The 1,520,000 tons of pig iron which is all that Germany produced in the first quarter of 1919 is less than the 1,588,000 tons produced in 1913 in the one month of April alone. The prices now being charged for coal and iron to the finishing manufacturers are unprecedented, and this is not because the insufficient output has freed producers from competition but because of a permanent rise in production cost. A few weeks back I was shown the wage lists of seven metallurgical works in western Germany, which registered a nominal wages increase of 400% over peace rates. Owing to fallen individual efficiency the real wage increase is even greater. On the Ruhr since 1914 the coal production per man per shift has fallen from .95 tons to .66 tons. The outlay in wages per ton rose enormously—from 5.68 marks to 22.21 marks; and the net production cost per ton rose from 9.38 marks to 41.40 marks. Since the armistice coal prices to consumers have risen at breakneck pace. Whereas between the outbreak of war and January 1, 1919, coal prices were raised six times by amounts totaling 11.80 marks, in the first six months of this year they were raised by an additional 44.50 marks. To-day coal at the pit's mouth costs 73.85 marks a ton; and foundry coke, which has undergone an even greater rise costs 104 marks.

The Theories of Marx Overthrown

NATURALLY industry is hampered. From a recent official statement that every additional 14 marks a ton put on the coal price costs industry 2,500,900,000 marks, it follows that since 1914 the coal price raises alone have imposed an additional burden of 10,000,000,000 marks. This, among other things, has meant that German hematite iron, which on July 1, 1914, cost 79.50 marks a ton, now fetches 460.50 marks. And these prices do not mean profiteering. They are fixed by the producers—with the Socialist government's consent—because no other way can be found to make ends meet. Coal production, which before the war yielded the German masters a profit of 1.68 marks a ton, a month after the revolution yielded only .83 marks; and three months later it yielded no profit at all.

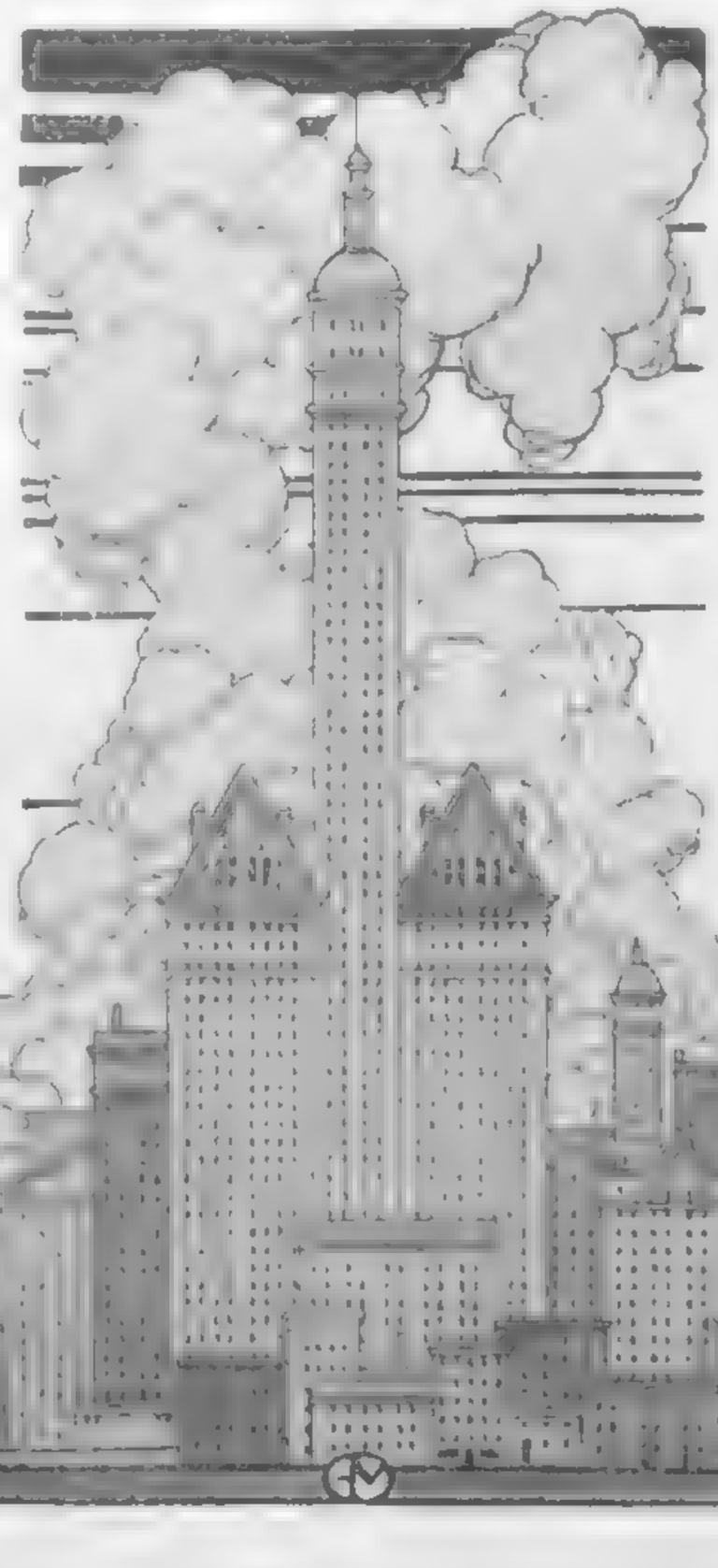
But this elimination of the producer's profit is to-day one vital factor making for the recovery of Germany's industrial efficiency. What Lenine has been forced to do in Bolshevik Russia, Germany's Socialists have been forced to do in their Socialist state. In both countries, that is, production has again come to the fore. The old German Socialists from Marx to Kautsky preached that the cause of working-class misery was the unfair distribution of profits. The capitalist pocketed too much. To-day, when the capitalist is pocketing nothing, the workman is no better off. So the more intelligent German Socialists, quite in the way expounded by Lenine in his famous pamphlet published last Christmas, are preaching that production, not distribution, is the thing that counts. In the workman's own interest production must be forced. Already this lesson has been partly learned. After Germany's production of pig iron and steel reached its minimum in March and April last, it began slowly to recover, and—what is more important—the per capita output began to increase. As results the German ironmasters were able to suspend a new rise in prices and to instruct their foreign agents that within a few months prices would probably come down.

Nevertheless, at the old exchange of the mark Germany's nominal production costs much exceed America's and even England's. But the depreciated *Reichsmark*, which to uninformed people seems a glaring proof of Germany's economical abasement, is in reality the magic wand by which she counts on reconquering the commercial world. At time of writing the dollar sells for 14.38 marks instead of the former 4.20; the pound for 64.20 marks instead of 20.40; the French franc for 2.1 marks instead of .81 mark. Therefore to the chief commercial countries Germany must pay three times what she would pay at normal exchange. Yet just for this reason one hears German commercial men boasting that their coming mass export will force its way into all markets and establish their international commerce in as impregnable a position as it held on the eve of the war.

A member of the Swedish Board whom I found in a great panic on the score of this coming German invasion drew up for me a typical scheme of the present exchange advantage of German exporters when taken in connection with basic German and foreign production costs. The ratio stated of German prewar production cost to Swedish represents a fairly correct average:

Prewar price of a unit of manufactured goods in Germany 100 marks.	Probable prewar price of the same unit in Sweden . . . 110 crowns.
Ratio of prewar German price to prewar Swedish at gold parity of mark (1 mark = .89 crown)	100 to 123.
Probable price of same unit in Germany to-day . . . . 550 m.	Probable price of same unit in Sweden to-day . . . . . 330 c.
Ratio of present German price to Swedish at present exchange (1 mark = .25 crown)	100 to 240

It follows that though the cost of production has risen more rapidly in Germany than in a typical neutral country the fall in the exchange of the mark which took place when most neutral countries were maintaining or even bettering their exchanges, has much more than compensated. Measured in international currency, therefore, Germany is still one of the cheapest producers in the world. The complaints made over high prices by Germans—paid as they are in their devaluated mark—should not blind foreigners to this. The Scandinavian reader of German newspapers sees pages full of advertisements of *Sommerkleider* and *Seidenjacken* and *Blusen* at prices which in marks hardly exceed the Scandinavian price in crowns, and which in international exchange are not more than half the Scandinavian price; and neutral visitors to the supposed clothless Germany are even begged by their female relatives to bring back with them some of the marvelously cheap German goods. It is the same in other trades. The Solingen manufacturers, who formerly sent to America 70% of their export, declare in their last report that at present exchange rates they can certainly regain the South American market, and that "as long as the mark is depreciated we can easily compete with the products of England, Sweden or any other country of Europe."



The other factor upon which Germany relies for the regaining of markets is dumping—*Schleuderpreise*. In fact dumping and the fallen exchange work splendidly together. During the war German dumping to neutral countries was made impossible by the export-license law. This law enacted that licenses to export be granted only on condition that the foreign buyer was charged the full home price, which should be calculated in foreign currency at the peace exchange of the mark. Theoretically this law is still in force. But after the armistice Germany started to encourage dumping by a new ingenious system called exchange rebates. These rebates mean that to counterbalance the fall in the *Reichsmark* exchange the exporter is allowed to abate his price, though he must still calculate the mark's exchange at prewar rates. At first the rebate allowed was 12½%; then 25%, and now 50%. The rebate enables Germans to export at prices very much below those charged to the home consumer, and yet to make healthy profits—a puzzle which is explicable only by the fact that fundamentally Germany is still one of the cheapest producers in the world.

Playing Into Germany's Hand

HOW this new system works to Germany's advantage may be seen from a concrete case. A certain unit of goods produced in Germany sells at home for 10,000 marks. The law declares that a similar unit of goods must not be sold abroad for less—that is, in the case of Switzerland, for 12,500 francs, which is the peace-exchange equivalent of the home price. But since the armistice the exporter has been allowed to abate 50% of this price. He sells therefore to the Swiss customer for 6250 francs. As 100 francs are to-day worth on exchange about 250 marks, he receives for his francs no less than 15,625 marks. And if on the 10,000 marks charged to the home consumer he made a profit of 20%, or 2000 marks, his profit on the sale to Switzerland is 7625 marks, or nearly 100%. These figures describe an actual deal discussed in the German press. This "dumping without suffering the dumper's loss," as Germans boast, is being practiced in nearly all branches on a very large scale. Only in the aniline trade did Germany, which here has a monopoly, charge neutrals higher prices than she charged at home. But it is of the essence of dumping that where a monopoly exists the foreigner like the native is made to pay through the nose.

Germany, of course, has not yet wholly solved the problem of adapting her war industries to peace. But the pundits of Versailles who imagined that by forbidding her to manufacture war materials other than for her needs for her now insignificant army and her microscopic fleet they had set her a particularly difficult task in industrial adaptation, in reality played into her hand. They forced her to mobilize practically the whole of her industry for the really decisive branches of production.

In Stockholm I found the agent of an English munitions firm rushing frantically round on the vain errand of inducing Sweden to purchase English cartridges, which his firm, having idle plant and idle hundreds of workmen, could turn out for next to nothing. At the same time was on visit an agent of Krupp's, trying to get orders for—what? For typewriters. That is, he was sounding the typewriter market. Before the war Krupp never made typewriters. But in Sweden then raged a typewriter famine. Ancient machines recovered from junk shops and roughly repaired sold for $150; and a Swedish corporation put on the market a machine for the equivalent of $250.

The Krupp works—whose employees' roll had already fallen from 170,000 to 32,000, and whose annual profits from 87,000,000 marks to 5,000,000 marks—were naturally watching for opportunities; they were already prepared to turn out machines, metal marine articles, ships' anchors, seamless tubes, clockwork, all sorts of fine mechanism, surgical instruments, and even brass buttons; and they had bought the paper-mill patents of a Dresden firm and set out to be the world's greatest paper-mill equippers. Why not, then, manufacture typewriters? So as a result of the superwise decision of Versailles that Germany must never again sell armaments to

(Continued on Page 173)

Stum Puckett, Cinder Monkey

"They Told Me You Had Gone Down! I Thought You Had Gone to Save Him! And You Left Him There to Die, While You Save That Manicured Cootie! That Mud Pie!"

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I DON'T believe I ought to call the old roller lazy—it is too harsh a word. Let me say, rather, in the language of the thesaurus, that he was torpid, inert, sluggish, languid, exanimate, drony, drowsy, dozy, lethargic, dreamy, balmy. He was all that. And why shouldn't he be? He weighed three hundred and twenty pounds by the car scales, he was sixty-four years old, and for forty-six of those sixty-four years he had worked in iron and steel, when the metal was hot, when it was red-hot, when it was white-hot.

"When you've been broiled, baked, fried and stewed before the red bars as long as I've been, and when you've got to be as obese as I am, you'll find that lolling in the arms of Morphew comes as natural as breath," he remarked to me one day as I sat by his side watching the dripping ingots of steel lumbering in from the soaking pits to the rumbling rolls, that were squeezing and pressing and hammering them into blooms and bars and slabs and billets.

I knew he would take no offense if I suggested "obese" and "Morpheus" as substitutes for his "obose" and "Morphew."

"I'll bet you're right, at that," he said good-humoredly. "I can tell by looking at it whether a rolled bar is a sixty-fourth of an inch under or over gauge, and one glance informs me whether the rolls need one tissue-paper liner or two, to true 'em up, but I'm not so cute when it comes to words—not near. I see one thing when I read it and I say another thing when I say it. Words have always been a kind of stumbling block, a bugbear, you might say, with me. They are, as the Frenchman says, my beet-no-ear."

"Which, dad?" asked a greasy and grimy and much-perspiring young man who had left his work trying to sledge a chisel through the slag floor of the mill near by, and had dropped down upon the bench beside us.

"Beet-no-ear, Froggy, but don't let our conversation interrupt you in your duties. You get that hole dug and that post set, so I can have my new davenport put up, and you keep your eye on the mill, too. I saw the iron man wabble just now."

"Lay down and take a nap any time you feel like it, dad—Stick and me'll keep the old mill pluggin' along, don't you worry. This here, now, beet-no-ear, dad—it's new to me. Is it something you're afraid of?"

"Not exactly afraid of, Froggy, not exactly. It's more like something you have a dread of. No—hardly that either. Oh, it's something that drives you rum-dum like. That's my idea of the meaning of the phase, though my friend here may say I'm wrong, as he has at diverse times before."

"Then you'd say that Stum Puckett's beet-no-ear was hee-cups, hey, dad?"

"Why, yes, I reckon you would. Look at that iron man, Froggy! Isn't it wabbling?"

"Naw, that there iron man is O. K. Bill Temple looked at it this mornin' and took up the slack. Don't you do no frettin', dad—me and Stick'll keep our eyes peeled."

For some time I had been watching the iron man. Before us on a long tilting table among a mass of whirring feed rolls, lay a great steel bloom, white-hot and glistening. The old roller had told me it weighed six thousand pounds. I shrank back and shielded my face from the waves of nipping heat it threw out, though the old man and Froggy appeared to bask in its warmth, with their shirts unbuttoned, their chests exposed, and their arms bare to the shoulder. Suddenly the bloom leaped forward and raced along the feed-roll train with the speed of a running man, came to the huge finishing rolls, and was seized and drawn through by the irresistible pull of some concealed engine whose mighty labor caused the earth beneath us to tremble.

We watched its curling lengths disappearing in the maws of the mill until it was completely swallowed up. A second or two it was gone from our sight, then back upon the tilting table it poured, a solid stream of white metal going red, and again it lay before us, now half its first thickness and twice its former length. Then from out some cavity hidden beneath the tilting table we saw a black steel hand come reaching up—huge, Cyclopean, powerful—that took the three-ton bar in its grasp, raised it up, turned it over and dropped it. The heavy glowing bloom fell upon the table with a thunderous crash, and instantly raced forward toward the rolls. The big black hand dropped back and out of sight. It was the iron man, the master invention of the old roller.

"That's all right about you and Stick keeping your eyes peeled," grumbled the old man, "but I want that post set, too. I'm not any too comfortable on this board, I want you to know—'tisn't wide enough. Where's Stick?"

"Went after a drink of water, and I can't do nothin' alone till he comes back, can I? Stum Puckett sure had the hee-cups that there time, hey, dad?"

"Never you mind about calling back to memory the eccentrickities of Stum Puckett. You just rehash your recollection by remembering the last time the iron man laid down and wouldn't work, and don't forget how you and Stick and two or three bohunks had to mule them blooms over by hand. You'd better go below right now and take a turn on them tension bolts. I tell you I saw it wabble, Froggy."

"Stum was a bird, Stum was," mused Froggy, paying no heed to the suggestion of his boss. "By golly-Ned, I never laughed so much in my borned day as I did that time he had the hee-cups. It was funny, all right, all right; wasn't it, dad?"

The old roller sighed resignedly and took a chew of tobacco from a poke the size of a haversack. He locked two fat hands over a fat stomach, leaned back against a steel column and closed his eyes. The white blooms raced back and forth over the tilting table, the mighty rolls ground them down into smaller and smaller sizes, the black hand came reaching up, tossing them about as a child's hand might throw a willow wand this way and that.

"You see, Stum was a feller if he seen anything in a paper he took it serious," went on Froggy. "So when he read about a man down at Ashland who was hee-cuppin' hisself to death Stum kept tab on details like a ball fan does on ball games. He got all worked up, and when the feller died, after hee-cuppin' sixty-nine days, Stum didn't talk of nothin' else but hee-cups. And then, by golly-Ned, if he didn't get 'em hisself!

"While this here, now, hee-cupper was pullin' his stunt Stum had been collectin' all the hee-cup cures he could find, and puttin' 'em down in a book; and all us mill men was tellin' him cures we'd heared of, and hadn't heared of, like takin' nine drops of garlic oil every hour, on the thirteenth minute of the hour; and like standin' on your head and lettin' somebody batter your feet with a board; and like droppin' a nice hot marble down your neck, and so forth, you know, so that when the attack attackted him Stum was well heeled for cures.

"Well, he goes to work with his receipts, us all helpin' him carry 'em out, thinkin' it a joke and lots of fun, which it was till we seen that Stum was in a bad way. By golly-Ned, he couldn't stop! In nine or ten days he had dropped from a hunderd and ninety pounds to a hunderd and thirty or forty. Oh, he was bad off. One day I met him comin' out of Richard's undertakin' rooms.

"'Well, Froggy-hic,' he hee-cupped at me, 'I guess-hic I'm a goner-hic. I've been gettin' prices-hic on a coffin-hic.'

"'Nothin' like that, Stum. Nothin' a-tall like that!' I said, as cheerful as I could. But I was worried a lot. So I went down in the Polish settlement along Fleet Street, you know, and hunted up hee-cup cures from old Polish women. I got two dozen or more different cures; and, say, they was fierce! The cures us mill men had doped out for him was tame as cabbage worms compared with them old ladies' cures. But Stum tried out every one of 'em, no matter how fierce it was. But none of 'em didn't do him no good.

"By that time Stum was gettin' his name up. The Press sent a man out and wrote up a piece about him and his hee-cups, and printed his pitcher in the paper. A professor from Case College come out and examined him. Doc Ansbee, the company doctor, sent for him to come over to the hospital, so he could look him over. He laughed at Stum and told Stum he was a rummy, and that there wasn't nothin' the matter with him. But Doc Ansbee was that way about everybody—he didn't like to take people's money. One time Joe Ivory sprained his ankle on the tiltin' table and had to go on crutches. He went to Doc's to get some liniment. Doc kicked his crutches out from under him and told him he was poasumin'. Joe fell down and broke his leg in two spots, and when Doc was settin' it

up Joe heared him tell the nurse it was the purtiest compound fraction he'd had in a long time. That was Doc Ansbee.

"But he was dead wrong about Stum, just the same as he was dead wrong about Joe Ivory. Stum was serious off. After he'd used up all the old Polish ladies' cures he was all in.

"'Well, Froggy-hic,' he said to me after he'd tried the last proscription and it'd failed, 'I'll soon be a stiff-hic.'

"'Nix on that crape stuff, Stum,' I said. 'We'll find the hee-cup cure that'll cure you or die!'

"And the very next day he met Mary Raskowitzsky—seen her for the first time. Mary was takin' her old father's dinner to him in a tin pail, down the railroad track, to stick it through a hole in the mill-yard fence to him. Poky Raskowitzsky was chief of the scale-hole gang. Mary bumped into Stum on her way with the dinner pail.

"Mary Raskowitzsky was some little bloomin' bokay of roses them days, I'm here to chatter the news. She was a looker—a double A, believe me! Poky was a member of the first Polish expeditionary force that landed in America, and that was a good while back. Mary was born here and brought up here and got all her trainin' here. She was all American with Polish trimmin's. Talk? Say, Mary was there with the reparty talk, same as she was with the looks.

"Well, Stum was hickety-hickin' along the track, on his way to call me out to the fence to say a last good-by, when he passed Mary. Mary was tickled when she heared him hee-cuppin' down the track. Three steps, then 'Hic!' Three more steps, then—'Hic!' Three more steps, then—'Hic!'

"'Who is that hick?' she asked Skinny Briggs, a track foreman.

"'That? Why, that's Stum Puckett,' said Skinny.

"'What? Is that Stum Puckett, the celebrated hee-cupper, that had his pitcher in the Press?' she said.

"'That's him,' said Skinny.

"She watched Stum for a minute, then she run after him. 'Mister! Mister!' she yelled.

"Stum turned round and waited for her to come up.

"'Say, mister, I know a sure cure for your hee-cups,' she said.

"'Huh-hic?' said Stum.

"'Yes, sir; I've got a sure cure. Will you try it?'

"'Yes, miss-hic,' said Stum.

"'You get a doodlebug,' she said, half chokin' from not bein' able to laugh—'you get a doodlebug, and you take that there doodlebug and wrap it up in a piece of dough, and just as you see the moon comin' up you swaller it. But you've got to see the moon comin' up over a graveyard. It'll sure cure your hee-cups. You try it.'

"'I will, miss-hic,' said Stum. 'Thanks, miss-hic.'

"Mary walked on, tickled to death; and Stum too.

"Right away he come and told me about it. 'Froggy-hic,' he said, 'you've got-hic to get me a doodle-hic-bug. It may save-hic me.'

"'A doodlebug!' I said. 'There ain't no such bug, Stum. Mary Raskowitzsky was joshin' you.'

"'Sure, Froggy-hic, there's doodle-hic-bugs,' he said, and he told me all about them.

"He said I'd have to go out to the woods and find where some old stump or log had rotted away plumb to dust, and the dust'd have to be fine and dry. In the dust I'd see some little holes shaped somethin' like little funnels. I'd have to get down on my knees before one of them holes and shove my face close down to it and say, 'Doodle, doodle, doodle!' just like that, over and again and over. After a bit the doodlebug would start to stir round in the dust in the bottom of the hole, and right then I was to grab him.

"'Stum,' I said, 'there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do for you in your trouble, but this doodlebug stunt kind of fusses me. Why don't you go out and catch this here, now, doodlebug yourself? You're onto his tricks.'

"'I couldn't call-hic him up-hic,' he said. 'I'd say, "Doodle-hic, doodle-hic," and he wouldn't come. You've got to say, "Doodle-hic, doodle-hic"—oh, hell-hic!'

"Well, I felt sorry for him, so I took a day off and went down along the canal, lookin' for a doodlebug, but nary a bug could I scare up. I asked a farmer and he said it was too wet out that way—the stumps and logs didn't rot right, and that I'd have to go to a drier country. So I come back to town and took a suburban out to Chardonville.

"No better luck there. I beat the woods north, south, east and west for half a day, but no signs of doodlebugs. I asked a man hoein' beans in a field, and he said there hadn't been no doodlebugs in Geauga County since 1893, the year of the Columbus Exhibition at Chicago. I thought he was stringin' me, but I couldn't do nothin' else but come back and report to Stum.

"He was wild. 'Froggy-hic, I'm a goner-hic!'

"'Tell me what to do and I'll do it,' I said.

"So he told me to go down to Medina County and see his uncle, who he'd lived with and worked for once, and ask him to save his nephew's life by findin' a doodlebug. Stum would have gone with me, but he was that weak he couldn't. I took another day off and beat it down to Medina, and walked out in the country from the town to Stum's uncle's farm.

"'If it wasn't he's my dead sister's own child I'd see him and his doodlebug damned!' the old boy roared after I'd told him who I was and what I wanted. 'You know what he done last spring? He quit me just at the start of spring work because I wouldn't hire another hand to help me and him put in a hunderd acres of corn, dang him! But come on—he's La Verne's boy! Let's get a doodlebug, blast him!'

"We went out to his woods and it wasn't any time a-tall till he'd spotted a doodlebug's liar. Down he flops on his knees and begins to chirrup, 'Doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle!' just like that. Well, sir, he had a bald head and a scraggly red beard, and he was fat as sin, and when I seen that old bird down on his knees talkin' like that I got so tickled up that I bust right out laughin'.

"'What you laughin' at?' he snapped, lookin' up from his work.

"'I'm laughin' at a song I heared a dame sing at the Star Theater two or three weeks ago,' I said.

"He went at it again, and purty soon I seen him make a sashay with his hand and grab up a handful of dusty dirt.

"'Here's your doodlebug,' he said. 'Where's your bottle?'

"I got out the bottle I'd brought along with me, and we got the bug in.

"'Kind of looks like a kind of spider to me,' I said.

"'If it wasn't Harley's my dead sister's child I'd wish it was a spider, a poison spider, and that it'd poison him when he swallers it, dern him!'

"Well, I hulled back to Steelburg, and that night Stum took the doodlebug out along Bedford Road, where there's a graveyard, and put it down as per directions. And, sir, I'm a sucker if his hee-cups didn't stop that night! But I've always said, and so's dad here said, that it wasn't the doodlebug that put the kibosh on Stum's hee-cups so much as it was Mary Raskowitzsky herself ——"

"Hey, there! Look at that! Get your bars! Get your bars!"

It was the old roller shouting. He struggled up from his recumbent position, swung his fat feet to the ground, and dropped his fat hands to the bench on which he sat. But he did not rise to his feet.

My eyes had been fixed on the black hand while Froggy had talked. I had seen it come reaching up from below the table but a half minute before; I saw it try to seize the great white bloom; saw it waver and miss its mark, and then I watched it sink slowly back out of sight, moving unsteadily as it went, as though flirting derisive fingers at us.

The bloom lay on the table, unturned.

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you?" yelled the old roller. "And instead of taking a look at it, as I told you to do, you sit here gabbing about hee-cups and doodlebugs! Now you can get up there and rawhide that ingot over!"

(Continued on Page 127)

Again the Men Began to Heave and Tug and Grunt Over the Candent Bloom. Three Times They Tried, and Three Times They Failed to Move It

THE HIGHER THE FEWER

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I'LL tell the world it's an even break between marriage contracts and motion-picture dittos. Oft in the last year I have had cause to worry over the one and then over the other, and which of the two is the most promising, the most exciting and the most disappointing is a burning question with me yet.

While Jim was in khaki and Europe I come to the conclusion picture contracts was the worse; but after him arriving home to occupy our flat and most of my time, spare or otherwise, in place of Germany, somehow I commenced to realize that picture magnates are not alone the only ones willing to take advantage of a woman, once they have her all signed up.

Not but that Jim is perfectly stunning and a good scout and all that, and if he was to of been married to some other one doubtless I would for twenty-four hours a day think he was a perfect husband and I know full well that all the fans, especially the female ladies, choke with envy at our joint pictures. Which, of course, the reason we but seldom make them is not that we are ruthlessly torn apart and forced by the nature of our art to work separate, but that two fillums pay better than one, as the saying is, and I referred principally to stills in the Motion Picture Gazette. But to get back to the plot.

So We Stopped and Along Come the Well-Known Sedan, and [illegible]son Sticks the Roses Out of the Window and Says, "Are You in Trouble, Dearie?"

Take now motion-picture contracts. A manager calls up or wires for you and you go to see him. Yes, of course you do. You may stall him about being busy, but you go. No use in stalling your own self, because no picture actress, from Sarah Bernhardt or Mary Garden or even I, Marie La Tour, myself down, but will break any date on the calendar in order to drop in a careful ten minutes late when one of them kings of the art world gives the high sign. Well, anyways, you get there ten minutes late, but he can pull that stuff, too, and so he keeps you waiting another ten, not outside with the would-be extras and near-scenario writers, but in the inside office just outside of his office, where only a few stenographers, with everything about them like Mary Pickford except the talent, are working typewriters and gum with that industry which is so typical of our vital American womanhood.

Well, anyways, he keeps you there and all of a sudden, after you have given up all hope and are least expecting it, the office girl—it's never a boy any more—the office girl with hair like Mary's, anyhow, darts leisurely out and says Mr. Goldringer will see you now, and in you go to a neat little office no bigger than the Palatial Hotel lobby and listen to promises in which Los Angeles is made to put it all over the Garden of Eden. And then you get also promised every condition you want and the chance to play round at catching the superbutterflies of California during twenty-three-hour rests, the remaining hour to be taken up by the director and camera man.

Also, you get handed a lot of hot stuff about the great artist and wonderful woman you are and what a swell personality you've got and how the studio is going to put you over bigger than ever. And then the salary question looms large, but even that is someways made to look like a watermelon—twice as juicy as it is. And you come away from the church, I mean to say private office, feeling you own the world and then some. After which you stick round waiting for all them happy dreams to come true. And it is generally some wait, and many a fight is pulled between you and them before you settle down to merely the usual calm run of daily disputes at the studio.

And it was much the same with me and Jim. Before we tied up we was full of optimism about how good our particular show was bound to go over; and it done so pretty good at that for nearly eighteen months, what with Jim going to France almost—as you might say—from the altar steps, and it's a fact we stayed very much in love on paper during the whole of that time. Not that we have fell out of it either exactly since his return, and it's a cinch I wouldn't give him up nor him me, but there had ought to be a audience passed preventing married couples from getting too well acquainted with each other. Ain't it the truth, that's what breaks so many of them up? Just plain knowing each other too well. Because, believe you—that is, I mean to say I'll tell the world, the good things in each other is easily dismissed from the mind; and then with the same old landscape to look at across the table d'hôte or across the untidied bureau, what can you do except commence picking on it if conversation is to be kept up?

It ain't the big troubles breaks up couples—generally those are what brings them closer together. It's the little things, like why didn't you shave before dinner and who is supposed to send off this laundry, which ruins happy homes, and one of the best little ways to cramp domestic bliss is to overindulge in it. When you get sick of sitting looking at the furniture and your dovey-dovey, stir round a bit and see the difference it will make. It was this modern, intelligent angle on our mutual life caused I and Jim to take that motor trip over Labor Day. And did we need it? We did! Even our language had got on our nerves. Jim bawling me out for being behind the calendar with my speech.

We was sitting cozily on either side of the phonograph, nicely cooled by the west wind from the electric fan after a refreshing plunge into the briny bathtub, and awaiting our contract from Goldringer, drawn according to specifications as see above, but not yet materialized.

"This is comfortable but boring," I says, breaking the domesticated silence. "Believe you me, no summer resort has got anything on us for comfort, believe you me."

"For heaven's sake give that stuff the raspberry!" exclaims Jim. "Preserve it, but don't open the can! Why can't you talk snappy and up-to-date, Mary Gilligan? If you was to dress six months ago your stock would drop by the minute!"

"What'll I say then?" I demanded with all the wifely courtesy at my command. "What do you suggest, you poor fish?"

"You needn't take your peevishness at Goldringer out on me, little bright eyes," says Jim, pulling his neck up out of his collar in that way which was slowly driving me wild. "Your talk has no jazz to it. That believe-you-me stuff was last noticed in the Undertakers Gazette. Bury it!"

"You're right, Jim," I says earnestly. "I won't use it again, believe you me!"

Well, of course, that satisfied him and he said no more; but the next morning, having securely locked myself into the bathroom in order to get the chance to cold cream my face without him pulling that old he-man stuff about liking me better as Gawd made me, though it's a fact he never knows with any certainty have I any make-up on or not—well, anyways, I got thinking why wouldn't we be clever actors to change the scenery if we was to go on speaking to each other and so I put it up to him while he was cleaning his teeth.

"What would you say to a little motor trip over Labor Day?" I says, bright and original. "Goldringer may not come across for a couple of weeks yet, and we'll have our finger nails all bit off waiting round home."

"Ug-gush!" says Jim, foaming at the mouth. "But," he goes on, removing the impediment in his speech—"but suppose the damn contract comes with one of them twenty-four-hour notices?" he says. "And we don't get back for three days? You know them birds. After we been waiting six weeks for their minds to be made up, all of a sudden it seems the camera man is champing on his bit and work begins to-morrow."

"Well, this first piece is only to go up in the C14 before she makes her transatlantic flight," I reminded him. "And you know airships. They never start when scheduled, and this one isn't even booked yet. I'll say we go."

"I'll say so!" says Jim.

"All right!" I says, a gleam of enthusiasm struggling through my matrimonial darkness. "I'll tell you what: You get one of these here automobile dictionaries and we'll dope out a tower to-night."

"We don't need to spell automobile—we only need to run it," says Jim.

"That's not the kind I meant," I says. "I mean one of them helpful little books which tells you where you are and keeps you from getting lost."

"You said it!" says Jim. "I'll snare one this very afternoon."

And then ma called us to breakfast, which it's a fact that was a additional reason why I wanted we should go away because the eats we were getting were something fierce—what there was of them. And I'll say there should of been a pair of opera glasses served with every portion, and not for souvenirs but to see was anything on the plate before commencing to attack it.

Of course it is undoubtedly a true fact that we had kidded ma quite some on account of her size and it's Gawd's truth she's never bought anything smaller than a snappy stout since she retired on my salary and devoted her attention to personal interior decoration—and she is and always was some cook. But anyways, not I and Jim alone was responsible. But the manager of the circus she used to be with offering her the job of fat lady seemed to of sort of brought her to a realization of the fact she was putting on weight far more than our remarks did. And ain't it the truth a fat person is always the last one to admit it to theirselves? Why, I have personally myself seen ma lace in her corset till her moral courage could bear no more and then seriously claim she had lost two inches round the

waist, and never noticed that it of course bulged out elsewhere.

But, anyways, when a heavy person's delusions and self-kidding can go no further the reform they spring is a real genuine one, and now ma had decided she would get thin if it killed us all. And as per usual her good resolution was founded on vanity. Seeing that both me and Jim was in pictures, she had decided that Mrs. Castle had nothing on her and she would show us and her. And vanity having thus got the best of gluttony, she had taken to hanging round the studios instead of the kitchen stove, except to prevent the cooks as they come and went from giving us anything fattening. And it's a true fact that combined we had to date lost nearly twenty pounds, me and Jim taking off nine apiece and she two, though in family discussions she always pooled the loss as if it was joint income. And so it will be explained why that breakfast which I have referred to broke the camel's back if not the edge of our appetite, it consisting of orange juice, bran muffins and coffee without cream or sugar or butter, ma claiming that she couldn't endure to have these things on the table without taking them and we ought to help her achieve her artistic ambitions to express herself in the pictures.

Well, Jim give a look at the place where the eats might of been and concluded he could express himself in hot biscuits and fried ham if urged, which she took personally, owing to it touching a sensitive point with her. And take it all in all the atmosphere was growing altogether too typically homelike, and so I again sprung it about the trip.

"We got a bright idea, ma," I says, "of going away over Labor Day in the car."

"Where to?" she says. "Why? Ain't you well off here? If there's a breeze we get it, you got your own bathtub and your own bed and your comfort."

"Oh, I got nothing against hotel life, especially if American plan," I says dreamily. "And anyways a holiday is too much like three Sundays in a row minus two Sunday papers. So our minds is made up."

"What about the Goldringer contract?" says ma. "You know he likes quick action."

"If it comes you can wire for us," I says.

"To what garage?" says ma very sarcastic.

"To none!" I says. "Not with that new car of Jim's!"

Which was a challenge to fight, as the poet says, and the brag cometh before the show-down and all that. Because why is it a car can hear you tell of its greatness, even though the garage is a mile away, and at once commences to plan to do you dirt? The nature of the beast is certainly that way, and is it coincidence? It is not! I got a pretty strong hunch that cars is more alive lots of times than the ones that drive them, and anyone which has skidded—in, say, sand—will be forced to admit they got a will of their own the same as this here inventor Frankenstein, whose magneto killed him or something of its own accord.

Well, anyways, a bragged-about car always goes blooey just as sure as a tooth stops aching when it sees the dentist's sign. And as for temperament, I'll tell the world no picture or other class of star has got anything on a high-strung, well-bred automobile, and it's their class makes them get that way the same as with we artists, and makes them different from the bourgeois flivver that's all work and no style. And our Cobra Six sports model, which is sports the same way a satin sports suit is, was such a car.

Well, anyways, it was a 1920 model and the most up-to-date thing we could find and had ought to come under the head of professional expenditures, if not of overhead, which it can't very well on account of being a open car, but a bus like that is to motion-picture artists what a change of underwear is to the proletariat—something everybody would know to their detriment if they was without it. In other words, it is practically a necessity. And so while in private life we would of really preferred a ordinary regular car, we had to content ourselves with a mere 140-inch wheel-base affair, whose parts were a translation from all foreign languages including the Scandinavian, and consequently too cultured for the average so-called skilled mechanic.

The looks of this bus was a great comfort to us, which was a good thing, considering how much time we put in standing and looking at it. It was one of these inbred affairs with short legs and chest close to the ground and a awful lot of length for the two little seats without nothing to them but cushions and backs, and when you was in them your knees was higher than any lady would allow under other conditions. It had four wheels like a child's wagon, ones on the bottom which it stood on and two extras strapped on behind in case we ever got to going that way. The hood looked like one of the Green Mountains with the Statue of Liberty on the radiator cap, and it carried a lot of little knickknacks on the running board, such as batteries, tool chests and a fireless cooker, or at least I think it was. It had a trick wind shield and a searchlight like a battleship and a horn that played jazz by electricity. As for the dash I'll say the bird which furnished it put no restraint upon his imagination and spared us no expense. Just by looking at it, after spending a mere half hour locating the right indicator, you could see with a glance and a instruction book that you had no gas or oil or batteries or something, when without this swell switchboard you would of been to all of two minutes' trouble getting out and looking direct. But the nickel finish on them was certainly an eyeful. The whole of the bus was emerald green with a blue-and-violet trim threaded with yellow, and it certainly was snappy. What is more, once in a while it would go.

And when it did we felt so darn chesty over it that we always forgot its sins of transmission. And did it do us proud when it felt that way? I'll say so! We'd fly up a hill on high with the spark hardly retarded, where other poor birds was struggling into low and wishing they was home and the party was to hell—do you know the feeling? You do! Also, it was the quietest engine ever I heard and in traffic—oh, boy! Excepting when it died on us entirely. And its doing so at intervals had built a considerable annex onto Jim's vocabulary. But going so good when it went at all, it sort of kept our faith, and never a garage bill but we thought it was the last one. And the last one was just in. Jim had me out to a suburban jazzerie where they served ginger ale and everything—with the accent quietly on the everything—well, anyways, he had me there in Wilful Winnie, as he called the bus, and she had behaved like a wife round the first of the month—you couldn't pick on her for a thing except the bills. So, of course, that was a added reason why we should work her while we could.

That night Jim brought home a innocent-looking book which it's the truth they camouflage it with soft covers like a Bible and no one would suspect what lies within—not

(Continued on Page 68)

I Could See the Pity Oozing From Maison, Inc., as They Looked at Our Poverty, But it Was Like Water Off a Rolling Stone So Far as I Was Concerned

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XV

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IF I REMEMBER rightly it was about the middle of January, 1897, that I presented my letters of recall to the King of Serbia, who expressed in most gracious and cordial terms his regret at my departure, and sent me the same evening, when I was preparing to take the night train for Vienna, a last farewell message through his secretary, Mr. Militchevitch, who had orders to see me off at the station.

Mr. Militchevitch found me at my hotel engaged in packing up a number of books which had accumulated during my sojourn at Belgrad, among which were some volumes of the correspondence of the Empress Catharine the Great. I had accidentally dropped on the floor one of these volumes, and when I picked it up I noticed that it had opened on a page containing a letter addressed by the empress to the King of Denmark. Listening to what Mr. Militchevitch was telling me about the king's intention to change again his ministry for a new one, and the grave concern with which he looked upon His Majesty's fickleness of character and lack of firm purpose, I was unconsciously letting my eyes follow the lines of the empress' letter on the open page of the book I held in my hand, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a passage in the letter where she lectures her correspondent on the disadvantages and even dangers of frequent changes in the personnel of the government—the empress evidently having had some reason for being dissatisfied with a ministerial appointment the King of Denmark had recently made.

I read the passage to Militchevitch, and he was much struck by the wisdom of the advice in statecraft which the empress had tendered to her fellow sovereign, and by its applicability to actual conditions in Serbia.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said I; "I'll immediately copy this whole passage of the letter, sign it with my name as the faithful copyist, and you will present it to the king as a parting gift from a sincere friend and posthumous representative of one of the greatest sovereigns Russia has ever had."

I verily believe we two could not have rendered the young sovereign a better service, provided he had been willing to take to heart Catharine the Great's sage advice.

Three days later I was in St. Petersburg, and after a brief interview with the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mouravieff, whom I found very courteous and apparently well disposed toward me, I set to work with the purpose of making a thorough study not only of the diplomatic correspondence in regard to our relations with Japan but of the whole field of our Far Eastern policy, so as to be fully prepared to take up my new duties at a post where I instinctively felt I should have to face the probability of coming serious complications.

My instinctive premonitions had not deceived me, as I found out almost as soon as I had begun my work. In looking over the correspondence exchanged with the War Department I discovered traces of a far-reaching plan, evidently having originated in the department, the following up of which would have landed us, as I was firmly convinced, in a situation of the gravest danger. Having made this discovery I lost no time in reporting to the minister the fact and my conclusions in regard to the necessity of preventing, if still possible, any decisive steps being taken which might irrevocably involve us in the most serious difficulties inseparable from the pursuit of the War Department's plans.

Count Mouravieff, though quite unacquainted with Far Eastern affairs, but gifted with a good deal of sound common sense and quickness of perception, at once saw the point and assented to my proposal to prepare an exhaustive memorandum on the state of affairs in the Far East to be submitted to the emperor in the hope of causing His Majesty to withhold his approval from any steps tending to the realization of the plans contemplated by the War Department. The preparation of such a memorandum requiring necessarily considerable time, the minister undertook to see to it that the whole matter be kept in suspense until he should be prepared to submit to the emperor his well-grounded objections.

The original of this rather voluminous memorandum was deposited in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which, if not destroyed by the Bolsheviks, must be at present in their possession. The only copy of it that I had made out for my own use I had lent two years ago to the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch, well known as an author and promoter of historical research, with whom I had been for years in intimate friendly relations and who was so cruelly murdered by the band of savage bandits for the time being exercising tyrannical power in our unfortunate country. This copy has probably shared the fate of the grand duke's library and other contents of his beautiful palace at Petrograd. I am therefore not in a position to give here from memory more than a succinct account of the main features of this memorandum. Before doing so, however, I must revert to the time when Prince Lobanoff was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs and found himself confronted with the necessity of dealing with the situation created by the result of the war between China and Japan.

I have had occasion in a preceding chapter to mention incidentally that the defunct minister, when he took possession of his post, was quite ignorant of Far Eastern affairs, which was, after all, quite natural seeing that he belonged to a generation whose ideas of China and Japan were mostly connected with pictures of pig-tailed mandarins on boxes of tea, or red lacquer cups and saucers brought home by bold circumnavigators of what in those days used to be considered a most imposing globe, now reduced to the pygmy proportions of a tiny planetoid easily to be encircled in a few days by some flying ace or even any enterprising common aviator.

Prince Lobanoff was a man of great decision and firmness of will, which qualities had indeed earned him general respect and confidence, but he also had a great deal of intellectual pride, which made him reluctant to seek counsel and advice from his intellectual equals in matters of which he was more or less ignorant. Thus it came about that he would not avail himself, as a source of authoritative information, of the wide experience and profound knowledge of Far Eastern affairs of Mr. Zinovieff, then our Minister to Sweden, who had been for ten years the head of the Asiatic Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who happened to be on leave at St. Petersburg and who postponed from week to week his return to Stockholm in the expectation of being consulted by the new minister on matters in which his expert knowledge could not be surpassed. Prince Lobanoff preferred instead to have himself informed on the state of affairs in regard to our relations with Japan by a mere underling, the chief of the Japanese bureau, a very respectable, painstaking and efficient official but with the narrow outlook of a departmental clerk, and unable to enlighten his chief on matters lying beyond the scope of the diplomatic correspondence he had been handling for years.

The situation with which Prince Lobanoff found himself compelled to deal as soon as he had entered upon his duties as Minister of Foreign Affairs was a very perplexing one indeed. The Japanese Government before deciding upon opening hostilities against China had naturally been greatly concerned with the elucidation of the views and intentions of the Russian Government, and had evidently been prepared to conform to any wishes of ours the compliance with which would have assured them of our neutrality and would have guaranteed them against the

UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

In Korea

Above—The Former Kaiser's Most Important Fort in Tsingtau, on the High Hill in the Background

possibility of some threatening movement from our part on their necessarily very much exposed flank in the event of military operations on the continent. Their minister at St. Petersburg had strained every nerve in vain endeavors to ascertain our views on the situation and our wishes, compliance with which on the part of Japan would have been unavoidable and would certainly have been gladly acquiesced in. Our position therefore was a very advantageous one, somewhat similar to that in which Austria-Hungary found herself when we were preparing for the war with Turkey in 1877.

It would have enabled us to secure the realization of any well considered and clearly defined political aim we might have intended to pursue.

Unfortunately the development of events which culminated ultimately in the war between China and Japan had been taking place during the last year of Mr. De Giers' life, when he was already, through illness, incapacitated for taking an active part in the direction of our foreign policy, and there was no one with sufficient authority to take his place. Besides, there was a total absence of any even halfway clear conception of what the aims of our Far Eastern policy should be. In this respect our government circles were just as much in the dark as was our so-called "public opinion" as represented by the press. The impending armed conflict between our two most important neighbors in Asia was instinctively felt as an untoward event; but neither any attempts at preventing its outbreak nor any plans for taking advantage of our flanking position which was giving us the whip hand over the belligerents seem to have been even contemplated, considerations such as would, as a matter of course, have guided the policy of real statesmanship, as, for example, the British, under similar circumstances.

The Japanese Government, realizing the hopelessness of their endeavors to reach an agreement with us, decided at last to take the grave risk of engaging in military operations against China on the continent without having provided for the security of their flank by a friendly understanding with Russia. Subsequent events thoroughly belied the confident expectations very generally entertained by European diplomacy that the war, which was held to be a foolhardy enterprise on the part of Japanese ambitious militarism, would end in disaster to the reckless aggressor. The treaty of peace concluded in April, 1895, at Shimonoseki, sealed the complete defeat of China, and gave to Japan, besides a war indemnity of 30,000,000 taels, part of Southern Manchuria with the stronghold of Port Arthur; that is to say, a permanent foothold on the continent of Asia and the likelihood of the prospective absorption of Korea, though in the treaty the complete independence of Korea and the integrity of her territory were solemnly recognized by both parties.

Such was the situation created by the outcome of the armed conflict between our two Asiatic neighbors at the moment when Prince Lobanoff took possession of his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Matters had been allowed to drift without any definite policy having been decided upon or even seriously considered. Such a seemingly disinterested attitude, however, could not continue to be observed indefinitely, and the time had come for our government to take a decided stand one way or the other.

It would not come amiss to mention here an outside perturbing element that had developed during the hostilities between the belligerents, an element that usually makes itself felt in Far Eastern no less than in Near Eastern affairs—the perennial rivalry between the Great Powers of Europe.

In the beginning of the war Japanese public opinion, it appears, had been more or less under the impression that, in the country's contest with China, Russia would be inclined to side with Japan, an impression that seemed to prevail likewise in our maritime province.

This expectation, which at the time had appeared to be widely prevalent in Japan, had seemingly not failed to influence in a measure the attitude toward the belligerents, if not of the British Government, at least of its representatives, diplomatic as well as naval, in the Far East.

At any rate, the story had been going the rounds in Japan and been generally credited that the admiral in command of the British squadron in Far Eastern waters had demonstratively shown his preference for the Chinese, and he was even suspected of having on some occasion endeavored to warn by signal the Chinese admiral of the approach of the Japanese fleet. Later on the admiral's attitude was said to have undergone a radical change, brought on partly because the brilliant Japanese victories had shown that Japan was decidedly the stronger of the two belligerents, partly by the growing certitude that Russia would remain neutral with perhaps a leaning in favor not of Japan but of China. Whether true or not, the wide currency given to these stories was symptomatic of the probability that whichever side we might ultimately decide to favor, Great Britain would be found to have taken up her stand by the other. This, therefore, was a contingency, howsoever remote, which would have to be taken into the most serious consideration when circumstances would compel us to take a decided stand one way or the other.

From what I have tried to explain above it will be seen that the task awaiting the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, the task of deciding the course the ship of state was to steer, was by no means an easy one and not to be taken up light-heartedly. Prince Lobanoff was well aware of the momentous character of the decision which had to be taken and which would engage our policy for years to come in a direction the ultimate outcome of which could not be foreseen with any degree of certainty. He naturally felt disinclined to shoulder alone the responsibility for such a decision, and he secured the emperor's consent to submit the whole question to the decision of a special commission under the presidency of the Grand Duke Alexis—who was then still the head of the navy—and composed, as far as I can remember, of all the ministers of state.

The proceedings of this commission were naturally secret, but I was given, of course, the possibility of acquainting myself with the contents of the protocols of its sittings. The perusal of these protocols gave me the impression that none of the members of the commission had been able to shed any new and really serious light on the question at issue, which after all was not to be wondered at, considering that the knowledge they possessed of the condition of things in the Far East was of the vaguest and most limited nature.

Their deliberations were mostly confined to an exchange of views based on this or that member's personal preferences either for Japan or for China.

The final conclusions were formulated by Prince Lobanoff upon the simple ground that the Japanese could not be allowed to gain a foothold on the continent, because they would unavoidably have a tendency to spread like "a drop of oil on a sheet of blotting paper," as he expressed it. It was therefore decided to side with China and to take the necessary steps to insist on the withdrawal of Japan from Southern Manchuria and Port Arthur; in other words, on the abandonment by the Japanese of the fruits of their victory. This decision was confirmed by the emperor.

Being anxious to gain as complete an insight as possible into the origin of the serious complications I felt sure we should have to face in the near future, and knowing from casual conversation with the Grand Duke Alexis, who in former years had spent some months in Japan, that his views could hardly have been in harmony with those of the members of the commission over which he had presided, I made up my mind to interview him personally on the subject of the decision, the far-reaching consequences of which he had been in a much better position to foresee than the other members.

From the very first words he spoke to me I realized how deeply he was concerned as grand admiral and head of the navy, and impressed with the serious character of the situation which in the end had resulted from the decision then reached, to which he personally had been very much opposed. When I

(Continued on Page 182)

"The Bund," Port Arthur

Above—An Outpost at Tsingtau

A Street in New Town, Port Arthur

THE LAIR

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SKAG was away seven days in all and he made no report of the thing he had done to his department. He came back with a deeper quiet in his eyes and told no one but Carlin what the days had shown him. Skag never was at his best in trying to make words work. He was slow to explain. He had been hurt two or three times in earlier days, trying to tell something of peculiar interest to his work and finding incredulity and uncertain comment afterward. This made the animal trainer more wary than ever about talk.

But Carlin required few words. Carlin always understood. She didn't praise or fall into excesses of admiration, but she understood, and the older one gets the dearer that becomes. Carlin didn't advise with Skag whether she should speak of the matter. She merely decided that her old friend, Hand-of-a-God, which was the native's name for Malcom M'Cord, deserved to be told. The silent Scot knew much about animals and this was an affair that would stand high in his collection of musings and memories. M'Cord observed, in a Scotch that had suffered no thinning in thirty years of India, that if he hadn't known Hantee Sahib he would be forced to pass by Carlin's report as an invention, though a fertile one. It was M'Cord who decided that government should get at least a private account of the affair.

A remarkable tiger pair had operated for several years in the broken cliff country stretching away toward the valley of the Nerbudda beyond the open jungle round Hurda. As mates they had pulled together so efficiently that the natives had started the interminable process of making a tradition concerning them. These were superb young individuals and not man-eaters, for which reason Hand-of-a-God had not been called out to deliver the natives; also on this account Skag had been interested from the beginning.

Their lair had never been found, but they had been seen together and singly over a ranging ground that covered seventy miles and contained several dejected villages. Once, hard pressed for game, the male tiger had entered a village grazing ground and made a quick kill—on the run—of one of the little sacred cows—a tan heifer much loved by the people. The point of comment was that the tiger had spared the boy; in fact, the young herder had been unable to run so rapidly as his little drove, which was lost in a dust cloud ahead of him. The tiger had actually passed him by, entered the drove, knocked the heifer down and stood over it as the boy circled past.

There were no firearms in the village, so that the natives did not venture close in the falling darkness. It was evident next day, however, that the tiger had not fed on the spot of the kill. It was supposed that the female had come to help him carry away the game.

Also, this was the same tiger pair that had leaped an eight-foot wall surrounding another village, made their choice of a sizable bullock in a herd of ordinary cattle, and actually helped each other drag the carcass over the wall and away—a daylight raid, this, witnessed from the shadows of several village huts.

So the stories went, but nothing monotonous about them. Often for months at a time no villager would sight the tiger mates. It was positively stated that there were no other mature tigers within the vicinity; that is, within the seventy-mile range. The pair had been known to bring up at least three litters; but the young had been driven at the approach of maturity to outlying hunting grounds, as had been all the weaker tigers of the vicinity.

Now the report came into Hurda that an English hunter had wounded the big female. Another report followed that the Englishman had killed the male and wounded the female. The hunter himself did not appear in Hurda; nor was a trophy hide recorded anywhere. Skag heard the two stories. Carlin had just been called to Poona, a summons from Roderic Deal, her eldest brother. Skag, thinking about the affair, called Nels for a stroll in the open jungle toward the Monkey Glen.

To the American there was a pang about the hunter's story. He was altogether unsentimental, but wild animals had to do with his reason for being, and there was his fixed partiality for tigers. The uncertainty about the story troubled him. This was the time of year for kittens and it was seldom far from his mind that these parents were not man-eaters. The stories of the hunter were indefinite. The thing worked upon Skag as he walked. The thought of finding the motherless lair and bringing in a hamper of starving young occurred to him as a sane performance, but not one to speak about. The fact that Carlin was away had its important part. Skag was desolately free to follow the growing incentive; also his servant, Bhanah, reported Nels superbly fit for travel and adventure.

The animal trainer rode the elephant, Nut Kut, into one of the villages in the tiger-ranging grounds and left him in charge of the mahout, saying that he might be gone two or three days and that he was out for a ramble among the waste places of the valley. Skag took merely a haversack, a canteen, light blanket and a hunting belt, carrying a knife and a six-shooter, but no rifle. Nels actually lost his dignity in enthusiasm for the excursion, and they were miles away from a village and hours deep in an apparently leisurely journey before he subsided into that observant calm which was his notable characteristic.

Skag's work of late had taken him much afield, but it had been with native assistants and more or less impedimenta for jungle observation. This light traveling, with none other than the great hunting dog, brought him back a keen zest of appreciation and memories of early days among the circus animals, and his first adventures in India with Cadman. Moreover, there was a mystery that had to do with Carlin after that first supper fire afield. Skag had always resented the fact that it was straight out-and-out pain for him to be away from the place she had made in Hurda. Suffering of any kind to Skag was a sign of weakness. He had dwelt long on the subject.

The mystery of that first night out had to do with the fact that Carlin seemed to be near. At least there wasn't the pain about separation he had known before. It was as if the miracle he had longed for had come—some awakening of life within himself that was quick to her presence even at a distance and cognizant that absence was illusion. Carlin's uncle, the mystic of the Vindhyas, had told him that there were mysteries of romance that had to do with separation as well as with together, and that real mates learn this mystery through the years. To-night Skag found to his wonder that the mystic had spoken the truth.

He cooked the supper joyously and shared it with Nels, talking to him often and answering himself for the Dane. The camp was in the open and the night was presently lustrous with stars. There was a sense of well-being, together with his fresh delight in the unfolding secret of Carlin's nearness, that made him enjoy staying awake. Nels was wakeful also—as if these moments were altogether too keen with life to waste in sleep.

"It's just a ramble, old man. We'll be about it early," Skag said toward the last. "We may find what we're after and we may not. In any case we'll live on the way."

That was Skag's old picture of the Now; making the most of the ever-moving point named the Present.

"And I'm expecting great things from you, my son—an altogether new brand of self-control—if we find what we're out after. I don't mind telling you that it's Tiger, Nels—tiger babies possibly—little orphans just grown enough to be demons and just knowing enough not to behave."

Nels woofed.

"Half-grown tiger cubs are apt to be a whole lot meaner than their parents," Skag went on. "Wild—that's the word. They haven't sense enough to be careful or mind enough to be appealed to. I think that's something of what I mean to say."

Skag was taking more pains to explain than he would to a man. Nels didn't get it—didn't even make a pretense. He knew what tiger meant, but so far as he was concerned that subject had been dropped some moments since. He had listened intently to the point in which tiger ceased to be the topic—sitting on his haunches. Then he dropped to his front elbows, and as Skag's voice trailed away he rolled quietly to his side, keeping himself courteously awake.

There was silence. Skag's eyes were far off among the blazing Indian stars.

"We'll manage 'em together," he added sleepily.

The next day they wandered—rough, desolate country in burning sunlight. It gave the impression that the whole surface crust of earth had been burned to a white heat ages ago. Low hills with cliffike faces; shallow nullahs used only a month or two a year to carry the monsoon deluges to the Nerbudda; the stones of the river bottoms bone-white—everywhere sparse and scrubby foliage with dust-covered leaves. There was no turf in this stony world except the sand of the hollows and the wind eddied most of these spaces like water, quickly covering all tracks. It was toward the end of the afternoon that Nels first intimated a scent.

Tiger of course—that was Nels' orders—but it wasn't fresh. Skag gave the Dane word to do the best he could and followed leisurely. The big fellow worked with painful care for more than an hour before he became sure of himself; then his speed quickened, following a dry nullah at last for several miles. The dark was creeping in before they came to a deep fissure among the rocks where the empty waterway sank into a pool which was not yet dry. Skag and the Dane drank deep; then the man filled his canteen, with the remark:

"We'll camp a little back, not to obstruct the water hole. All trails end here. To-morrow morning we'll get fresh tiger scent if we're in luck. But I wonder what we're trailing?"

It was a fact of long establishment among the villages that only the one mated pair worked this section of the country. According to one of the stories of the English hunter, the male tiger had been killed and the female wounded—in which case what was this? Certainly there was nothing to indicate that the scent was left by a wounded tiger. Others might have doubted Nels' discrimination, but Skag scouted that in his own mind.

The Boss of the District—the Great Male Himself—Stood Stock-Still in the Center of the River Bed

The Dane knew Tiger. It was as distinct and individual to him from the other big cats as the voices of friends one from another.

Nels was said to have met Tiger in battle before he came to Skag, but it was no purpose of his present master to give him a chance now. It was established that several of the great Indian hunting dogs had survived such meetings. Malcom M'Cord declared that a veteran in the cheetah game would show himself master in any ordinary tiger affair. M'Cord also said that a dog that could break the back of a cheetah would have himself in hand with any of the cat family, except possibly a full-grown jaguar, which is short-bodied by nature but built for exceptional crushing power. Jaguars are rarely known to carry the fight to men and are without the malignant propensities of the cheetah whose long body, which makes for incredible swiftness of attack, also affords the weakness Nels had twice worked upon in a single afternoon back of Poona.

They were tired and sun-drained. Skag laid down his blankets in the early dusk and there were hours of sleep before he was awakened by the different activities at the water hole. Nels apparently had been awake for some time, studying the separate noises in a moveless calm. Skag touched his chest affectionately. A panther or some smaller cat had just made a kill among the rocks above the pool, yet Nels' hackles had not lifted in answer to the bawl of the stricken beast.

"Spotted deer possibly," Skag muttered. Then he added to the Dane:

"You're an all-right chap to camp with, son. You'd sit it out alone until they brought the fracas to our doorstep rather than disturb a friend's sleep. That's what I call being a white man."

Skag always thought of Cadman as the unparalleled comrade for field work. In fact, he had learned many of the little niceties of the open from the much-traveled American writer—finished performances of comradeship, a regard for the unwritten things, reverence for those rights which never could be brought to the point of words, but which give delicacy and delectation to the hours together between men. Skag never ceased to delight in the silence and self-control of the Dane. The dog rippled and thrilled with all the fundamental elements of friendship and fidelity, but his big body seemed able to contain them with a dignity that endeared him to the one who understood. Bhanah's work in the training of this fellow was nothing short of consummate art.

Breakfasting together, Skag refreshed Nels' mind with the work of the day—that it meant Tiger, that all lesser affairs might come and go. The big fellow was up and eager to be off, before Skag finished strapping his blanket roll. There was rather a memorable moment of sentiency just there. Skag was on one knee as he glanced into Nels' face. His own powers were highly awake that minute, so that he actually sensed what was in the dog's mind—that they must go down to the pool for a look before moving on. The thing was verified a moment later when Nels led the way down into the dim ravine to the margin of the water.

Tiger tracks—full four feet on the soft black margin of the pool—a huge beast, unmarked by any toe scar or eccentricity. Long body, heavy, a perfect thing of its kind. It was as if the tiger had stood some moments listening. Yet the natives declared that only the mated pair operated in this range and the hunter was said to have killed the male. If these were the tigress' tracks she certainly was not badly hurt. There wasn't the overpressure of a single pad to indicate her favoring a muscle anywhere. And this couldn't have been the track of anything but a mature beast—the finished print of a perfect specimen.

"That hunter didn't tell it all, Nels, or else he didn't do it all," Skag remarked. "We started out to find a sick tigress and a hamper of neglected babies. I'm not saying we won't find that much. The thing is, we may find more."

Nels was already five yards away across the pebbly hollow, waiting for Skag to follow along the ravine. Not a sign of a track that human eye could detect after that—straight, dry, stony nullah bed, deeply shadowed from the narrow walls and stretching ahead apparently for miles. At least it was cool work; the sun would not touch the floor of the fissure for hours yet. Nels never faltered. His pace gradually quickened until Skag softly called. The Dane would remember for fifteen or twenty minutes, when Skag again finding that he had to step uncomfortably fast to keep up, would laughingly call a check. The man was watching the walls and the coverts of broken rock, and Nels' speed, if left alone, occupied his outer faculties.

It was eleven in the forenoon and Skag reckoned they must be close to the Nerbudda when Nels halted—even bristled a bit, his broad black muzzle quivering and held aloft. Skag came up softly and stood close. He touched his finger to his tongue and drew a moist line under his nostrils, trying to get the message that Nels was working with so obviously. Presently an almost noiseless chuckle came from the man, and he touched Nels' shoulder as if to say that he had it too. The thing had come unexpectedly—the faintest possible taint of a lair.

They would have passed it a hundred times if it had not been for the scent. The silence was absolute and the walls of the fissure apparently as unbroken as usual. No human eyes would have noted the wear of pads upon the stones and one had to pass and look back to see the cleft in the walls of the ravine, far above the high-water mark which formed the door of significant meaning for the man. Nels' hadn't seen this much, but couldn't miss now. He nosed the pebbles again and made an abrupt turn to the right. They climbed to the rocks near the entrance. The taint was unmistakable now—past doubt a bone pile of some kind in there—and Nels had followed Tiger to the door.

Skag sat down upon a stone a little below and mopped his forehead, with a smile at the Dane. For ten minutes he sat there. He thought of the first time he had ever entered a tiger cage as a mere boy, way back in the Middle West of the States, traveling with the circus. A bored show tiger in that cage, and he had blinked unconcernedly at the boy. Years of circus life had atrophied his organs of resentment. Miles and miles of the public stream had passed his cage with awe, speculating upon the great cat's ferocity. Skag had merely to learn after that the trick of it all—that one's perfect self-control not only soothes but disarms most normal beasts. Skag had cultivated such self-control in recent years to a degree that made him the astonishment of many Hindu minds. India had shown him that the attainment of this sort of poise is a stage of the same mastery that the mystics are out after—to gain complete command of the menagerie in one's own insides. Hundreds of times after that, night and day, in storm, in sultry weather, Skag had entered the cages of all kinds of animals in all their moods.

His first adventure in India came back, when with his friend Cadman he had fallen into the pit trap and the grand young male tiger had tumbled after them. Skag had prevailed upon the nervy Cadman to sit tight and not to

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The Kittens Were Too Young to Organize Attack—the Tigress Was Too Maimed for Resistance, Even Though at Bay in Lair With Her Kittens to Defend

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

THE weeks between election and his inauguration Wint Chase spent as guest at Amos Caretall's home. At which the townsfolk put their tongues in their cheeks and smiled behind the back of the elder Chase. This open alliance between Wint and the congressman was taken as confession that Wint's election had been planned between them; and after a day or two Wint perceived the hopelessness of denial; and perceived, too, that those who believed him concerned in the trick respected him the more for it. Therefore Wint ceased to deny; and it was one of Amos Caretall's rules never to discuss a thing accomplished.

Between Amos and the young man a strong friendship began to develop in those weeks. Congressman Caretall was a good politician, largely through the advice and counsel of Peter Gergue; but he was also a man of level head and good common sense, and he found beneath Wint's pride and stubbornness a surprising store of good qualities. A week after Wint went to live at his house he said as much to Gergue.

"He's a fine boy, Peter," he declared. "Looks to me like a colt that hadn't been gentled right."

Gergue nodded slowly and scratched the back of his head, tilting his hat forward with his knuckles. "He has his points," he agreed. "But—he ain't set in the traces yet, cong'sman."

Amos looked at the man. "What's wrong?"

"Nothin'," said Peter. "Nothin'. But—there will be."

Jack Routt brought Wint's trunk to the Caretall home, and before he left that day he took occasion to drop a word of warning in Wint's ear.

"Look out for Agnes," was his warning. "She's the darnedest little flirt you ever saw."

Wint lifted his head angrily. "Cut it out, Jack!"

Routt laughed. "I'm only giving you some good advice," he insisted. "You know—a certain young lady will not be pleased if you pay Agnes too much attention. And Agnes loves to make trouble."

Wint repeated, "Shut up! Drop it!" And Routt lifted his shoulders and obeyed.

When He Finished She Laid Her Hand Lightly on His Arm. "It's a Shame, Wint," She Said

Two or three days after the election Wint remembered that he was supposed to be working in his father's office at the furnace. With an unadmitted twist of conscience he went down to the office, half hoping to see his father and find some common ground for a reconciliation. But the elder Chase was not there, and the office manager greeted Wint coldly and told him that his place had been filled. Wint had ten days' salary due him, and the manager paid it punctiliously. Wint took the money without thinking, thrust it into his pocket and went back uptown.

While he was in college he had been on an allowance; since then his father had paid him a salary out of proportion to his deserts. This was one of the vanities of the elder Chase. His own youth had been hard and straitened; and he took a keen delight in lavishing upon Wint the money he himself had lacked. He did this not to please Wint but to please himself; and whenever Wint crossed him he was accustomed to bring up the matter, to remind Wint of his good fortune as though it were a reproach.

"Be sure I never had money to spend when I was your age," he was fond of saying. "And you roll in it. You ought to be ashamed, Wint. You ought to be ashamed."

Then he would give Wint twenty dollars and tell him to mend his ways; and afterward he would complain to Mrs. Chase of Wint's ingratitude.

Wint had always taken this money without scruple. Whenever inner doubts perplexed him he would say: "He's got more than he can use. I might as well have it as anyone else."

In all honesty he knew the falsity of such an argument but he used it successfully to stifle the reproaches of his own heart.

A day or two after his visit to the office, however, Amos Caretall asked him: "Wint, you need any money?"

Wint shook his head.

"Didn't know but you might," Amos insisted. "Carry you over till your salary starts."

"I've got enough," Wint said. "Dad was always pretty liberal. Gave me more than I could spend."

Amos did not seem surprised at this. He nodded his head. "That's good," he agreed. "If anyone had told me I wouldn't have believed it. Wouldn't have believed Senior had so much sense. Keeps you in his debt, like, don't he? Keeps you d'pendent on him?"

Wint had never thought of it in that way, and he did not like the thought. He looked uneasy. Amos went on, puffing at his old black pipe: "Guess he figures to get it all back some way. 'F he sh'd come and ask you for something after you're in, you'd naturally have to give it to him. Yes, Senior's a smart man."

They were sitting in front of the coal fire in Amos' sitting room; and for a time after that neither of them spoke. Wint was thinking hard, and in the end he asked quickly: "Know any way I can earn a living till I'm inaugurated?"

Amos swung his head round, tilting it on one side, and squinting thoughtfully at Wint; and presently he smiled approvingly. "Guess you might," he said. "Might do some o' my letter writing. You'd learn things that way. I never had no secretary. I'm allowed one. You c'n have the job, long's I'm here."

Next morning Wint mailed a money order to his father, without explanation; and thereafter he drew a salary from Amos until his salary as mayor began.

From his work for Amos, Wint learned many things. He got for the first time an insight into the scope of the congressman's work, into the extent of his interests and influence. One of the things he learned was a sincere respect for Caretall's ability, and he also came to admire the shrewdness of Gergue.

Living as he did, as one of Caretall's family he was thrown constantly with Agnes; and the girl put herself out to please him. She and old Maria Hale worked together in this. The girl discovered Wint's favorite dishes, and Maria produced them and brought them to a perfection that Wint had never known. It was Agnes' task to take care of the dusting and housework; and she began after a time to put an occasional cluster of flowers from the greenhouses next door in his room. When they talked together she deferred to him with a pretty fashion of tilting her head and widening her serious eyes, that he found exceedingly attractive. It stimulated his self-respect; and at the same time it gave him a new respect for her. Since she so obviously approved of him there must be more to her than he supposed. She was, he decided, a person of judgment. He had always thought her a giddy little thing with a brisk, gay tongue and laughing eyes. He found in her an unexpected capacity for silence and for attention. She encouraged him to talk about himself, about his plans; she sympathized with him and occasionally advised him. They became surprisingly good friends.

She suggested one evening that they telephone Jack Routt to bring Joan for a game of cards. Wint shook his head; and the girl, without asking questions, made her curiosity so obvious that Wint told her that Joan had cast him off. He leaned forward, elbows on knees and fingers intertwined, staring idly into the fire while he told her; and the girl leaned back in her chair and listened and studied him, and when he finished she laid her hand lightly on his arm. "It's a shame, Wint," she said.

Wint shook his head. "Oh—she was right!"

"She wasn't right! She ought to have stuck by you and helped you fight it out."

Wint thought so, too, and his respect for Agnes rose. But he said insistently, "No; she was right."

Agnes patted his arm, and then leaned back in her chair again. "It's fine of you to think so," she said.

One night Wint asked her to go uptown with him, to the moving-picture theater. She was delighted, and she was gay as a cricket on the way. At the entrance of the theater they came face to face with Jack Routt and Joan. Wint felt his cheeks burn. Agnes greeted the other two with a burst of rapid chatter that covered the awkward moment. Routt studied Wint, and Joan nodded to him without speaking. Then Routt and Joan went inside, and Wint and Agnes sat three rows behind them.

While the picture was flashing on the screen Wint watched the heads of the two. He could not help it. And when the heads, silhouetted against the light, leaned toward one another for a whispered word he felt something boil within him. His reaction was to bend more attentively toward Agnes; and the gay little girl beside him responded to this new mood, so that when the film was done and they filed out she and Wint were the most obviously happy young couple in the house. They had ice cream together at the bakery next door, and walked home in comfortable comradeship, the girl's hand on his arm.

That night Wint's sleep was disturbed and wretched; and next day when he met Routt at the post office he stiffened with resentment. But Routt caught his arm and drew him to one side. "See here, Wint," he said. "Joan tells me you and she have quarreled."

Wint nodded.

"You ought to go to her and make it up, Wint. I don't know what it's about, but you ought to make it up with her."

"I've nothing to make up."

"She's a dandy girl."

"I've nothing against her."

"It makes her sore to have you chase round with Agnes."

"There's no reason why it should," Wint said stiffly. "She has no hold on me."

Routt hesitated. "Well, Wint," he said uneasily, "if that's so, you've no claim on her."

"Of course not."

"Then you don't mind my—showing her some attention? I don't want anything to come between us, Wint."

Wint laughed. "Go as far as you like, Jack," he said cheerfully. "You can't hurt my feelings."

Routt gripped his hand. "That's great, Wint." He looked about them and then added slowly, "I think she likes me, Wint. I'm—in to win."

"Go as far as you like," Wint repeated. "Now——"

They separated, and Wint went back to the house and remained in his room half the morning. He was tormented by angry pride and irresolution; he could not decide what to do. A recklessness took possession of him; he repented of his determination to stick and fight out this fight to the end. He sought for some way out.

Muldoon had become a part of the Caretall household with Wint; and he looked out of the window now and saw the dog starting toward town at Agnes' heels. He made a move to whistle Muldoon back, then thought better of it. Joan might see Muldoon with Agnes; he hoped she would, hoped it would make her miserable.

As the time for his inauguration as mayor approached Wint became more and more uneasy. He felt as though he were about to submit to bonds that would pin him fast; he felt as though he were on the steps of a prison. A fierce revolt began to brood in him and grow and boil.

He broke out once, in a talk with Caretall. He would throw the whole thing over, leave town, go away, never to return.

Amos agreed with this project perfectly. He agreed that Wint was not the man for the job, that it would mean hard work, and difficulties; he thought Wint was wise not to attempt it. He offered to straighten out any tangle and free Wint from the obligations of the office; and he offered to lend Wint money in order that Wint might make a start elsewhere.

His great complaisance angered Wint; and Wint stubbornly declared that he would stick if every man in town urged him to go.

On the morning of the day before he was to take office he met Jack Routt uptown; and Jack took his arm. They walked together toward Jack's office and went in and sat down.

It was evident that Routt had something on his mind. He talked of the weather, of Agnes, of Joan; and Wint, watching him, saw that Routt was holding something back and at last asked impatiently: "Jack, what's on your mind?"

Routt looked surprised. "Why—nothing."

"Yes, there is." Wint laughed at him. "What's the matter? Open up."

Routt hesitated; but at last he said frankly: "Well, Wint, I was wondering."

"About what?"

"Have you been hitting the booze lately?" Routt asked.

Wint shook his head; his eyes hardened a little.

Routt seemed pleased. He thrust out his hand. "I'm darned glad, Wint," he said. "Congratulations! You ought to leave it alone. You're right."

Wint flushed angrily. "I haven't sworn off," he said shortly. "It—just happens——" He stared at Routt. "You didn't bring me up here to ask that?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why?"

Routt shifted in his chair and lighted a cigarette. "Never mind," he said. "Forget it, Wint."

Wint laughed unpleasantly. "Come on! I'm a grown man. What's eating you?"

Routt lifted his shoulders. "Well—fact is, some of the boys wanted to get up a little supper to-night at the lodge rooms in honor of your—inaugural. I told them nothing doing. Said you were off the stuff. They didn't believe it; and I promised to ask you."

Wint looked at him angrily. "You're not my wet nurse, Jack. That supper idea tickles me. It's on."

Routt protested. "No, Wint. I won't stand for it. You've stayed off the stuff this long; and it's the best thing for you. You can't stop when you once start. So—leave it alone."

Wint got up hotly. "Go to the devil!" he snapped. "Don't be an old woman. Who's running the thing?"

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He Had Never Liked Lute; the Man Was Like a Foul Bird—a Buzzard

THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XII

THERE are many worse professions than that of country peddler in the golden summertime, especially when one peddles from an ex-army motor truck of which the roomy carapace includes a sleeping porch with all the facilities for light housekeeping.

Such a one is exempt from the monotony of the storekeeper, the tiresome routine of each day's work, the same homely faces—or, worse yet, none—the unchanging aspect of Main Street frying in the sun, the dogs, flies, the heat—all of these were spared the peddler. He did not have to wait for trade to come to him. The volcano which inclosed him moved to the Mohammeds of his clientèle, and seldom without an accretion of gain. There was a sort of violent moral aggression in the very rumpus of his approach, which acted to undermine any idea of resistance under his solicitation, to disintegrate refusal to purchase as though by vibratory waves. The victim lacked the courage to hold tight his purse strings in the case of a merchant whose very coming shook his house to its foundation.

Notwithstanding these benefits the mind of the peddler was slightly oppressed this bright midsummer day, as Torp could have testified from the face of his master and the absent-minded tugs which were given his silky ears as the big van rumbled over the road. A philosophic pucker sat upon the countenance of the peddler as he thundered down the turnpike which passed the De Vallignacs' house, and the alertness of his eyes held something of the quality which might be seen in those of a shikari on nearing the tiger's lair. He had counted upon drawing his game, and in this was not disappointed, for, heralded from afar, he beheld the Filipino butler, Francisco, come down the path to the gate. This sleek servitor beckoned him in the Oriental way, with a gesture which we of the western world interpret as meaning "go away"—the hand moved from instead of toward the body, with a scooping motion directed downward.

They Walked a Little Distance From the Road and Came to a Wind-Felled Chestnut, Where She Seated Herself Upon the Trunk. "Well," She Asked, "Have You Any News?"

The peddler stopped his chariot, then cheerfully saluted the nation's ward, with whom he was on friendly terms.

"*Buenas dias! Hermano mio!*" said he. "And what need of yours may I have the honor to supply? A little silver polish? Or perhaps the water pipes have frozen?"

"He want you do little work job," replied the Filipino.

"What kind of little work job, *amigo mio?*"

"He tell you; not take long—you come see."

The peddler swung himself down, leaving Torp in charge as usual. The butler led him round the house to the rear, whereupon Stephan came out on the back veranda.

"Good morning, Clamp," said he. "I've been waiting for you to pass. Some of the tiles have fallen from the bathroom wall, and no doubt you can put them back with a bit of cement."

"To promote molecular cohesion, sir," said the peddler, "they should first be soaked for several hours. But as my cement is of such superior quality I may perhaps be able to manage as they are. Kindly show me this example of slipshod labor on the part of the tile layer."

Stephan led him into the house and to a bathroom on the second floor, where he indicated three or four square feet from which the tiles had fallen. As a matter of fact he had observed that they were getting loose and had removed them himself to make a job for the peddler, who dropped upon his knees and, replacing them experimentally, discovered that they were not so closely set as to make his task unduly difficult.

"In the cryptic speech of the Mongolian, 'can do', sir," said he. "Did it ever strike you, sir, what a positive demonstration of the superfluity of our usual diction is furnished by one's ignorance of an alien tongue? Can do, sir—how simple, yet how exhaustive. Now in French the artisan would say: "Gentleman, this work can make itself without too much trouble."

Stephan laughed.

"*Monsieur, cet ouvrage peut se faire sans trop de peine,*" he translated. "Clamp, I suspect you of being a bit of a fraud. You know more French than you are willing to admit."

"Another Oriental subtlety, sir." He gathered up the fallen tiles, placed them in the bathtub and turned on the water. "I will now procure a little of my Hold Fast Cement, make a liquid solution which I shall apply with a plasterer's brush, and so attach, fasten, secure and *colle* these tiles that they will stick until loosened by the blast of Gabriel's horn—or by the passage of my motor truck, which candor compels me to admit may possibly have been the cause of their rupture from the wall. Thus the intelligent artisan provides himself with work—at another's expense. Ask any honest plumber—if you can find one, which is doubtful."

He proceeded busily about the job, occasionally humming his little song, and before he had been long at work heard the rustle of a gown and became conscious of a presence in the doorway. Looking up, his eyes met the tawny ones of Patricia, at sight of whom he rose and bowed, then got down again.

The peddler missed no subtlety of the quizzing which then began, his responses respectful yet with a hint of that underlying mockery known to be characteristic of him. It seemed to him as though every separate brain cell in the well-convoluted organ with which he had been endowed was thrusting out its myriad processes like a sea anemone or coral organism, hungrily oscillating in the flow of the tide. A sixth sense told him that Patricia was not there to admire his fine eyes or to match her wit with his, and he felt the thrill of the hunter at a rustling in the leaves, when presently she asked: "Have you been to the Kirklands' lately?"

"I repaired their motor pump but yesterday," he answered; "and I was glad to finish the job and get away. Even my philosophic spirit was oppressed by the melancholy atmosphere which has fallen upon that erstwhile noisy home. It is no little thing when people are no longer able to laugh, but when such a family as the Kirklands has no longer the heart to quarrel it is in evil state."

He laid down his brush and looked up at her.

"Poor Mr. William mopes about like a Parsi pariah or a Kanaka under a taboo. I do not believe that he had anything to do with the successful socialistic achievements that have been pulled off in this community."

"Why not?"

"Because to be the deft Arsene Lupin which his neighbors evidently consider him requires no small degree of mechanical skill and technic, supplemented by practice. People slander the skilled cracksman when they accuse anybody from the aristocratic country gentleman to the hobo sleeping under the hedge of a job that could only be done by the master thief. Now if they had suspected me there would have been some sense about it."

"I heard your name mentioned for the honor," said Patricia, "but the trouble was, in two instances, you were known to have been somewhere else."

"Yes, one advantage of an errant *métier* is that one is furnished with an automatic alibi."

"What is your own theory, if you don't mind my asking?"

"There is a single reasonable one. A clever gang put in here somewhere on a boat, probably under the guise of yachtsmen, and went through two or three houses, when, profiting by the general alarm, the others may possibly have been plundered by their own inmates. As Kipling says with a truth greater than his poesy: 'We are all of us liars. We are most of us thieves.'" He rasped the edge of a tile with his heavy file and tapped it into place with a wooden mallet. "The spirit of the Bolshevik is rampant in the land, and as with the flu almost anybody is apt to be infected."

"Does Mr. William take it very hard?" Patricia asked. "We never see him any more. What does he do with himself?"

"He mopes, ma'am. He is like a dog which, having been unjustly punished for a misdemeanor on the part of the cat, holds himself aloof from the family; and he has developed ——"

The peddler dipped his brush in the liquid cement, laid it against the wall, and in the preoccupation of fitting

another tile appeared to have forgotten the thread of his discourse.

"What has he developed?" Patricia asked.

"A melancholy habit of mooning about alone. Also I fear that his addiction to strong drink has been augmented. When not in an excited state he is heavily morose, and I fear that the day approaches when like Strepsiades in the Clouds of Aristophanes, he may exclaim: 'Unfortunate man that I am! What a penalty shall I this day pay to the bugs.'"

Patricia did not smile.

"They had better look after him a little," said she. "Does he roam about at night?"

The peddler took another tile from the bathtub and fitted it in place.

"Katie, Miss Kirkland's maid, with whom I am on friendly terms, tells me that he spends most of the night sitting on a rustic bench in the shadow of the pines which fringe the shore, staring at the drab surface of the sea. He appears to resent the presence of other members of the family, who leave him to his own devices. He dislikes even the society of the dogs and insists that they be shut up at night. That is, I understand, a constant feature of melancholia—the avoidance of the companionship of any whom the unfortunate has previously loved."

"Poor fellow!" said Patricia. "I quite agree with you, Clamp. I don't believe he had anything to do with those burglaries. I will tell you something which perhaps you may not know. William Kirkland was spending the night at the Whites' when the safe was robbed. The servants had been having a stable dance, and when three of them came in at about two o'clock they saw him go up the stairs and enter my room. I was sleeping soundly and did not wake, and fortunately for my reputation he left immediately and went into his own. This of course roused suspicion, but my own opinion is that he was merely confused from drink."

"You are very generous," said Clamp. "Of course it is possible that one of the servants might have taken advantage of the incident to turn the trick herself."

Patricia nodded.

"My own idea," said she.

"At any day," said the peddler, "we may hear of a fresh outbreak of this Bolshevik property division. That may remove suspicion from Mr. William."

"Why?" asked Patricia.

"Because I think it possible that tomorrow or the next day his family may take the drastic action of removing him to a sanitarium."

He squinted along the edge of a tile, sighting away from the light and in the direction of Patricia's face, then fitted it in place. It was the last, and the peddler rose.

"I think that these tiles will now resist even the trepidation caused by the passage of my happy rolling home and mobile mart of trade."

"Thank you," said Patricia. "And how much do we owe you?"

"One dollar and eighteen cents, if you please."

"Why eighteen instead of twenty or twenty-five?"

"The exact price of the Hold Fast Cement which I have used. As the thrifty French put it: '*Les bons comptes font les bons amis.*'"

Patricia settled the account and he departed singing his little song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

XIII

THE face of the peddler was more puckered than ever as he rolled through the populous community, presently to take the shore road which led along the top of the low cliffs. Here he stopped and, taking a pair of powerful binoculars from a sling behind his seat, got down, walked to the brink and, seating himself behind a large flat stone where he was invisible from the road, proceeded to examine through his glasses a small vessel lying at anchor opposite the De Vallignacs' house and about a cable's length offshore.

This would have been recognized by a naval person as one of the swift and seaworthy submarine chasers of the one-hundred-and-ten-foot class, ordered by the Government for this purpose, a few of which were sent to European waters. In the present case the boat had been apparently converted into a yacht, as was indicated by the ensign which fluttered from her stern and except for which she might have been thought still in the service of the Honorable Josephus Daniels. Aside from the fouled anchor in the field of stars and the absence of guns there was nothing about her to designate the pleasure craft, and the peddler thought it probable that she had been bought on the stocks of the builders by some private individual after the armistice was signed.

For about two hours he kept her under observation, during which time he saw her motor dinghy with two yachtsmen and a sailor put off and run to a public pier some distance below the De Vallignacs'. Here it landed its passengers and returned, after which nothing of any importance occurred.

The peddler glanced at the sky, which was beginning to thicken, then walked to his truck, cranked up, got aboard and proceeded on his way; and as the heavy vehicle clamored along to disturb the stagnant air the lines of thought deepened in the driver's face and his free hand tugged at Torp's long ears with such painful abstraction that, after a few protesting but disregarded whines, the little dog descended something in the manner of an inchworm, hopped off upon the road, rolled over once or twice, got up, did a shimmy, and paralleled his master's course, trotting in front, galloping behind.

The big van growled and snorted on its way, passed without pausing before the establishments of several clients where sales were almost certain, followed the road inland for a little way, crossed the railroad tracks, plowed up the main street of a village where local shopmen regarded it and its nomadic proprietor with scowls of strong disfavor. It thundered at Oak Hill, where the rescue of James and Diana had given the peddler his first strong lien of trade in the community, and having made the steep ascent with defiant roars it proceeded at its normal speed toward Kirkland Manor, two miles farther on.

As he drew near the big entrance gates the peddler eyed them expectantly, for not caring to presume on a fortuitous obligation he never entered the estate with his truck unless summoned to do so, the peculiar character of his progress being heralded in a manner to give ample time for such summons to be made. Seeing no one he passed deliberately, conscious through his well-developed sixth sense that he would not get far unhalted. In this he was not deceived, as about a quarter of a mile farther down the road he saw a splendid girlish figure standing in the shade of a tree, or, rather, standing under a tree at the side of the road, the sullen opacity of the sky having quenched high light and shadow. The peddler stopped his motor, turned out to leave room for traffic, and got down with his cheerful bow and smile.

But Diana neither bowed nor smiled.

"I want to talk to you," said she.

"The desire is mutual, Miss Kirkland."

"I'd rather not be seen. Come back here into the firs."

He nodded and offered his hand to help her up the crumbling stone wall, but she ignored it and sprang over as lightly as a Russian dancer. They

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The Figure Moved Swiftly Forward With a Step So Gliding and Silent That It Seemed to Drift

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

We are All Workingmen—the Banker, the Minister, the Lawyer, the Doctor—No Less Than the Farmer, Rising With the Lark to Drive the Team Afield

THERE are tricks in every trade. The tariff being the paramount issue of the day, I received a tempting money offer from Philadelphia to present my side of the question, but when the time fixed was about to arrive I found myself billed for a debate with no less an adversary than William McKinley, protectionist leader in the Lower House of Congress. We were the best of friends and I much objected to a joint meeting. The parties, however, would take no denial, and it was arranged that we should be given alternate dates. Then it appeared that the designated thesis read: "Which political party offers for the workingman the best solution of the tariff problem?"

Here was a poser. It required special preparation, for which I had not the leisure. I wanted the stipend, but was not willing—scarcely able—to pay so much for it. I was about to throw the engagement over when a lucky thought struck me. I had an old lecture entitled Money and Morals. It had been rather popular. Why might I not put a head and tail to this—a foreword and a few words in conclusion—and make it meet the purpose and serve the occasion?

When the evening arrived there was a great audience. Half of the people had come to applaud, the other half to antagonize. I was received, however, with what seemed a united acclaim. When the cheering had ceased, with the blandest air I began:

"In that chapter of the history of Ireland which was reserved for the consideration of snakes, the historian, true to the solecism as well as to the brevity of Irish wit, informs us that 'there are no snakes in Ireland.'

"I am afraid that on the present occasion I shall have to emulate this flight of the Celtic imagination. I find myself billed to speak from a Democratic standpoint as to which party offers the best practical political means for the benefit of the workingmen of the country. If I am to discharge with fidelity the duty thus assigned me, I must begin by repudiating the text in toto, because the Democratic Party recognizes no political agency for one class which is not equally accessible to all classes. The bulwark and belltower of its faith, the source and resource of its strength are laid in the declaration 'Freedom for all, special privileges to none,' which applied to practical affairs would deny to self-styled workingmen, organized into a coöperative society, any political means not enjoyed by every other organized coöperative society, and by each and every citizen, individually, to himself and his heirs and assigns, forever.

"But in a country like ours, what right has any body of men to get together and, labeling themselves workingmen, to talk about political means and practical ends exclusive to themselves? Who among us has the single right to claim for himself, and the likes of him, the divine title of a workingman? We are all workingmen, the earnest plodding scholar in his library, surrounded by the luxuries and comfort which his learning and his labor have earned for him, no less than the poor collier in the mine, with darkness and squalor closing him round about, and want maybe staring him in the face, yet—if he be a true man—with a little bird singing ever in his heart the song of hope and cheer which cradled the genius of Stephenson and Arkwright and the long procession of inventors, lowly born, to whom the world owes the glorious achievements of this, the greatest of the centuries. We are all workingmen—the banker, the minister, the lawyer, the doctor—toiling from day to day, and it may be we are well paid for our toil, to represent and to minister to the wants of the time no less than the farmer and the farmer's boy, rising with the lark to drive the team afield, and to daily with land so rich it needs to be but tickled with a hoe to laugh a harvest.

"Having somewhat of an audacious fancy, I have sometimes in moments of exuberance ventured upon the conceit that our Jupiter Tonans, the American editor, seated upon his three-legged throne and enveloped by the majesty and the mystery of his pretentious 'we,' is a workingman no less than the poor reporter, who year in and year out braves the perils of the midnight rounds through the slums of the city, yea, in the more perilous temptations of the town, yet carries with him into the darkest dens the love of work, the hope of reward and the fear only of dishonor.

"Why, the poor officeseeker at Washington begging a bit of that pie, which, having got his own slice, a cruel, hard-hearted President would eliminate from the bill of fare, he likewise is a workingman, and I can tell you a very hard-working man with a tough job of work, and were better breaking rock upon a turnpike in Dixie or splitting rails on a quarter section out in the wild and woolly West.

"It is true that, as stated on the program, I am a Democrat—as Artemus Ward once said of the horses in his panorama, I can conceal it no longer—at least I am as good a Democrat as they have nowadays. But first of all, I am an American, and in America every man who is not a policeman or a dude is a workingman. So, by your leave, my friends, instead of sticking very closely to the text, and treating it from a purely party point of view, I propose to take a ramble through the highways and byways of life and thought in our beloved country and to cast a balance, if I can, from an American point of view.

"I want to say in the beginning that no party can save any man or any set of men from the daily toil by which all of us live and move and have our being."

Then I worked in my old lecture.

It went like hot cakes. When next I met William McKinley he said jocosely: "You are a mean man, Henry Watterson!"

"How so?" I asked.

"I accepted the invitation to answer you because I wanted and needed the money. Of course I had no time to prepare a special address. My idea was to make my fee by ripping you up the back. But when I read the verbatim report which had been prepared for me there was not a word with which I could take issue, and that completely threw me out."

Then I told him how it had happened and we had a hearty laugh. He was the most lovable of men. That such a man should have fallen a victim to the blow of an assassin defies explanation, as did the murders of Lincoln and Garfield, like McKinley, amiable, kindly men giving never cause of personal offense. The murderer is past finding out. In one way and another I fancy that I am well acquainted with the assassins of history. Of those who slew Cæsar I learned in my schooldays, and between Ravaillac, who did the business for Henry of Navarre, and Booth and Guiteau, my familiar knowledge seems almost at first hand. One night at Chamberlin's, in Washington, George

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The Autobiography of a Race Horse

VI

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

A BIG red-faced man came round to the stable early this morning and tacked a piece of paper on the door of each stall. Then he searched round in his pockets until he found a couple of padlocks and locked us in. It was my first experience of being in jail and I did not know until Grassy told me that the fat person was a constable and that he was acting as agent for the feed man. The stout one mounted guard over us and looked as he no doubt felt—very important.

You see, in those good old days, as they were called, the gentleman who supplied feed and provender for the horses at the various race tracks was quite a somebody. In many instances he was either in partnership with the powers or had purchased the privilege to supply the race-horse owners with what they needed in the way of hay or oats or other stable equipment. Among the poorer owners the feed man had always to be reckoned with, particularly when he thought you did not have much of a chance to win a race and especially when a long meeting commenced to come to a close. It was then that the man who supplied the provender waxed insistent. Many of them had the original Shylock backed off the boards. They charged drug-store prices—and then some—for anything they had to sell. Whenever a poor owner became delinquent the fat man with the padlocks hove in sight, tacked his little notices on the door and sent the occupants of the stalls to durance vile.

As I told you in the last chapter of this story, my master had gone broke betting on the races, and the seizure of the horses was the finale to a long run of bad luck.

Grassy said, however, that it would be all right. He did not know how we were going to get out, but he said it was part of the game and that every sure-enough race horse had been taken for a feed bill at one time or another. He said that among themselves they called it being elected to the club.

Barney came round and did some swearing at the fat man, but as Grassy truly remarked, conversation would not take a padlock off a stable door. I might mention, however, that a few weeks afterward Barney met this same feed man at New Orleans, where he had come to visit the races, and they do say he beat him up some, because—he argued—our people would not have tried to cheat anybody and the feed man could well have waited.

My master came down to the stable after breakfast. He appeared to be very much discouraged and was talking about telegraphing to our friend, the doctor back in Missouri, when a gentleman named Red Groget put in an appearance.

Groget was a tout and race-track hanger-on. He was not what you could call a race-track hustler, and perhaps I should distinguish for you the difference between the tout and the hustler. In the Antipodes they call the tout a guesser, because he simply picks out some horse to win a race and then digs up some foolish person to bet on his judgment. The tout does not believe in working. On the other hand, the hustler is usually up at daylight, timing the horses in their morning gallops and gathering what information he can about the movements of the stables. In the old days they usually worked for some bookmaker or sold what information they could get legitimately to regular betters or to owners. As a class they were active, energetic and intelligent. In other walks of life they possibly would have made a success. In contradistinction to this, the tout was simply a parasite.

Red Groget called Barney off and had a long talk with him. Then Barney went over with him to another stable. When Barney returned he showed my master two hundred dollars that Groget had given him and told him that the latter had a horse he wanted Barney to take out in the country that night and make away with. This horse was now a three-year-old. His name was Alec Canley. He had been a very good colt in his two-year-old form, but had been a great failure as a three-year-old. He was a bay with black points, not having a speck of white on him.

Barney told my master that Red had said that the horse was affected with glanders, which, as everybody knows, is an incurable and transmittible disease; in fact, the most dangerous of all with which horses are afflicted. He said that Red had told him that the owners of Alec Canley were afraid that if the authorities found out that they had glanders in the stable the state veterinary surgeon would destroy all their horses, as they were empowered to do so under the statute made to cover such cases. That was the reason that he wanted Barney to take the colt out into the country and destroy him. Red had been commissioned to do this job himself by the owners of the stable, but he said he had to go to Memphis that night and did not have time, so he had told them that Barney was perfectly reliable.

He explained that two hundred dollars was a good deal of money to pay for getting the horse out of the way, but that they paid this rather than take the slightest chance of having all their horses destroyed, and as they had eight in their stable fit to go the races anywhere this at first sight seemed a plausible argument.

Barney said he had looked the horse over and that he did not believe that he had glanders at all. He thought it would be better to bring him over in the evening and have my master look at him. When he did so the latter immediately arrived at the same conclusion as Barney. He expressed the opinion that the horse was as sound as the day he was foaled and that there was something fishy in the whole transaction.

Barney and he talked over the situation for quite a while. The colt was very thin, which may have accounted for the bad form he had shown in his recent races, and Barney thought that he might come back to his two-year-old form if he was given a chance. He said he knew an old farmer ten miles out in the country where there was good pasture and that he would take the colt there and turn him out. He could tell these people that he had destroyed him—according to the original program.

Barney's creed was always to keep the faith with everybody, but in the present instance both he and my master felt that they were being used to pull someone's chestnuts out of the fire; so they agreed to experiment a little and see if they could not outwit Mr. Red Groget and his friends.

The two hundred helped us out wonderfully, however, and on the following morning bright and early the feed man was paid off and we were aboard a freight car bound for New Orleans.

Barney had left the horse Red had given him with his friend the farmer, who had promised to take good care of him in his absence, so we all set out in happy mood because we were going to a new town, and I know my master was

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Then Before the Very Eyes of the Sucker They Would Fix Up the Winner for the Next Day

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 11, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 190 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

Selling Scenery

SELLING scenery is a dangerous business. To popularize our national parks without destroying the very thing that we are trying to save, to sell them to the public without claptrap commercialism is a job that calls for unusual qualities. The present head of the national parks is a man who has those qualities, but to make them fully effective in the service of the public he must have the cooperation of the whole public.

Unfortunately there are a good many people who want more than their share of outdoors, who demand a second helping of the fish or the game, even if their neighbor must go without. Many men who are house-broken are not wilderness-broken; many who are perfectly law-abiding on Main Street are lawless in the woods; many leave their morals at home when they go to New York and their manners behind them when they go to the mountains. Some people are good citizens only so long as the cop is on the corner.

This year's trek into the national parks was the greatest in the history of the country. Some cynics hinted darkly that it was due to the universal unrest, and others declared that the people were selling their Liberty Bonds and blowing themselves. But whatever the reason, it was on the whole a well-behaved, good-hearted crowd, out to love Nature, and loving her down to the last picture postal in the hotels. It fell easily into three divisions: The first of these was composed of people who had gone to the wrong place. There are certain curious Americans who want a change in order to meet the same people and to do the same things that they do at home. To them a national park without a New York hotel and all that goes with it is unthinkable. They demand a Dame Nature with a permanent wave and the new figure; they insist that she shall dress for dinner and know only the best people. Their idea of wild life in the Rockies is a set of tennis or eighteen holes of golf. With them in spirit, though not of them, is a larger number of the same cut, for whom the wind in the pines must be supplemented by a jazz band and for whom vaudeville under the stars is the last word in communing with Nature. They want to climb mountains, but on funicular railways, and to swing across dizzy cañons snugly seated in cars that hang from shoot-the-chute cables. It is puzzling to know just why these people take long journeys when everything that they really like is within thirty minutes of city hall. Yet they were much in evidence out West during the summer, Cooking it if they were poor and super-Cooking it if they were rich.

Then there was another class, really out for something different and sometimes for something worse than their daily home routine—for the cop was not on the corner. They went adventuring in automobiles and wagons, equipped to camp out, most of them orderly and well-behaved, good fellows and friendly on the road, respecting the rights of others and the decencies of outdoor life. But among them on the journey across the country were those others who were away from the cops for a while, always pushing on ahead to find some unspoiled wilderness that they could spoil. They did not intend to go over that road again, and they cared nothing for those who came after. Their greeting and farewell was a trail of trash and swill. Never camping twice in the same place, they never had to camp on their own garbage heap. They searched indefatigably for the spot in the countryside where stream and trees and flowers were most enticing—and fouled it, hacked it, trampled it, burned it, destroyed it utterly, leaving behind their greasy papers, their empty cans and miscellaneous filth. Then, Nature lovers that they were, they pushed on to find fresh beauty.

This is another form of that national and international unrest of which we read on every page of our papers. It was not unknown to our fathers, but they had longer and uglier words for it. They called it laziness and cussedness.

There was also that third and largest class, who go into the wilderness because they have a real love of the outdoors, and try to leave the trail behind them as beautiful and unspoiled as they found it. In the end they shall inherit the kingdom of earth and defend it against the unthinking and unworthy. The men, and the ladies, too, God bless them!—though you could not tell they were ladies at a distance, because they wore khaki pants—were the pick of America, that great silent majority who are not figuring much in the papers right now, but who are finally public opinion. And in spite of the noise of the reds and the clamor of the pinks, that great mass of silence is sturdily red-white-and-blue.

The development of the national parks opens up questions about which there may well be honest differences of opinion, but there can be none on the fundamental proposition that they must be kept as nearly as possible what they were when God finished them and turned them over to us. If we must jazz them up with dance halls, picture shows, funiculars, cables and all the rest of it in order to sell them to the people, why have national parks at all? Coney Island, the White City, Venice and the country club will better answer the purpose for the ain't-Nature-grand crowd. We have set aside these parks to preserve unspoiled some part of the wilderness as a place where Americans can see America as it was and live a little of the outdoor life that once was American. If we turn them into Central Parks with Atlantic City improvements we destroy the real reason for their being.

Of course there should be fine roads into and through the parks, but not too many of these, even. They should be trunk roads planned not only to make the parks accessible but also to give those who are unable to do it right a chance to glimpse their glories from a motor. There is nothing finer in the world than the ride out from Yosemite over Tioga Pass, with Mono Lake flanked by gaunt desert ranges lying at the foot of the blue Sierras. But once in the parks, those who would know them intimately should be encouraged to go at it man-fashion, on foot or on horseback, living a simple, clean, close-to-the-ground life, and leaving undone those things that have been their routine pleasures at home. Those who have the parks in charge must resolutely set their face against any improvement or any scheme to attract people that savors of the cheap and the sophisticated. Luckily there is as yet little of this sort of thing to be undone, but there is an occasional offense against good taste and right development. In the Mariposa redwoods, if anywhere in America, God is in His holy temple. But those trees, the most stately, the most inspiring and, perhaps, the oldest living things on earth, have been named after various Presidents and states, as is duly set forth on signs of tin and wood that are tacked to their ages-old trunks. It is a piece of puerility, of cheapness that ruins the most impressive spot in the Sierras. Any President who was big enough to have his name affixed to one of those trees would be too big to permit the sign if his wishes were consulted. It is like tying a tin can to the tail of a lion.

While we are selling beauty that we already own we should be vigorously pushing the campaigns that are under way to buy more national beauty. Perhaps the most important of these is the one now being conducted to save a part of the redwood forests of California from the lumberman. These forests have been likened to the irreplaceable temples and cathedrals of the Old World. Rather should the temples be compared to them, for no man-made edifice in history approaches them in solemn beauty. Temples of glory may be built again and again, but these majestic redwoods once down are gone forever. They can never be reforested.

The Huns turned temples into stables, built huts from cathedrals. We are turning the redwoods into grape stakes, ties and fence posts. Stables, huts, grape stakes, ties and fence posts are all necessary, but the material may be too costly.

The splendid highway that the state of California built through the redwoods so that tourists could see them is already being used to haul out logs. Day by day the trees are going into grape stakes. Instead of winding through magnificent forests the road will soon run through a desolation of death that cannot be buried.

This is a national matter, as much so as if Independence Hall or the Capitol at Washington needed saving from destruction. "I knew him when," is an oft-repeated phrase among us, but we rarely recognize his importance "when." We are strong on fine funerals for our national losses, but weak on preventive medicine. We have a habit of waking up at ten o'clock when the trouble is all over, instead of at six when it begins.

It is natural and human that the men who put their money into these trees should want to coin them into grape stakes or into whatever else the local market wants. But there should be a big national market for standing redwoods. A little of that unrest we keep hearing about will not hurt if we are restless about the right things. Saving the redwoods is one of those things.

Selling beauty is a dangerous business. But buying beauty and keeping it unspoiled to enjoy and pass on—that is a different matter. Why not endow a forest or a mountain or a cañon for the people, as well as a college?

The Wildcat's Kittens

NATURE study in the high Sierras is an absorbing pastime, but home Nature study is a scarcely less fascinating pursuit. Right now a splendid aid to it will be found in the advertising pages of many newspapers and in some of the illustrated booklets that are being mailed to selected lists of Nature lovers, and especially to those who are interested in the life and habits of the wildcat.

From a careful study of this literature it appears that the wildcat is the most versatile of our American fauna. In fecundity it outguinea-pigs the Belgian hare. As a source of profit it is the long-sought back-yard bonanza. It has been cruelly maligned by those who claim that they have been clawed and bitten by it. Our naturalists portray the wildcat in these booklets as of a beneficent and affectionate disposition, asking only a chance to enrich small investors by increasing and multiplying in their interests.

In these traits it is twin sister to many if not most of the oil, mining and other philanthropic promotions that are being advertised so lavishly. Never was there a time when so many noble and unselfish men were seeking to share their sure things with the public.

Attention has recently been called to the fact that there has not been a really new amusement idea in a generation, and the old ones have been spoiled in an effort to force the fun. Even in striving to be naughtier we have missed out. The bare-legged chorus is more moral than the Black Crook. What was once a vague suspicion has become a certainty. The chorus has housemaid's knee. Everything has been jazzed up, but the more jazz the less real honest fun. Only a race of prematurely aged young folks and of ingenuously youthful old folks, such as the past ten years has been developing, would accord our high-speed amusements anything more than a bored yawn.

The same thing is true of this promotion literature. Its stupidity is equaled only by the credulity of the simpletons who open their mouths and shut their eyes as they swallow. And it never makes them wise. The best sucker lists are the old sucker lists. Anyone who was caught by a new kind of mechanical frog would command profound respect. But the promoter simply spits on his old bait and lets it go at that.

The picture of a paying field or property that is "near" the one advertised is a favorite lure. The promoter seems to have an almost sentimental, old-homestead attachment for these pictures. Other people's Golcondas and gushers, the Ford and Bell Companies, any business that has come up from humble beginnings are his favorite flies, the reliable brown hackles for his sucker stream. The prospect is told how a dollar invested during the early days of these enterprises has guinea-pigged it, and is left to infer that there is a like pleasant future of profit for his dollar in the field that is "near" the paying oil fields. The gusher pictures, the Ford and Bell instances may of course be used at times by promoters who believe in their properties and whose intentions are honest, but their appearance in an advertisement should make the prospect investigate with great care before he invests. It is a hard world, and even a promoter is inclined to selfishness when he has something that he believes to be as good as Bell Telephone.

At times we even find judicious quotations from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in stock-selling advertisements. We say "judicious" because the high spots in a descriptive article of the oil fields, for instance, will be used, and the qualifying and cautionary statements discreetly omitted. Now, the contents of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are fully copyrighted and nothing that appears in it may lawfully be reprinted, either wholly or in part, unless special permission has been given by the editors. That permission is never granted to those who want to use our name or our articles in literature or advertisements promoting oil, mining or other stock-selling schemes. The investing public should clearly understand that any such use of our name and articles is wholly unauthorized. It should immediately put them on their guard against the stock-selling concern in whose advertisement quotations from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST appear. There is no doubt an occasional case where an honest promoter quotes from our articles innocently, so one purpose of these remarks is educational. In many of the cases that come under our notice the intent to mislead is apparent. It is our intention whenever possible to punish them for it, but a good many of these promoters are as slippery as the commodity that is so plentiful in their prospectuses and so scarce in their performances. It is hard to catch a greased pig. It is even harder to catch the ghost of a greased pig. *Caveat emptor;* also the stock-selling advertiser.

The very fact that stock in a hazardous enterprise is advertised should beget extreme caution. Occasionally, and usually accidentally, one of these advertised oil stocks proves up, but much more often they prove worthless. If you will pursue your home Nature studies faithfully you will find that, all appearances to the contrary, big animals breed slowly and grow slowly, and that the sure money is finally made in pedigreed, gilt-edge stock. These get-rich-quick, Belgian-hare, guinea-pig schemes are pretty on paper, but the hares usually get the pip or whatever it is that gets hares, and the guinea pigs the hog cholera.

Investors are continually reminded that they will never get rich if they do not take a chance. The rule works the other way. Only after a man is rich can he afford to take chances. And, as post mortems on strong boxes show, once a man ventures out of the business field with which he is familiar he makes a loss oftener than a profit. But millionaires do not take their chances in advertised stocks. There are some exceptional cases of poor men who have made money out of one of them, just as there are men alive who won the capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery. Flyers for rich and poor alike usually end in a nose dive and something bent or busted. The only businesses in which a poor man can afford to take a chance are his own business, the one he really knows all about, or some tried and seasoned concern about which he has trustworthy information. And no matter whatever else he holds, he should buy into that great public business in which he has a directing vote—the United States Government. Liberty Bonds are to-day on a sound investment basis. Shrewd investors of large means are buying big blocks of them. It is axiomatic that the smaller a man's savings, the smaller the chance he can afford to take with them.

The kittens of a wildcat are wildcats—not sables. They claw and bite, as those who have mixed it up with them have found out to their sorrow.

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Well, Old John Told 'em the Story About Firing Tom Wilson and They Listened and the Lady Hung Pretty Tight to the Gentleman's Arm"

"OH, LET him go to the devil!" said Alfred Dinsmore one afternoon in a moment of exasperation, adding ungraciously, "Meddlesome blockhead!"

He said it at a meeting of the directors of the Dinsmore Company, of which he was president and chief stockholder; and from that trivial ebullition of ill temper unfolded a series of events which affected his life more profoundly than any calculated decision ever had.

North of the river in Chicago stand two immense structures of dun pressed brick, each covering a large irregular city block. They are of about the same size and exactly alike in architecture. A street separates them, but inclosed passageways, running above the street at the several stories, connect them like the ligaments of the Siamese twins.

Their uniform dun bulk, rising from a clutter of small, dingy buildings, gives the impression of a great medieval castle dominating a cluttered, ragged city. The roof of each building supports an enormous electrical sign, Dinsmore Company, whose glow reaches many miles out into the lake at night.

The environment is mean—mostly shabby brick buildings on ill-paved, ill-cleaned, belittered streets; but a shabby environment is no disadvantage to the Dinsmore Company. Its business is transacted by mail—what is known as a mail-order house, selling merchandise of all sorts to patrons over the country by post. And ground is comparatively cheap up there; hence the selection of that dingy site.

The twin dun bulks with their several stories contain acres of floor space—but not enough acres. The growing business demands more room. Alfred Dinsmore had foreseen that. For a year the company, acting through various agencies, had been quietly picking up parcels of realty in the smaller city block to the east, looking to the time when the gigantic twins should become triplets. The company bought virtually the whole block, covered with shabby buildings that would be razed to give place to a new structure of pressed brick matching the two older ones.

One of these shabby buildings—narrow and four stories high—was used as a hotel, whose grimy face would have dismayed wayfarers with nice taste. But wayfarers in that particular region were not much afflicted with nice tastes. The name of the establishment was the Sheba Hotel, presumably referring to the celebrated queen of that title. There was a row and shooting and scandal in the Sheba Hotel, whereupon it transpired that the police gave the concern an ill reputation.

Six months or so before this row and scandal J. Wesley Tully acquired possession of the Daily Leader, at the top of whose editorial page his name appeared in thick black letters as editor and owner. He affected a sensational style of journalism. One morning the Leader appeared with a news article and an editorial the burden of which was that the Sheba Hotel was a disreputable resort and that the rich respectable Dinsmore Company owned it. Mr. Tully wanted to know in large double-leaded type whether the Dinsmore Company was going to stand forth in the eyes of the community as owner of a disorderly house.

So far as the directors of the Dinsmore Company were concerned, Mr. Tully achieved his intention to produce a sensation. Probably the Sheba Hotel was a disreputable establishment. The Dinsmore Company did own it. Five eminently respectable business men—heads of five eminently respectable families—had to look that disquieting fact in the face as they sat round the directors' table. Four of them were decidedly aghast, with a feeling that they had mysteriously been caught in a dive, with white aprons on, serving drinks.

Of course Tully's attack was really unfair. The directors were hardly aware that such an institution as the Sheba Hotel existed. They were holding the property in its present state only temporarily until the old buildings should be torn down. The hotel had a valid lease on the premises it occupied, with nearly a year to run. They were not responsible for the lease, which had been made long before their purchase. Until the lease expired the hotel could not be dispossessed except by payment of a heavy bonus or litigation. Imputing moral responsibility to them was very unfair—a cheap trick of yellow journalism to make a sensation and impugn some rich men.

The fifth member of the board was not aghast, but exasperated. That member was Alfred Dinsmore. He was then fifty-two years old, with a strong, compact, square-shouldered figure. His thick iron-gray hair, though it was properly combed and parted, did not lie smoothly down on his head, but bristled up wavily as though each hair were charged with an energy that prevented a recumbent position. His thick short beard—iron gray also—showed a tendency to curl. Women often remarked that he was a handsome man. His manner was usually cool, poised, decisive; his blue eyes had grayish steely glints. The impression he commonly gave was that of self-mastery—a man well in hand; and this may have made his face commonly rather immobile and masklike, but very often subdued humor was peeking out through the composed air.

Years back—before he settled down in this more solid and conservative mail-order enterprise—he had figured conspicuously in speculation on the Board of Trade; and in reminiscences of that comparatively youthful phase of his career his nerve was spoken of with admiration and respect. Men often remarked that he had a high, hot temper. Perhaps a lifelong struggle with that had given him the composed, somewhat masklike air.

Unfair as J. Wesley Tully's imputations were, the Dinsmore Company was in a disagreeable situation. As owner of the land it was receiving rent from this smudgy Sheba Hotel. At almost any other time Alfred Dinsmore would probably have taken the conservative businesslike course and said, "Buy the fellow's lease at any reasonable figure, shut up his hotel and get this mess off our hands." But he was deeply disturbed just then; he had a quarrel with life on his hands. His health was excellent. His wealth was computed by informed gossip at twelve or fifteen million dollars. His business was in the most flourishing state. He was happy in the firm affection of a charming wife. He had a son who was at least creditable and most likable. That son was as happily married as his father could wish. Alfred Dinsmore seemed a man on whom fortune had showered all her favors.

But he had one other possession, the dearest of all, bound round with every string of his heart—a daughter. And he and his daughter were not good friends any more. That made the whole draft bitter.

There was that deep disturbance in Alfred Dinsmore's mind. As a slight contributory cause, the weather was rotten. This was December—the week before the holidays—and so dark that in spite of the broad windows in the directors' room electrics were burning. Outside it looked like a kind of ghastly night, and a drizzle of cold rain mixed with big-flaked soggy snow was beating down the mean, dirty streets, driven by a wind off the churned lake. For three days now unstable Chicago weather had been doing about that—and just before Christmas—which of itself was enough to exasperate a sensitive man.

Dinsmore was hot at Tully's cheap, unfair trick. He resented being bulldozed. He resented Tully's triumphant chuckle at having forced the hand of the Dinsmore Company. He was much irritated, so he said impatiently:

"Oh, let him go to the devil! Meddlesome blockhead!"

When at meetings of the directors of the Dinsmore Company the president spoke with that decisiveness, the matter was settled. So this matter was then settled and dropped. Only Tilford, the vice president, on his own cautious responsibility, notified the real-estate agent to notify the landlord of the Sheba Hotel that if his establishment gave any further ground for scandal the Dinsmore Company would take steps to throw him out.

The landlord was duly impressed and did mend his ways for the time being, and so the whole affair seemed over with. Yet, unknown to any mortal, a train had been fired that was presently to produce a grand explosion.

J. Wesley Tully's editorial vanity was wounded by Dinsmore's indifference to his attack, which implied that the Leader's opinions and utterances were of no consequence. His personal vanity had been deeply wounded some six months before—on the day when his ownership of the Leader was announced to the public. He often affected an extreme and conspicuous style of dress. On that day he appeared at the Boulevard Club in a new suit of a peculiar light shade of brown, with shoes, hat, shirt and flowing cravat of the same color. As newly announced owner and

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

editor of the Leader, he was in a state of intensely gratified consciousness of himself. He circulated about the club so that everybody could see him—and congratulate him.

Dinsmore, according to his custom, was lunching at the club. Four other men of eminence in the city's practical affairs sat at the same table with him. Certainly Tully would not overlook that important company. He sailed up to their table, showing his long teeth in a self-conscious smile, ready to be duly congratulated on the great news of the day—his acquisition of the Leader. Dinsmore had never cared much for J. Wesley Tully—with an able man's mild contempt for a bungler and a solid man's instinctive aversion to a frothy one. This open fluttering of self-satisfaction mildly annoyed him—and he was not very diplomatic. So as the new star of journalism came up to the table he forestalled his discreeter companions by saying:

"Why, Tully, if you only had an undercrust and were a little better baked, what a lovely pumpkin pie you'd make!"

The clothes were of just that hue, and in the explosion of laughter that followed, whatever congratulatory intentions the four others might have formed naturally evaporated. J. Wesley Tully joined in the laugh—but hated Alfred Dinsmore from that moment.

So after this incident of the Sheba Hotel Mr. Tully bided his time and kept watch. As editor of the Leader he had considerable influence with the Police Department, and under his secret prompting the police kept watch also. The reformation of the Sheba Hotel did not last long. It interfered too seriously with the landlord's profits. One Saturday night in February the police raided the hotel as a disorderly resort, arresting various inmates. The long fuse was burning.

On the Monday afternoon following this raid, Jimmy Lane, reporter on the Leader, slipped into the office of Charles Purcell, managing editor, with his freckled face expanded in a grin.

"You know the police pulled that Sheba Hotel on the North Side Saturday night," he said.

The managing editor nodded.

Jimmy's grin broadened.

"They found Tim Bromley there. He said his name was George W. Simpson and he lived in Peoria. Of course Cap Hanford knew him well enough, but he wanted to string him along, so he asked him what his address in Peoria was. Tim said it was 1313 Distillery Boulevard."

Jimmy ended with a cackle. Purcell smiled also; but the smile fled and he asked, "Hanford tell you that?"

Jimmy replied, "Yeh." And having unburdened his mind of the joke, proceeded to talk about the rumors of a shake-up of the Police Department.

Purcell discussed that subject with him soberly for a few minutes and gave him some instructions. But the joke stuck in his mind like a bur. Tim Bromley was a picturesque plunger on the Board of Trade, considerably in the public eye ever since his spectacular operations in oats the fall before.

The joke persisted in Purcell's thoughts. The following afternoon he went up to the Chicago Avenue police station and called on his old friend Captain Hanford, who had been the friend of a dozen brief generations of cub reporters. For ten minutes the managing editor and the veteran policeman confidentially discussed current rumors affecting the Police Department. Then Purcell smiled and made an incidental remark—to wit: "I hear you found Tim Bromley in that Sheba Hotel Saturday night."

Captain Hanford laughed and repeated the details. There was a little further incidental talk and Purcell took his leave, the bur stinging and burning in his mind. All the remainder of that day and until he retired far past midnight his thoughts were running upon it. At two o'clock the next afternoon he called up Bromley's office. A feminine voice answered.

"This is Mr. Purcell, managing editor of the Leader," said Purcell. "I want to speak to Mr. Bromley."

A managing editor is a person of consequence and the young woman gave him the connection at once.

"Mr. Bromley?" Purcell asked suavely. "This is Mr. Purcell, managing editor of the Leader. I want to send a man down there to get your views at length on this proposed rule about puts and calls. Could you see a man any time this afternoon, if I sent one down?"

Purcell was aware that the directors of the Board of Trade were talking about a new rule affecting the trade in puts and calls; that the proposed rule was very obnoxious to Mr. Bromley and some other speculators who—under his leadership—were trying to defeat it. All that had been discussed in the newspapers for a week, but in small type over on those back pages to which Board of Trade affairs were commonly relegated. He judged that Mr. Bromley would be rather eager to get his views on a front page. In fact, the speculator answered promptly that he would see a man from the Leader any time the next hour.

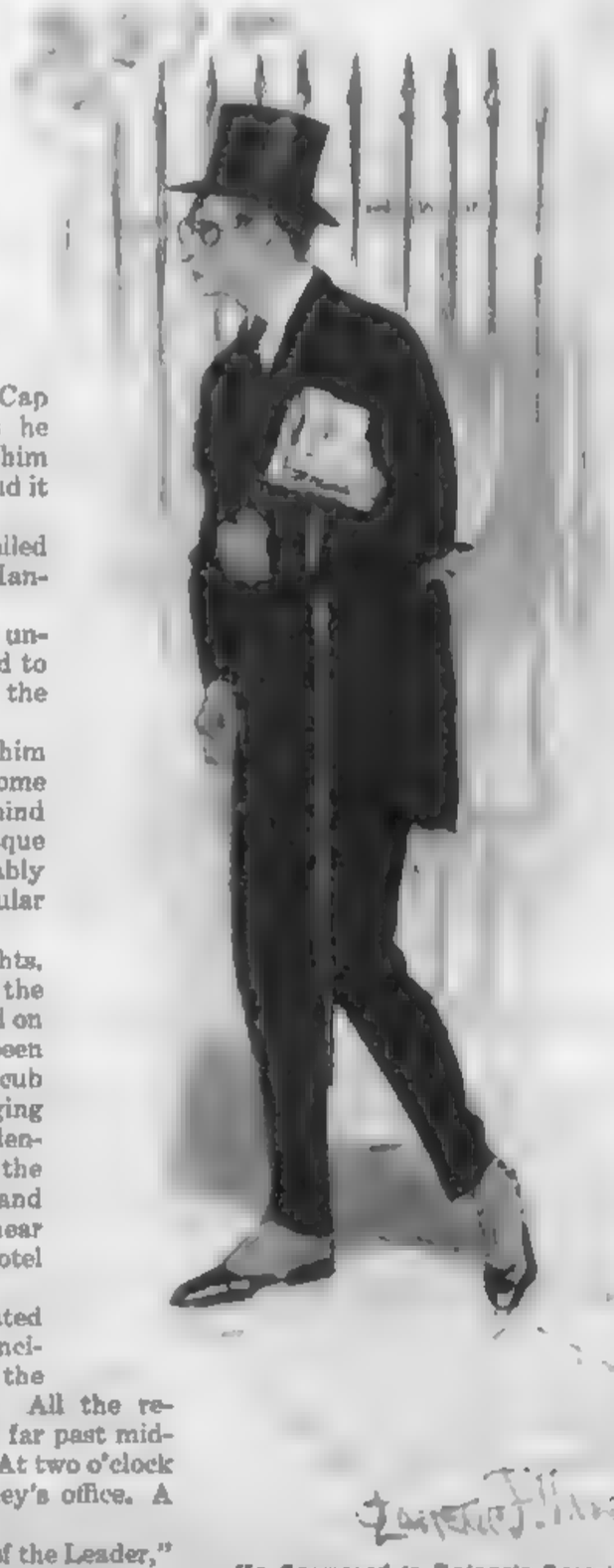
"I'll send him down at once," said Purcell. "He'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Barely fifteen minutes later a young woman opened the door of Mr. Bromley's private office and reported, "Man here from the Leader to see you." And Mr. Bromley nodded, signifying that the man might come in.

The man who entered was an inch more than six feet tall and very bony. The colorless skin of his face seemed drawn too tight over the osseous frame beneath. His hands and feet looked large, even for his height; he appeared to need another fifty pounds of flesh. In his right hand he carried a heavy walking stick with the bark on it, and his hat. He looked older with his hat off than with it on, for the front handbreadth of his head was almost bald. When he had closed the door behind him his dark, cavernous eyes turned to the stocky, coatless man at the desk, who by a nod invited him to be seated.

From his vest pocket the caller took a crumpled piece of paper which he straightened out and laid before Mr. Bromley, saying, "That's the only card I have with me."

The bit of paper had been torn irregularly from the upper left-hand corner of the editorial page of the Leader. It contained the usual legend regarding the place of publication and the terms of subscription and this further information for the public: "J. Wesley Tully, owner and editor; Charles Purcell, managing editor." When Bromley had glanced at it the caller added, "I am Mr. Purcell, the managing editor."



He Answered to Balzac's Description of a Man of Genius, in That His Face, With Sloping Brow, Long Nose and Short Chin, Suggested the Face of a Horse

Whereupon Mr. Bromley got an unpleasant hunch. It struck him that this didn't begin right for an interview about puts and calls. He was used to hunches and tumultuous vicissitudes and sudden crises; more or less he lived on them. So his round face, barred by a reddish mustache, expressed no surprise. His eyes merely narrowed a little as he watched the visitor, waiting for the next move.

Purcell resisted an impulse to swallow. His right hand closed convulsively on the heavy stick. By a great effort he kept his voice steady and held his luminous brown eyes to the face of the man at the desk.

"I have just been talking to my friend Captain Hanford," he said. "George W. Simpson, of 1313 Distillery Boulevard, owes me a thousand dollars. I'd like to collect it."

He fought an impulse to pass his fingers over his lips and held himself quite steady, his eyes on the other man's face. But, in fact, that required a tremendous effort, for inwardly he was all aquake. He had determined to strike Bromley for five thousand dollars; but when it came to uttering the words something mysteriously gave way within him and "one thousand" came out of itself. He had thought this enterprise over and over, egged on by greed and paralyzed by fear—very much as a man who shuddered at the sight of snakes might determine that on a given day he would walk up and take a snake in his hand.

Mr. Bromley's mind was used to working quickly. Success in his line depended upon sizing up a situation, taking a decision and acting upon it. He met this situation in like manner. On the one hand there was risk of much unpleasantness; on the other hand there was a thousand dollars. He cared less for the thousand dollars than for the risk. He supposed Captain Hanford was implicated in the enterprise; perhaps even J. Wesley Tully. But that was rather immaterial. He opened a drawer in his desk, took out a personal check book, rapidly filled up a blank and signed it; then spoke as follows in a low voice rather like a growl:

"There it is! Take it and get out!"

Copying Mr. Bromley's method, Purcell took up the check, glanced at it, thrust it in his pocket, rose and walked out silently, clutching his stick. And he did those things automatically, for his will was paralyzed. If the interview had lasted two minutes longer, if Bromley had resisted, questioned him, defied him, his voice would have begun to shake; he would have had to swallow; his inner tumult would have shown in his actions. Outside the office door he mechanically wiped his brow and mechanically got himself back to the newspaper office, where he shut himself in his room, took the check from his pocket and contemplated it.

He was thirty-three years old and had never before possessed as much as a thousand dollars. His salary as managing editor of the Leader was a hundred and fifty dollars a week; but he had enjoyed that salary only four months—since J. Wesley Tully elevated him to the position. Before that seventy-five dollars a week was the most he had earned. He was unmarried and in some respects a model young man—rarely taking a drink, never smoking, not addicted to cards or extravagance in dress or living. Yet his money was always slipping away—partly in little unsuccessful speculations in bucket shops and twenty dollars here and fifty there on a sure tip on some sporting event. The tailor he patronized was a notch beyond his means; his lodging cost twenty-five dollars a month too much. Because he practiced no conspicuous dissipation or extravagance, he had the reputation of being a prudent chap, presumably with a good many thousands salted down. More prodigal acquaintances chaffed him about it and the baselessness of their assumptions secretly galled him. He wasn't really dissipated or really extravagant, yet as to cash in hand it came to the same thing as their dissipation and extravagance. And he was getting old—thirty-three. Seedy old Ben Smith, assistant at the exchange desk at twenty-five dollars a week, was only sixty-one, yet long dead and buried so far as any hope of beating the game went. Purcell didn't propose to come to that if he could help it. He looked upon the managing editorship as his great opportunity, but that was precarious enough. He hungered for money, yet was really timid. He had made up his mind to blackmail Bromley. There wasn't much to be proud of in the way he had carried it out; he had got only a thousand dollars. But he had tasted blood and he resolved that there should be other opportunities.

Resolving, it seemed, wouldn't bring them. Three months went by and all they yielded to Purcell, save work and his one hundred and fifty dollars a week, was the eating of his own heart. Then the trivial matter of a village election and the folly of J. Wesley Tully—with his secret hatred of Dinsmore—brought a grand prize into view.

At the death of Stanley, its founder, the Daily Leader became involved in long, ruinous litigation under which it steadily declined. It was J. Wesley Tully—then forty-two years old—who finally got the fighting heirs and despairing creditors together and procured possession of the journalistic derelict.

The new owner had no experience in journalism, but an unbounded confidence in himself which those best acquainted with him shared to only a limited degree. He had inherited a modest fortune and an honorable name and received a liberal education. Harvard University was one of the badges with which he decorated himself. After a somewhat aimless period he had embarked in the real-estate line and by audacity and luck carried through a series of operations in downtown leaseholds which were popularly supposed to have netted him a million. As usual, the popular supposition—industriously cultivated by J. Wesley himself—rested upon a more modest foundation of fact.

He looked taller than he was because of his unusual slimness, and he answered to Balzac's description of a man of genius, in that his face, with sloping brow, long nose and short chin, suggested the face of a horse. He wore his straw-colored hair longer and more abundant than common among business men. His pale-blue eyes were near-sighted, requiring glasses of high magnifying power with thick lenses. One day he might be seen walking hurriedly from the Boulevard Club wearing patent-leather shoes and spats, a frock coat and a very shiny silk hat, carrying a gold-headed ebony cane. A figure so attired was rarely seen on a Chicago business street and naturally attracted attention. As the editor, his head bent somewhat forward

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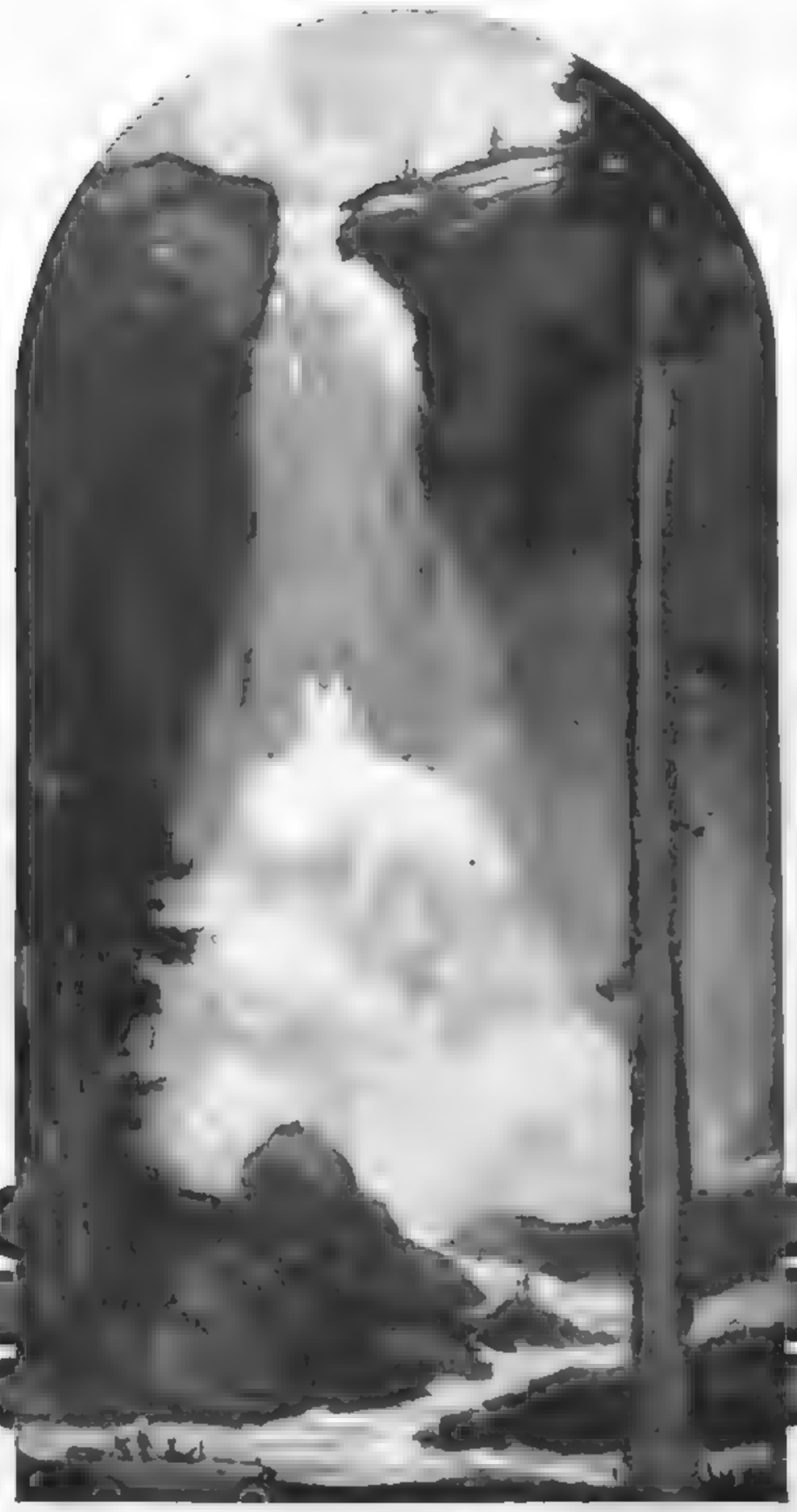

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(Continued from Page 32)

and peering ahead through his thick glasses, hastened by like a man on the most urgent business, somebody was sure to ask who that was—or many somebodies—and probably somebody else would reply that it was J. Wesley Tully, editor of the Leader. In fact Mr. Tully's chief business at the moment was simply to have that question asked and so answered. After he had walked up Michigan Boulevard he would probably go across town and walk down La Salle Street, stopping in at a couple of banks.

Another day he would appear in a broad-brimmed hat, a green suit, a red vest and a pink shirt. On intervening days he dressed like a sensible man, for he had a sort of genius at producing effects and knew the value of contrast. At the theater he invariably occupied a lower box and had a boy from the office fetch him a sheaf of proofs which he solemnly scanned in the face of the audience; and he had a proper dramatic sense for the moment when by rising and hurrying from the box he could get the audience's undivided attention.

In politics he was an ardent reformer and tremendous democrat. What the reform happened to be about was comparatively unimportant. If the Tribune or Herald or News omitted notice of Mrs. Tully's tea from its society column, the uncompromising democrat would send over the next notice himself, with a personal message to the editor asking that it be printed. Ownership of a daily newspaper was precious to him as water to the parched.

He lived at Elsmoor, on the North Shore, where he had built himself a house as unusual as his purple vests. Farther north was the suburban village of Highlands, which was several chops higher than Elsmoor in the social scale. Theoretically anyone who lived in Highlands was socially distinguished. Yet actually a good many people lived in Highlands who could not claim that advantage—being grocers, butchers, delivery men, servants and the like.

The Highlands village board comprised five persons and was said to be the most opulent municipal government in America. Alfred Dinsmore was president of it. But time came when the advancing waves of democracy ran even as high as that. An opposition ticket, consisting principally of truck gardeners who had settled within the western confines of the municipality, was put in the field. It offered J. Wesley Tully an opportunity to be intensely democratic, to make a sensation in which he would be the chief figure and to ease a secret sore at Dinsmore. So the Leader had something to say for the plain democratic truck gardeners and against the plutocrats.

That was a mere journalistic aside, for the great city twenty miles farther south cared little more for the politics of Highlands than for that of China. But the leader of the Highlands opposition was an ardent soul himself, imbued with the revolutionary and class-conscious ideas of socialism. He presently came to Mr. Tully with some statements about the plutocratic government of Highlands—its lavish expenditures for fine automobile roads over in the eastern section and its callous indifference to some poor roads over in the western section, and so on—urging Mr. Tully to publish them in the Leader.

Tully was busy at the moment and finally told the man to write a letter to the editor of the Leader, setting forth those plutocratic facts and signing it "Democrat" or "Tax Payer" or in some such way. That letter, he said, he would have published on the editorial page. Unluckily the letter, comprising six closely written sheets, was brought to him just as he was about to leave the office for a banquet where he was to sit at the speakers' table. He glanced over it hurriedly, wrote "Must. J. W. T." at the top of the first sheet, gave directions that it be printed on the editorial page and departed for the banquet.

That was the last he thought about the letter until he read it the next morning in the columns of the Leader, and by the time he finished reading it his heart had missed several beats. In fact, his hasty examination of the letter the evening before had stopped at the bottom of the fourth sheet. That far it was a political document aimed at the alleged shortcomings of the plutocratic government of Highlands. But in the fifth and sixth sheets of the letter Mr. Tully's zealous correspondent had turned his attention to Mr. Dinsmore in a very personal and grossly libelous manner. He said that Dinsmore's famous mail-order house poisoned people wholesale by selling them decayed canned goods, systematically swindled them in all other lines of merchandise and frequently just kept their money, alleging that it had shipped them articles they ordered when, in fact, it had done no such thing. By the time the editor came to the signature—"A Plain Citizen"—his pale eyes looked as startled as though he had seen a ghost, there was a gone feeling at the pit of the stomach and his leaden heart rested against the soles of his shoes.

Not many hours afterward he learned that Mr. Dinsmore had instructed the eminent law firm of Melford, Farson & Winthrop to bring suit against the Leader for

"Took a Pretty Good Man to Manage It Slick Enough So the Crowd Wouldn't Catch On. Bit Grew Could Do It Slick Enough"

libel, claiming damages in the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Next day the suit was duly instituted. The editor consulted his own lawyer, who advised him to arrange a compromise with Dinsmore if possible, because legally speaking he hadn't a leg to stand on.

It was a calamitous situation for J. Wesley Tully. He had acquired the Leader by the use of a limited amount of cash and unlimited audacity. The paper had been losing money ever since he bought it. His financial affairs were in a very involved, precarious condition. A judgment for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would floor him. Of course that judgment was a good way in the future, for the trial of the case could easily be postponed many months, but the fact of the suit was a body blow to his credit when that credit was already in a groggy condition. It looked like a smash-up—unless by profuse apologies, private and public, and ample retraction he could persuade Dinsmore to drop the suit.

J. Wesley Tully hated that like death. Naturally, his restless egotism rebelled at the abject rôle which it implied—especially before Alfred Dinsmore whom he profoundly disliked. But in a matter of life or death one must swallow one's pride. He returned to the newspaper office from his lawyer's in a very dejected state and with a bewildered feeling of having been struck by lightning out of a clear sky. He wanted to get Purcell's advice as to how Dinsmore could be best approached with a plea for mercy. Largely because Purcell was adroit enough to flatter him acceptably, he had formed a towering opinion of the managing editor's ability.

Purcell had already lied to him about the fatal letter. He had said that when he saw the owner's "Must" at the top of the first sheet—which by newspaper usage was an imperative command that it be printed—he had paid no further attention to it. In fact, however, he had read the letter in proof, recognized its excessively dangerous character and considered whether he should send a proof over to the banquet with a note asking Tully to read it again. But for reasons of his own he held his hand.

"Why, if I were you, Mr. Tully, I wouldn't be in any hurry about going to Dinsmore," he said in a cheerful tone. "I have seen too many newspaper libel suits to be much afraid of one. In the dozen years that I've been in the newspaper business here there have probably been fifty libel suits started. Not one of them has ever come to anything, far's I know. A man gets sore and starts a libel suit, you know; but give him a few months to think it over in cold blood and he's not so keen about it. He knows the newspaper will be right there on the job long after the libel suit is over. It may get plenty of chances to tie the score.

"They all talk big about newspapers, but in their hearts they're afraid of 'em. A man who owns the daily Leader needn't be in a hurry to apologize to anybody. If this suit should ever come to trial—which I think is mighty unlikely—no ordinary jury is going to shed any tears over the hurt feelings of a man worth twelve or fifteen million dollars. You can bring in that Highlands stuff—handful of plutocrats running the village to suit themselves and leaving the poor truck farmers to wallow in the mud. Any ordinary jury will eat that up. But the suit will never come to trial, Mr. Tully. I don't know much about Dinsmore, except that he's got a barrel of money; but most men with barrels of money will bear watching. If I were you I'd just let Dinsmore think it over a while—and meantime keep a little eye on him.

"Suppose we find out something about this mail-order business of his. Like enough there's as much truth as poetry in that letter. Anyway, we can find out. And we can find out something about Dinsmore personally. It won't do any harm to keep a little eye on him for a spell. I'll take charge of it, if you like. Apologizing is poor business for a newspaper, Mr. Tully—sets a bad precedent. Just as a newspaper man, I'd rather not have Alfred Dinsmore going round his clubs and the banks bragging that he made the Leader get down on its knees to him. Probably that would get other people to thinking of demanding apologies. I'd rather let it stand that the Leader can say what it pleases about Alfred Dinsmore, even if it's wrong—that the only way to get a retraction out of the Leader is to come round and ask for it politely like a gentleman and not try to scare the editor by bringing a libel suit. The suit won't come to trial for a year anyway. If I were you, I'd just let Dinsmore think it over a while—and keep an eye on him. He may be a mighty sight more anxious to dismiss the suit than you are to have it dismissed before the end of three months."

In that strain Purcell talked to his employer, who responded like a rubber balloon when a boy blows in it. There was a hint which secretly rather shocked him—the hint of setting spies on Dinsmore. But the remainder of the advice was so palatable that he chose to ignore that.

"Well, all right," he said finally with a firm air. "We'll just let him think it over a while."

Purcell, knowing his chief, had merely thrown out a hint of espionage upon Dinsmore and had not expected Tully to sanction it expressly. For J. Wesley Tully, while regarding himself as a tremendous democrat with one side of his brain, also regarded himself a tremendous gentleman with the other side—and the gentleman could not expressly condescend to set spies on Alfred Dinsmore.

Purcell understood that—but knew well enough that the vouchers for the spies' hire would be paid by the Leader without question. For his own purposes he wanted Tully involved as deeply as possible; and the idea of spying on Dinsmore was attractive to him. It might turn up something

(Continued on Page 38)

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& Co., Inc.

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that he could use personally. He had an old friend Lawrence McMurtry by name—who was engaged in the practice of law. There were many lawyers—Melford, Farson & Winthrop, for example—who winced and even swore under their breath when McMurtry's activities were referred to as practicing law, for McMurtry's real occupation consisted in fishing in muddy waters—and the waters were always muddier after he cast in his line. His practice of law, as Purcell knew, involved a pretty constant employment of private detectives. The Morden Detective Agency was a sort of adjunct to his office. To McMurtry therefore Purcell went. When the situation was laid before him the lawyer promptly advised that some servant—or servants—in Dinsmore's household be bribed. He had found that expedient very useful in a number of divorce cases, and he promised goodnaturedly to take the matter up for his valued young friend, the managing editor. And Purcell mentioned some gossip—imparted to him by his society editor—about Dinsmore's daughter and Mr. Edward Proctor. The lawyer thought it would be well to cast a line in that direction also.

So the powder train burned. Dinsmore's libel suit against the Leader was filed early in May—about three weeks after the village election in Highlands. McMurtry started his underground machinery in operation directly afterward. A servant was bribed and an amateur spy was set on young Edward Proctor. But a fortnight passed before anything momentous happened. Then a most unexpected factor developed.

II

NEWSPAPERS made a courteous practice of ignoring libel suits against any one of them. It was held that to publish the fact of such a suit might give other people the bad idea of suing for libel and that a citizen so ill-advised as to resort to the courts—instead of relying upon the magnanimity and fairness of the newspaper to make a suitable retraction if it were in the wrong—should get no encouragement by having his action communicated to the public.

But a libel suit by a citizen of Alfred Dinsmore's wealth and standing was far out of the ordinary; and J. Wesley Tully, wholly inexperienced in journalism, had many times shown an annoying inclination to disregard the little amenities and unwritten rules of the craft. So every other newspaper in the city treated Dinsmore's suit against the Leader as a matter of rather important news, and an evening journal—to whom Tully was especially obnoxious—gave it a front-page spread with photographs and a cheerful prophecy that it would be the means of driving a silly adventurer out of the journalistic field. Two weeks later the same journal again referred conspicuously to the libel suit. That was on a Wednesday afternoon.

The following day about midnight Purcell went over to Vogel's restaurant, according to habit, for a bite and a cup of coffee. Whatever failings he had, lack of industry was not one of them, and usually he stayed at the office until two-thirty o'clock or so in the morning. When he came out on the sidewalk he found that a light rain was falling. The restaurant was a block and a half away, but rather than return for an umbrella he turned up his coat collar and ran for it. The theater crowds had gone home and the streets in that locality were mostly empty. Half an hour later, refreshed by warm food and coffee, he ran back.

To reach his den it was necessary to cross the dingy, bebuttered local room where the city editor and his staff worked. Crossing this room, he noticed an old negro, rain-spattered hat on knee, sitting on a bench against the wall beside the two messenger boys who were on duty there and talking benevolently to the youngsters. From his yellow sombrero hat and general appearance, Purcell recognized him as a man he had passed on the street when he ran to the restaurant.

The night city editor followed him into his room, looking rather puzzled.

"An old coon out there wants to see the editor," he said. "He won't talk to me—says he's got to see the editor himself. But he asked me if this wasn't the paper that Alfred Dinsmore had sued for libel. He says he's got something to tell the editor about that. He doesn't look crazy."

Newspaper offices are magnets for cranks and usually adopt effectual measures of self-protection. But the night city editor was uncertain whether this visitor belonged in the category of mere annoyances or was worth listening to. His mention of Dinsmore's libel suit raised a like doubt in Purcell's mind and he promptly gave himself the benefit of it, saying, "Show him in."

Under the strong light above the managing editor's desk the caller appeared even older than the first glance had suggested. He was evidently mulatto or quadroon—not full-blooded black. His beardless face was deeply lined and the kinky hair at either side of his head—bald on top—was snow white. He was powerfully built, with broad shoulders and long limbs, but spare now and the folds of flesh on his chops showed that he had once been heavier. He came in, hat in hand, with a slight smile and a polite air and turned to shut the door behind him, saying, "Excuse me." Seated at the end of the desk he studied Purcell's face a moment, still with his slight smile and polite air. He spoke in a drawl but with no trace of negro or Southern accent.

"You're the editor of the Leader?"

"Yes," said Purcell.

"I saw in the Telegram that Alfred Dinsmore had sued you for two hundred fifty thousand dollars. I could tell you something that would shut his mouth."

"What is it?" Purcell asked brusquely.

The negro smiled at the young man's impetuosity and continued in his slow unemphasized way of speaking: "I could prove it too. You don't have to take my word for it. You can look it all up yourself and see it's so."

Purcell replied less curtly, even invitingly, "Well, I'm ready to listen." He perceived that the caller was by no means lacking in intelligence.

"I reckon," said the caller with deliberation, "Alfred Dinsmore'd give about all the money he's got to keep anybody from knowing what I can tell you. I reckon he'd think a million dollars dirt cheap."

Purcell passed a crooked forefinger over his lips and considered. They were alone. Anything that this old negro might say afterward could be easily and plausibly denied. He noticed that the man was decently dressed; but there was little likelihood of his being a person whose unsupported statement would carry much weight.

"You want something," he said, as though he considered that want quite natural.

The caller deliberated a moment, peering hard into the managing editor's face, and replied more slowly than usual, "Yes, sir; I want a hundred thousand dollars and your oath that you won't ever tell anybody that I told you."

Purcell smiled and replied, "That's quite a lot of money."

"Not for Alfred Dinsmore," the caller shrewdly retorted.

"If it's worth it I'll give you a hundred thousand," Purcell offered.

"No, sir," the negro replied with polite determination, "I got to have it down in black and white. You don't have to take my word for it. You can prove it yourself."

"But even if I proved it, it might not be worth a hundred thousand dollars," the managing editor suggested.

"It's worth a million," said the caller positively. He deliberated a moment and added, in his slow, unemphasized speech, "Alfred Dinsmore's robbed and he's killed."

Purcell stared at him. His conjecture had been that this was some discharged house servant with—possibly—an old domestic scandal to reveal. His face went a bit whiter and there seemed to be a wavering light deep in his luminous eyes.

They fenced for a few moments while Purcell's wits worked. He could aver, if it became necessary, that he merely led the man along in order to hear what he had to say, and thereby pose as an honorable citizen whose only object was to unmask a rogue. So after they had fenced a few moments he took a sheet of note paper with the Leader's letterhead on it and wrote:

"Sixty days after date I promise to pay William Pomeroy one hundred thousand dollars, provided William Pomeroy fulfills the promise he has just made me. And I solemnly swear that I will not tell anyone that William Pomeroy told me anything about Alfred Dinsmore.

"J. WESLEY TULLY."

He handed that to the caller and waited to see whether his intelligence and education were sufficient to recognize its complete worthlessness as a legally binding instrument. The negro, having carefully read it and carefully folded it, put it in his vest pocket, apparently quite satisfied; and Purcell innerly smiled, feeling that he had the measure of the man with whom he was dealing. The negro considered a moment and began with deliberation:

"Well, sir, I'll go back to the start and tell it all to you just like it happened. There was a man named John Colby. He worked the county fairs. There was a wheel of fortune that he run himself. Then he had a soap game and a phony-jewelry game. And he had one of these here ring-throwing games. There'd be a booth, you know, fixed up fancy inside and out, and a great lot of knives and revolvers stuck up in there. Then he had some hard rubber rings. You'd pay a quarter for six rings and then you'd throw the rings at the knives and revolvers and if you rung one of 'em it was yours. Of course he had the most expensive ones fixed so's you couldn't hardly ring one of 'em if you threw a hundred years, but there was some cheaper knives down in front that somebody'd get every now and then.

"Old John, he owned the whole thing and hired the other fellehs. He'd fix it up with the authorities so's to get the concession for the wheel of fortune and so on. He had to pay 'em a license fee for it. Sometimes he had to slip the police or the deputy sheriff something to keep 'em goodnatured. When there wasn't any fair Old John would strike a town where they was holding court or something else to draw a crowd and he'd set up his games round on the street corners. This was thirty years ago and better that I'm talking about, you understand—from Dakota down into Texas. They didn't mind games of chance out there in those days; poker room in about every town and faro if the town was big enough. There wasn't hardly ever any trouble.

"I took care of the horses. We had a big wagon and three good horses and drove all over that country, never bothering the railroad. I took care of the horses and was kind of body servant to Old John. He used to drink a good deal. He was a bad man when he'd been drinking. Sometimes he got in trouble away from the shows. He used to play poker or faro after we was all done spieling for the day. Sometimes there'd be a row. He always took me along."

The narrator smiled, disclosing a few discolored teeth.

"I could twist a horseshoe in two with my hands in those days."

Noting the breadth and squareness of the caller's fleshless shoulders, Purcell didn't doubt it.

"Old John was some man, too," the negro drawled on. "He was really about as old as me, but they called him Old John. He was shorter and fatter than me and wore a red beard trimmed kind of round." The negro paused to chuckle gutturally. "He had a voice like a mule. He'd keep yelling, 'Try your luck, gentlemen! Try your luck!' And you could hear him clear across the fair grounds. He was sure quarrelsome when he felt like it. There was Elt Grew. He run the soap game and the phony jewelry. I'll explain that to you. You see, there'd be a stand about five feet high, or maybe a little higher, with red-white-and-blue cloth round it. The crowd would be in front and Elt would stand up in a little pen behind the stand. He'd be standing on a box a couple of feet high so he'd be taller than the crowd.

"He'd begin his spiel about the soap—some stuff he learned out of a little book Old John had—and get a crowd in front of him. Then he'd open a suitcase and take out about a hundred and fifty little pasteboard boxes about two inches and a half long covered with blue paper with some little gilt stars on it. He'd stack the boxes all up in a square pile, all the time going on with his spiel about the soap. He'd get a boy out of the crowd and make lather and give the boy a shampoo. Soap would cure dandruff and keep your hair from coming out, he'd say, and make hair grow on a bald head. Then he'd put a bundle of five-dollar bills down on the stand and roll his sleeves up higher and hold a box so the crowd could see and put a five-dollar bill in it and he'd go ahead that way until he'd put about thirty five-dollar bills in boxes. Then he'd shuffle the boxes all up on the stand, mix 'em round, and then he'd pick up a box and say, 'Who'll give me a dollar for it?' Sometimes a man in the crowd would give a dollar. But if nobody did, after a minute or two Elt 'd make a sign with his hand and a stool pigeon would come up and give a dollar. That first box would have a five-dollar bill in it. The next box wouldn't have anything in it, and Elt would say, 'Try it again for fifty cents,' and that time there'd be a five-dollar bill in the box.

"Of course he didn't do it just the same way every time, for after the first day there'd be somebody who'd seen him spiel before, so he'd vary it. But pretty soon he'd have the crowd coming, buying boxes right and left. You see, the boxes all looked just alike to an outsider, but every one that he'd put a five-dollar bill in had a little star exactly on the corner. All the while he was spieling he'd keep shuffling the boxes round kind of absent-minded and he'd be pushing those with money in 'em off into the suitcase so by the time the crowd began buying lively there'd be only two three boxes left with any money in 'em. It was easy enough. Anybody could learn to do it with a little practice.

"The phony jewelry was about the same. He'd have sheets of brown paper that he'd roll up into a cornucopia. He'd put a five-dollar bill in a brass ring that cost maybe five cents and he'd drop that into the cornucopia so all the crowd could see it plain. Then he'd put in a breastpin and a watch chain and some other stuff like that and sell it for two dollars. When he wanted to he'd hold the cornucopia with the little end open so the ring with the five-dollar bill in it would fall through into his hand. That was harder than the soap game. Took a pretty good man to manage it slick enough so the crowd wouldn't catch on. Elt Grew could do it slick enough.

"That summer—I'm talking now about the summer of 1881—we had a felleh named Ben Lukens, sort of a chucklehead, that run the ring-throwing game. Any child could do that. Old John would be running the wheel of fortune and I'd kind of circulate round and tell him how the other games was going. Sometimes I'd run the wheel a little spell and he'd take a look round, himself. He was always figuring that the other fellehs might be holding out something on him.

"Well, we was out in Kansas that summer and we got kind of off our track—out at Buffalo Center, where we hadn't ever been before. Railroad had just gone through there. I reckon they'd made the town in a week or two; shingles hadn't turned dark yet and some of the houses wasn't painted. I don't suppose it had more'n ten or twelve hundred inhabitants. It was the county seat and there was a county fair and Old John thought he'd try it. We wasn't doing much business. There was a dry-goods store on the corner and a poker room over the dry-goods store. Old John found that out first thing. So we was up there first evening after the fair shut up. There was six or seven men playing. Old John one of 'em, and maybe a dozen or more looking on. I was setting on a box against the wall. One of the players was winning quite a bit. He was sort of a stout young felleh with his coat and vest off and his shirt open at the neck and a plaid cap pulled down over his forehead. He'd got a terrible wallop on the chin some day. Looked like a mule had kicked him. Must have broke his chin and it hadn't been put together right—didn't fit, you understand; and a big kind of knotty white welt across where it had been broke."

The narrator drew a finger diagonally over his own chin to indicate the scar.

"This young felleh was winning quite a bit and not saying anything to anybody—just set hunched down in his chair sawing wood. Pretty soon Old John says to him, 'You're the luckiest man in seven states,' and scratched his head. His hair was always all mussed up anyhow. That was a signal to me, you know. Plenty tin-horn card sharps always drifting round those poker rooms in those days and Old John was wise. So I just slid round the room where I could watch the young felleh close. After a while I slid back again and then I looks at my hands and says to a felleh next me, 'My hands itch.' You see, I'd seen the young felleh palming cards.

"Well, I expected Old John would start something. He was sure a quarrelsome man when he felt like it; but he just kept on playing and didn't make me no more sign, only I noticed he laid off the young felleh with the busted chin. Then by and by he drew out of the game and another man took his place. Old John put on his coat and hat like he was going to leave, but he lingered

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

ENTHUSIASM over the Cadillac frequently takes an interesting and impressive turn.

Very often, we encounter an owner, who feels sure there can never be another Cadillac, quite like the Cadillac he owns.

He is so overjoyed with the constancy, the sameness, the regularity, of its operation, that it doesn't seem possible that the same degree of perfection will be found in another Cadillac.

Such superlative smoothness and soundness, such unbelievable freedom from overhauling and repair, are not apt, he fears, to happen a second time.

Owners who have driven three, four, six and as many as twelve Cadillac cars, can undeceive him.

They can tell him that the Cadillac only changes in that it comes closer and closer to one thousand per cent perfection.

If there is any one Cadillac characteristic which outshines all others, it is the evenness, the uniformity, the identical sameness of Cadillac production.

Precision, accuracy, close measurement, standardization—all of the practices that make for refinement of the highest degree—had their American birth in the Cadillac.

No works, in the world, are so rigidly ruled, as these works are ruled, by the laws that compel the application of the highest known standards, even to the most trifling details of Cadillac construction.

The Cadillac makes its own standards, and lives up to them with rigid and unyielding fidelity.

Be sure, therefore, that a new Cadillac will give you even greater and deeper satisfaction than the older Cadillac which has served you so nobly and well.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY WILMER S. RICHTER

Economy in the Orient

THE gospel of conservation has traveled to far-off Malay Peninsula, where the sharp eye of science has discovered a value that promises to do a little revolutionizing in the rubber business. Experiments show that a good grade of oil can be extracted from the Para rubber seed, and experts declare this oil can be used successfully in the manufacture of paints, varnishes, linoleums, soft soap, rubber substitutes, and so on. Furthermore, it has been determined that the residue from the rubber seed after the oil has been extracted can be converted into a feeding cake for cattle and other stock. This will permit the development of a profitable by-product industry to supplement the business of oil extraction.

It is estimated by Consul General Gunsaulus at Singapore that in the British Malay possessions alone rubber estates own two million acres of land. Of this area more than one million acres are planted in Para trees and upward of seven hundred thousand acres are producing rubber.

Just what this means is best understood when it is known that the quantity of seeds thrown off each year by the rubber trees averages about three hundred pounds to the acre. These seeds have always been permitted to fall to the ground and rot, and the owners have been suffering the loss of what is now known to be a valuable product. Thanks to the chemist the world may be further enriched by the practice of his worthy art.

Another Thought on Gold

THE United States stands in the unique position of possessing more gold than any one nation ever held before. However, the opinion of certain bankers appears to be that we must further increase our holdings of gold, and that to this end we must make every effort to increase the production of the precious metal.

It is common knowledge that with a fixed value for the yellow metal the rapidly increasing cost of material, labor and transportation has placed the gold industry in a less favorable position. The mining people maintain that some form of government relief must be advanced or many of the producing mines will be compelled to discontinue operations. For this reason any idea that holds forth hope of a practical solution of the problem is worth thinking about.

One man who has given much time and thought to the gold question is John Clausen, vice president of the Chemical Bank in New York City. He entertains no fear that Europe will repudiate part of her war debts, for the reason that finance has become an international rather than a national question; the monetary history of each country is tending to become more and more merged in the monetary history of the whole civilized world. Mr. Clausen doubts that the present production of gold is keeping pace with the world's enormous expansion of credit. He is opposed to tampering with the standard of international payment, and suggests that it would be more effective to withdraw gold from circulation, and instead hold the yellow metal as a national reserve to support the credit structure of nations.

Under such a plan all gold mines would come under a definite form of government supervision to insure the delivery of an appreciable portion of their output—the percentum to be gauged periodically on a sliding index scale—and paid for at the standard price of $20.67 for the fine ounce.

But here is the high spot in Mr. Clausen's scheme: He says that the world's consumption of gold in manufactures and in the arts is already large and is rapidly increasing. It is his belief that this trade—based upon a commercial value in keeping with the open market demand—could well bear a tax over and above the standard price of gold, and would absorb the remaining output from the mines as an offset to the higher cost of mine labor and materials.

As an illustration of how this plan would work he cites the following example:

The X Mine produces 100,000 fine ounces. The Government would exact 60,000 ounces at $20.67 an ounce, for which it would pay $1,240,200. This would leave for manufactures and arts 40,000 ounces, for which they would pay, say, $45 an ounce, or $1,800,000. A net sale of output at an average price of $30.40 per fine ounce would result.

This plan has the virtue of originality and is based on a principle that would appear to be workable if some method could be devised to prevent jewelers and others from using gold coin in the arts.

The Prey of Charlatans

MOST everyone knows of something that is especially good for just what ails you. If you have a cold or a headache it is an even bet that the first ten people you talk to will prescribe at least five different remedies. In this connection it is difficult to determine whether the significant thought in the matter is the evidence indicating a multitude of patented cures or the fact that nothing is so free as advice.

The ease with which most people are persuaded to swallow unknown compounds in an effort to provide self-treatment is a serious matter. The mother of a large family of small children was afflicted with frequent headaches. A friend of this woman also had suffered from headaches and had found relief in using some tablets. She suggested to the mother that some of this medicine might relieve her and the sick lady tried them, with fatal results. The headaches of the unfortunate victim had been caused by an organic heart disease and the medicine, a powerful depressant, was a drug opposite in effect to what should have been prescribed. Five children were left motherless, and a careless friend, through ignorance, was guilty of something bordering on manslaughter.

Not long ago the maker of a widely advertised tonic, because of more exacting laws, reduced the amount of alcohol in his remedy from twenty-eight to seventeen per cent, which latter is equal to the amount of spirit in sherry and certain other wines.

It was this remedy that was responsible for the downfall of a religious teacher who was an ardent advocate of the enactment of rigorous prohibition laws. The peculiar actions of this upright gentleman roused suspicion, and when visitors entered his study, bent on a tour of inspection, they found him alternately chasing flies and managing a menagerie of fiery-mouthed reptiles.

The good man had delirium tremens, and the empty bottles bearing the label of a popular tonic removed all doubt as to the source of his alcoholic supply.

Though recent legislation seeks to prevent the printing and use of labels and circulars that lay claim to ridiculous curative powers for many fake medicines the makers of such nostrums continue to thrive in their dealings with a profitable clientele. One investigator who examined a number of patented drugs found that some contained wood alcohol, a common cause of blindness; acetate of lead, an inducer of paralysis; nitrate of silver, a producer of the incurable disease argyria, in which the skin of the victim turns blue; and bichloride of mercury, a deadly poison. Without doubt we are making progress in the right direction, but it is common knowledge that our present laws are not evasion-proof.

A couple of metropolitan newspapers and a prominent journal once attacked this evil, but a new crop of near-fakers are again busy with their harmful concoctions. The public mind should not be allowed to lapse into a state of dangerous indifference in reference to this menace to our public health.

Some of the tricks being played on the public by medicine quacks are so ingenious it is little wonder people fall for these deceits. One scheme often practiced is the fake prescription. An advertisement is sometimes prepared in which questions are asked.

The answers advise the use of certain treatments and a prescription is given. One of the ingredients of the prescription is always a patent medicine; the other ingredients are officinal products. The bottle of patent medicine used in making up the prescription will generally cost the purchaser about fifty cents, while the real cost to the manufacturer of the ingredients used in producing one bottle of this same medicine will frequently amount to no more than one or two cents.

Another method is in the form of an advertisement that offers a physician's advice on any question of health. The photograph of a serious-looking gentleman, supposed to be the famous adviser, appears at the head of the newspaper

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Pathé Sapphire Ball

If you could see the Pathé Sapphire Ball—

(which takes the place of needles in contact with the record, [illegible] and makes it possible for Pathé Records to play one thousand times)

—magnified two hundred diameters—

—you would see a true-rounded, polished, blue, translucent gem that would dwarf the fame of that "mountain of light", the Koh-i-noor diamond.

But what this lovely jewel does, musically, tiny as it is, is a far greater marvel than its magnified appeal to the eye could be:— Fitting, filling and gliding along the groove of the record, faithfully tracing all those microscopic undulations which are the exact graven likeness of musical tones, it releases again all the beauty of the voice that sang or the instrument that played.

THE Pathé REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY PHONOGRAPH

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
10–52 Grand Avenue — B. A. Widmann, *President* — Brooklyn, New York

PATHÉ FRÈRES Phonograph Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

AND LONDON, ENGLAND

Six typical examples of Pathé Records—Records that every phonograph owner should have in his library

Pagliacci I *(Leoncavallo)* "Vesti la giubba" . . . Sung in Italian — Lucien Muratore, Tenor	Size 12—Price $1.50	54012
Madama Butterfly *(Puccini)* "Un bel di vedremo" Sung in Italian — Claudia Muzio, Soprano	Size 12—Price $1.50	54016
Pagliacci I *(Leoncavallo)* "Serenata" Sung in Italian . . . . . **Tosca La** *(Puccini)* "O dolci mani" Sung in Italian . . . . Tito Schipa, Tenor	Size 12—Price $1.50	59009
Serenade *(Schubert)* Piano Acc. . . . . **Thais** *(Massenet)* "Meditation" Piano Acc. Jacques Thibaud	Size 12—Price $2.00	60071
Liebestraum *(Liszt)* Piano Solo . . . . . **I Love Thee** *(Grieg)* Piano Solo — Rudolph Ganz	Size 12—Price $1.50	59064
Rigoletto *(Verdi)* "Caro Nome" Sung in French . . . . . **Herodiade** *(Massenet)* "Il est doux, il est bon" Sung in French . . . Yvonne Gall, Soprano	Size 12—Price $2.00	60077

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advertisement. In every one of the "answers to correspondents" a nostrum is recommended which can be obtained only from the doctor's employers.

The game of the medical mail-order quacks is interesting if not honorable. Many of these fakers have advertised under the name of a woman, and in all cases the paid announcement has invited the reader to write Mrs. Blank in all confidence. As a result thousands of women have followed this suggestion and have disclosed matters of the most private character. These confidential letters have soon fallen into the hands of letter brokers, who have offered them for sale or rent to others in need of a sucker list. One company dealing in original communications of this kind recently offered for rent 143,000 confidential letters written in answer to such a series of advertisements. The letters were packed 500 to a bundle and rented for $2.50 per unit lot. If the reader ever wrote a personal letter to a patent-medicine concern of this kind, the same is possibly for sale to the first comer who wants a list to work upon.

In the old days of the traveling quack, who threw away handfuls of pennies to the children at the street corner, told funny stories and, to make it more interesting, performed a few feats in legerdemain, there were a number of tricks that fooled the public in easy fashion.

Some of the discoveries made recently by official investigators with reference to various widely advertised cures are worth noting. It was found that an ear device was nothing more intricate than a bit of oiled silk stretched over a small circular band. Two hundred equally effective devices could be constructed from a few cents' worth of oiled silk and a spool of thread. Four different devices advertised to cure various diseases were nothing but nickelplated gas pipes filled with sand or charcoal and having flexible cords attached. Several obesity cures were pure swindles. Of three obesity cures two retailed at a dollar apiece. The cost of the materials in one was ten cents, and in the other seven cents. The third cure consisted of washing soda.

A number of consumption cures were discovered to be absolutely worthless, and in many cases the names attached to the testimonials were from people who had later died. Several well-known headache cures were examined and found to contain, as chief ingredients, various coal tar products, which drugs depress the heart, injure the blood and may produce a habit. The United States Department of Agriculture in its Bulletin Number 126 states that the habit formed by taking headache cures containing these drugs "ranks as an evil with the opium habit."

In the face of such truths it is interesting to examine our present Federal Food and Drugs Act. It applies only to products that are made in one state and sold in another. It prohibits misleading statements on the trade package only, and does not forbid false statements in advertisements or window displays. It requires manufacturers to declare on the label the presence and amount of alcohol, morphine, opium, cocaine, heroin, chloroform and several other habit-forming drugs, but does not require any declaration concerning the presence of such deadly poisons as prussic acid, carbolic acid, arsenic, strychnine and a hundred other dangerous drugs.

It is only human nature for people who are ill to try to cure themselves, thereby saving the doctor's fee. Since it is impossible to prevent this dangerous pastime of self-medication the only way to eliminate the resultant dangers is to make it practically impossible to sell fraudulent medicines. A little education along the right lines might also be helpful. Headaches result from dozens of causes. A cure is no good unless it is aimed at the real seat of the trouble. Such remedies as contain the coal-tar drugs, so commonly used, often give relief only through their knock-out action, similar to what a prize fighter might bring about by administering a blow on the head or the solar plexus. They dull the sensations of the individual but reduce the pain for only a short while.

Certain kinds of advertising have been carried on for years with such success that the average citizen has come to believe that a pain in the back is an evidence of kidney trouble. However, the truth is that more than ninety per cent of the people who have kidney disease never have such a pain. Many other ideas with no greater foundation of truth have been cultivated by designing manufacturers of worthless nostrums.

A real awakening of the public mind coupled with more effective legislation is necessary to the correction of the drug evil. It is estimated that twenty-five per cent of the cases coming into the Court of Special Sessions of New York County involving moral turpitude were individuals given to drug addiction in one form or another. Who can say how many of these poor unfortunates were started on their road to ruin by the use of drugs contained in many medicines that are still sold to an unsuspecting public?

Going Down

NO OTHER situation in respect to raw materials is so serious to the United States as our present position in the matter of oil. So far as this country is concerned, the whole complexion of the petroleum industry has changed during the last two years. We are now said to be consuming more crude oil than we are producing, and as a result we are obliged to depend upon imports to make up the deficit. The United States Geological Survey asserts that forty per cent of our national petroleum reserves has been depleted, while less than two per cent of our coal is gone.

One reason why the outlook is so unfavorable for America is our failure to take a greater interest in the development of oil fields in other parts of the world. We have rested easily in a state of smug self-sufficiency, while other peoples have pushed ahead in their efforts to safeguard their petroleum future. American oil concerns can be found only in Mexico, South America and Rumania. We have no interests in Africa, the Near East or the Far East, and though we now hold the premier position in the world's oil trade, producing nearly seventy per cent of the world's total output, our future is far from assured.

During 1918 the increase in our consumption of oil as compared with 1911 amounted to 190,000,000 barrels, or 87.5 per cent of the total 1911 production. The deficit between our consumption and our domestic production last year was more than the total oil output of 1899. This enlarged consumption of oil is due to the development of many new uses for the liquid. The Nation has greatly increased the number of internal-combustion motors; our Navy and merchant marine use more and more oil; and there has been an immense multiplication of machines requiring lubrication. It appears certain therefore that oil consumption in the United States will continue to increase in coming years.

The output of marketable crude oil in the United States last year totaled 845,896,000 barrels. Our imports, chiefly from Mexico, amounted to 37,736,000 barrels. We drew 23,284,000 barrels from our accumulated stores, making the total 1918 consumption 406,916,000 barrels of oil. It is evident therefore that we used up 61,020,000 more barrels than we produced. Included in the above total were our exports, which went abroad mostly as illuminating oils, but these total exports were less than one-fifth of what we consumed in this country.

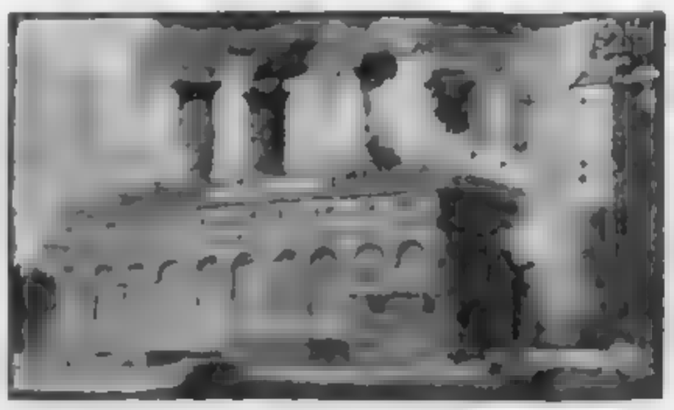
Being the largest consumer of oil in the world, we are surely entitled to participate on an equal footing with Great Britain, Holland and France in the development of petroleum deposits in less advanced countries. It is already plain that producing corporations, not refining and marketing organizations, are going to be the key to national independence in the future. Many big petroleum areas throughout the world are already closed to this country. Most of these districts are held by British and French concerns.

The British Government is now seeking oil in England, Scotland, Persia and Australia. The Royal Dutch-Shell, which is understood to be forty per cent British, is exploring for petroleum in the Dutch East Indies, Southern Russia, Rumania, Venezuela, Trinidad, Curaçao, Egypt, Canada, the United States, Mexico and the British West Indies.

Already this British-Dutch company is producing more than five million tons of oil annually. Japan is getting a strong foothold in Formosa, China and the Island of Sakhalin. France is meeting with success in Morocco, Algeria, Rumania, Greece and Galicia. Of all the great nations, this country appears to be the one laggard in the world-wide search for petroleum.

Practically all important foreign governments have taken a hand in the matter and are endeavoring to control the situation. Great Britain, for instance, has created a permanent governmental petroleum department. This bureau will act as adviser to the kingdom's nationals, will grant concessions and assist in procuring concessions. Further, British rulings debar foreigners from owning and operating oil wells and forbid outsiders direct participation in the ownership of all oil developments located on British soil.

No British national can even sell oil shares to a citizen of any other country. France and the Netherlands have created similar restrictions, while Japan has withdrawn her oil fields from private ownership. Mexico is attempting to create a state monopoly of oil production and distribution. Her decrees in 1918 apparently constituted the first step in a plan to nationalize oil.



The United States certainly cannot afford to stand still while all other nations are engaged in a serious effort to insure themselves an unlimited supply of Nature's most valuable resource. In the days to come we shall find that the countries controlling oil will dominate commerce. In Great Britain, where the problem appears to be receiving the most intelligent thought, the public is demanding a national petroleum bank patterned somewhat after the Deutsche Bank in Germany. This bank would specialize in British petroleum securities and in every possible way would lend aid to the oil industry of the nation.

In many parts of the world American oil companies are wholly excluded from doing business at all. In most other countries our people are discriminated against. Here in the United States all foreigners are permitted to do business on equal terms with Americans. We are practically the only country where citizens and foreigners compete on an equal footing. When France, Italy and other countries nationalize the purchase of petroleum products, American-owned plants in those countries will seriously depreciate in value, or—even worse—they may lose all value except their worth as scrap. While the great oil corporations of other nations are purchasing competing companies, our American concerns are forbidden to do such a thing by our anti-trust laws.

Every American should view this oil problem as his own personal business. We shall all have occasion for regret if we fail to urge the United States Government to adopt a continuous, earnest and effective policy of protecting the rights of our citizens. When our Government shows a fixed intent to do this, our nationals will be encouraged to go abroad and participate wherever we can in oil developments. It seems only fair, as an additional precaution, that the acquisition, ownership and operation of oil-producing companies should be placed upon some basis of international reciprocity. Representations should be made to governments that now discriminate against us. Our oil concerns should not be allowed to pass to foreign control. American tank steamers should be rendered able to compete on equal terms with foreign-owned tankers. American corporations competing with foreign companies should be permitted to pool their interests under governmental supervision. We might also profit by legislation that would make possible the formation of a world-wide oil exploration company financed with American capital and guided by American brains. Let none of us underestimate the important part that oil is to play in the world's industrial life in the days that are ahead. If we begin this new era in mistake we will end in ignominy.

America's Population

AT NINE o'clock every weekday morning outside of certain consular offices in New York City are long lines of men, and sometimes women, laughing, joking, happy as boys out of school. Ask one of them what all the excitement is about, and if he can talk English, which he probably cannot, he will answer that he is going back home; back to Poland, Serbia, Rumania or any one of a dozen other countries that appear to be starting on a new course with changed conditions brought about by the world war.

Standing in line at a bank the other day I found myself behind a foreigner whose appearance plainly indicated that his occupation was not far removed from that of a laborer. I could not help hearing the conversation that took place between this man and the clerk at the cashier's window. The man had better than four thousand dollars on deposit and was talking about the adjustment of his interest prior to his departure for the old country.

Few people realize the full extent of the damage done to the whole world by the influenza epidemic of last year. In some of the countries where civilization is less advanced the mortality was frightful. In India, for instance, the disease caused a havoc to which the Black Death of 1348–49 alone affords a parallel. In all of India it is estimated that no less than six million persons perished, the vast majority within the space of two months. Similar conditions prevailed practically all over the world, and as a consequence the nations of the earth need every available man to reëstablish business on a normal footing.

All this means that the United States must look more to a natural growth of its population. Our industrial and economic plans must be founded on a normal growth from within. We must look to our birth rate for relief, and careful thought must be given to the conservation of life. The matters of paramount importance are motherhood and the welfare of the newborn.

We should all know that more mothers die in childbirth in the United States than in any other important country; that the mortality rate for infants under one year of age averages 93.8 per 1000 of living births; that the latest figures show our birth rate is declining; that if no migration were to take place to or from this country and the present rates for births and deaths persist, the increase in our population would be at the rate of 10 per cent per decade, as compared with a rate of 21 per cent of increase between 1900 and 1910. We must realize as never before that the mother is the real hope of the nation.

THE most casual inquiry will satisfy you that Liberty owners are just as enthusiastic over the infrequency of repair and adjustment as they are over Liberty appearance, and the beautiful way it rides and drives.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

THE INTERPRETER'S WIFE

"Your Head Aches," He Said Solicitously. "You Work Too Hard Over Those Little Paintings"

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WHEN Mr. Harry Fairfield, that romantic soul, went up into the Amphitrite's chart room to wind the chronometer he found the mate already there, lolling over his log book. "This French wine is mild in taste, but it has a kick, mister," he said warningly.

Mr. Fairfield answered nothing. After a hard day of teasing locomotives out of the forward hatch he had had a little sauterne already; and now thought fondly of its fine straw color and of the stinging flush concentrated in that tall pale bottle with the fiery impulse at its heart. He meant to go ashore and share another bottle with that pretty restorer of miniatures whom he had got acquainted with at the museum of Monsieur D'Astignac, that far-famed sailor.

There was a woman for you! He had met her later at the Restaurant Centrale and talked with her in her native French. He had known from the beginning that his own ancestors were French. Perhaps some great fortune might be waiting for him here. Had not madame on that first occasion of their meeting given him a look brimful of astonishment, as if she knew the mystery about him at a glance? But then she had lowered her eyes and gone on retouching the miniatures of Monsieur D'Astignac; and Mr. Fairfield had been too bashful to push his plain advantage.

The first meeting at the Centrale had been silent too. He could only glare at the fat French soldier opposite, who kept throwing up plates and catching them on the back of his hand. A democratic place, surely. He had gone there once after that, knowing the lady's place by that little linen case embroidered with violets and containing her napkin and headache powders; and then they had had that shy little conversation together which had kept him thinking ever since.

She was married; so much he knew; and by putting two and two together he had found that she was married to that dandified, waxed, insolent interpreter with whom he had already played a few games of chess at the Café de la Paix. The fellow had the genius of Morphy for that ancient game. Try as he might, Mr. Fairfield could not win.

And yet, when he knew by his process of intuition that the interpreter and madame were in truth one flesh, he cultivated the fellow all the more assiduously; allowed himself to be beaten many times at chess; and ended in a half-drunken, too-confiding moment by giving him a glimpse of that clever listening device of his, which he always carried in his pocket.

This little instrument, which could seek out the tick of infernal machines in a trice, a French colonel had left with him by mistake in a railway coach after fully explaining its use. Mr. Fairfield seemed to see that stern soldier before him now, patting the little instrument with its shining tentacles and saying: "Ah, you have ears, my little bird! You will tell us where these contrivances of the devil are located. You will hear the heart itself tick, if there is treason in it."

The interpreter had turned the device over in his hand indifferently, adjusted it to his ears, listened and then sat back and twisted up the points of his mustache. So maddeningly complacent was he that Mr. Fairfield was half inclined to lend himself to some sort of intrigue with the fellow's wife. She was not happy; so much he had seen. As indeed how should she be? He had a feeling of indignant sympathy for a young and beautiful woman whom that self-centered brute left to her lonely meals night after night; and next a rush of romantic ardor through his veins. So much was comprised in that magnificent woman! Worlds beyond worlds in those blue eyes, those seeking finger tips. How skillfully she used the brush in touching up those tiny portraits! The sallow cheeks of beaux dead a hundred years glowed again at her conjuring.

Mr. Fairfield had hung over her breathless, to think that his own time for action was so tragically short. When he went away he was in that inconsolable mood of a young man who sees a beautiful woman vanish in a throng forever.

Mr. Fairfield's case, though desperate, was not so bad as that. He knew where madame dined. Standing in the middle of the chart room he looked stealthily at the mate with an irritated thought that the man was getting drunk and that he might have to stay on board ship himself. Steam was ordered for four o'clock in the morning, and to-night was therefore his last chance.

Mr. Fairfield made up his mind to slip away before the mate should rivet him there with some maddening request or other. The door to the chart room was open. He took a cautious step and found himself outside as gently as if a gust of wind had floated him there. A soft wind, in fact, blew upon him; already that deadly weariness of mind and body was alleviated; and he made at top speed for the Restaurant Centrale.

When he got there the iron curtain in front of the place was not yet rolled up. Impatient, he strolled on down the Street of the Good Women until he came to an open bakery window, where he could usually find that black-eyed, black-haired widow squirting lady fingers into black molds out of a canvas bellows. She was there to-night. In melancholy vein he reached in to her his box of cigarettes. She dropped her bellows and withdrew a cigarette from the box, leaned forward and took fire from the point of his own lighted one.

"What a fine companionable spirit these Frenchwomen exhibit," he thought. But before to-night he had not dared to be so sociable even with this lowly product of the race. The pale gold spirit in that bottle of sauterne, taken before supper, spoke imperatively to his bashful spirit.

"Why are you so sad?" she cried, wreathing her sleek black head in rings of smoke. "You are so big and made of money, is it not?"

"If I was as big as all outdoors I would be sad," said Harry Fairfield, launching himself boldly on that tongue at once foreign and strangely familiar. "I am in love with a woman."

At this frankness such an imp looked out of those eyes that he fled the window; and fearful of being late and finding his seat beside the violets preempted he hastened toward the restaurant again. The iron curtain was just rising. He could see the old woman whisking the lid off the *potage* and the boarders filing past her to their accustomed places. For this boarding place followed an excellent tradition of having the kitchen on the street and the eating place at the rear.

Almost at once madame came, hung up her little velvet hat and sat down beside him with one darting look. Had she seen him in some other life? Surely, the look was of timid recognition.

He poured her wine, but the words with which he accompanied the act were lost in the uproar of that big family party where everybody was everybody's brother. A great black loaf with conical ends was coming toward them. Each boarder hugged it to his heart in turn, twirling it and letting the knife sink into it at the same time.

"Let me amputate for you," said Harry Fairfield gayly. Madame nodded, smiled faintly, dropped a headache powder into her *potage* and picked it up with her spoon.

Taking the loaf from the fat plate juggler, he cut two generous slices and passed it on.

"Your head aches," he said solicitously. "You work too hard over those little paintings."

"But they are so beautiful," she pleaded.

(Continued on Page 45)

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

What is the Spell

The Car Men Say Combines Small Car Economy With Costly Car Quality, at Moderate Price

Of the Essex?

There is an enchantment about the Essex that intimacy does not dispel.

For instance, many who ride in it only a few times, afterwards describe it as "a large, high-priced car."

Of course this description is not true. Yet it is made in good faith. That is the distinct impression registered by the ride.

It is interesting that such an impression persists about a car so widely known and discussed. For fully half a million now intimately know the Essex. And more than 12,000 are in service.

Its Charm Is Contagious

Frequently owners of Essex cars speak of this feeling of riding in a big car. One writes:

"I know the Essex is not a big car. But I can't make myself believe it. Plenty of leg room, spaciousness, solidness, and riding ease as smooth as a swallow's flight, undoubtedly produce this feeling. I call it the spell of the Essex."

From the first, you have noticed how men always compare Essex quality and performance with that of large, costly cars. It is not associated in their minds with small cars.

Yet they appreciate its small car advantages, too. Its economy, steering ease and agility in threading traffic are valued by every owner.

Also, it is because the Essex is small that such quality is possible at a moderate price.

A Ride Reveals Essex Quality

Perhaps you have ridden in the Essex. If so you know its appeal. And you understand the pride owners manifest.

They regard it with real affection, the confidence men reserve for merit.

More than a car of unusual qualities, it is a companion. In action it seems a part of the driver, responsive to every mood. Loitering along at two or three miles an hour, or facing long, fast tours cross-country, the driver of an Essex is always reliant; always confident of his destination.

Few care to extend the Essex to top speed. But it is good to know that speed without limit is underfoot if wanted.

Moreover, Essex power means acceleration. It gives Essex right of way everywhere.

Big Car Performance Small Car Economy

Women say its appearance captivates. Its spirited lines, color and performance are smartly distinctive, among motor modes. The Essex Sedan has won special favor with the growing numbers who prefer a closed car.

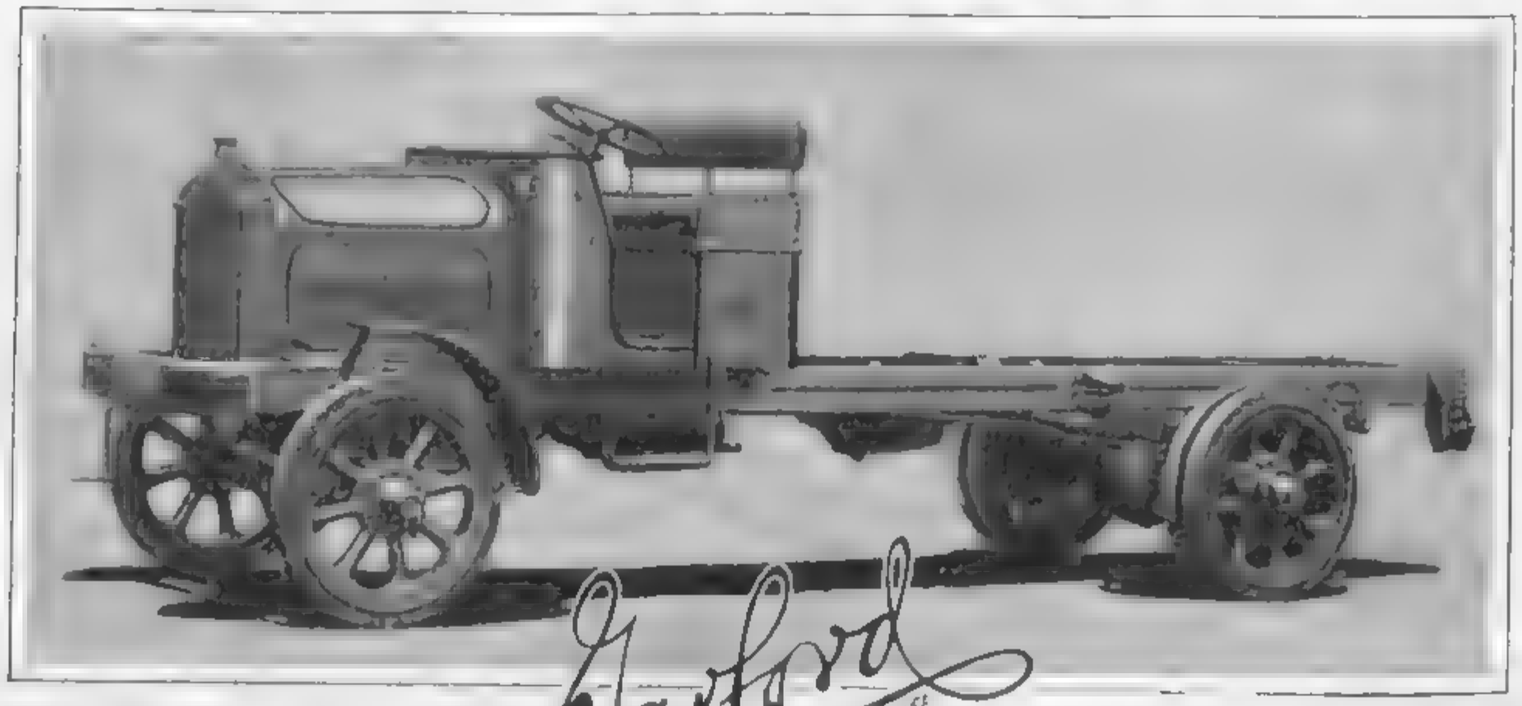
In the Essex, men say, are met the fine qualities of performance that distinguish the best of high-priced cars, with the economy of cost and operation that is an exclusive light car advantage.

When you know the Essex you will want one. Its popularity indicates a continued shortage. Don't suffer disappointment by delay in placing your order.

(78)

GARFORD

Announcing
New 3½ Ton Model $3990



Motor—4½ x 6
Timken Axles

Steel Wheels
Four Speed Transmission

For Low Cost Ton-Mile

THIS newest Garford 3½ ton model is designed and built for the heavier tasks of hauling.

It is big, powerful—a giant in strength, and in every way lives up to Garford's standard of quality.

This new model embodies the best of Garford's twelve years of experience in the manufacture of high grade motor trucks.

There is back of it a five million dollar company and a Definite System of Service.

Garford quality is maintained throughout, and the exceptional price is made possible only through quantity production.

The design, materials and manufacture of this new model all combine in securing *low cost ton-mile* delivery.

"USERS KNOW"

The Garford Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 42)

"What eyes!" thought Harry Fairfield. If they were set a trifle close in the head, that was only to accentuate the intensity of that patrician soul. He marked the wistfulness of the lips, the touching little corrugation of flesh between the shoulder blades. A perfect skin, gifted with that transparent tint, rose on ivory, which the miniaturist copies in his treatment of nude parts.

"They are like the past come alive again," she breathed, with a secret glance at him.

"Everything is laid on a hair trigger in this country," thought the seaman expansively. And what a wine this Bordeaux was, to be sure, when slightly warmed to bring out its true velvet. The individuals at that whiskery table had faded from view; and it appeared to him that he and madame were sitting in a cabinet hung all round with red velvet curtains which nothing but the pale ghost of the Sauterne could penetrate.

"You dream of the past, then?" he whispered. Madame's fingers, which seemed to have tiny brains in the tips of them, toyed with the stem of her wine glass.

"Yes," she said presently, "but it is because I live with the past. I see all those tarnished suits of armor and I think of the living hearts that once beat inside them. They are so hollow now. But perhaps men were hollow-hearted then as well."

Madame glanced at the pendant on her breast with a splendid sweep of her dark lashes. The diamond, stirred by her sigh, flashed fire and a point of violet light lingered at its girdle. But not the diamond alone was stirred.

"Why are you so sad?" cried Mr. Fairfield.

"But I am not sad," said madame, and this time she did lift her eyes for a fraction of a second; and they were clear with the sparkling clearness of stars before a storm.

"Do you think you can deceive me?" he cried in a passionate undertone. "No, no, madame! Your heart is heavy. Look! We shall prove it."

He whipped out of his pocket that listening device, which he had already indiscreetly shown the interpreter, and put it whimsically to his ears.

"Ah, it is not so leaden after all!"

To his surprise it seemed to him that he could actually hear the flutter of that heart. Perhaps the inventor of this device had builded better than he knew.

"Monsieur is jesting!" cried the lady, stirred in her turn. Her lips had parted and her breath came quick and hard.

Mr. Fairfield, seeing the arrested look of the fat plate juggler, slipped the little instrument back into his pocket.

Madame's lips just framed the words: "We must be careful what we say here."

The seaman's immediate impression was that they were watched. Perhaps the interpreter had come to fetch his wife. He might even now be lurking at his back. The situation called for haste.

"Listen!" he said rapidly. "I go in the morning. Steam is ordered for four o'clock. Ah, madame, do you dream only of the past?"

"Go at once!" Madame replied softly. "Go—to the Café de la Paix. I will send for you there within the hour."

Deliriously happy, Harry Fairfield rose from the table, called for his bill, paid and departed. The interpreter was nowhere to be seen.

She was to send for him within the hour! There was a ringing in his ears, his temples throbbed. He knew now what it was to be transported by a woman and he felt as if he had drifted out of his detested bashful skin forever. Come what might, he would know how to conduct himself.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he stopped at the window of a little jewelry shop at the corner of the Street of the Four Winds. A little demoiselle was withdrawing cases of diamonds one by one from the glass shelves; and with each withdrawing she lifted her eyes and dropped them. Her cheeks glowed pink as coral; a wayward flame reared itself there; but the eyes were solemn as a baby's. He was tempted to get out his instrument again. Where had he seen her before? Ah, he remembered! In the great cathedral, dabbling her fingers in the big shell-shaped basin at the door containing holy water. Surely those rich chimes were still beating on his ear, a measured stroke, a tumbling melody. Or was it still the flighty beating of madame's heart?

He sauntered on and turned into the Café de la Paix, a smoky golden grotto, all full of blue glints and flashing pyramids of glassware. It was lined with red-plush divans and in front of these stood slopped tables, and on the marble tops of these, blue siphon bottles. Horizon blue and khaki intermingled in brotherly profusion.

And there, but to one side and with a glass of his sticky Malaga before him, sat the interpreter. Those narrow, polished, ratlike eyes fastened on him at once and he had an uncomfortable sense that it was, in fact, the interpreter who had been watching him after all, though he seemed to have been sitting here for hours with one of the great Paris weeklies in his hand.

As usual he suggested chess; and Fairfield, having an hour to pass before his meeting with the fellow's wife, sat down with him at one of the little iron-legged tables.

"It is a great game," said the interpreter, setting up his men, "because it is like life itself. When I am beaten at it, I feel like a whipped cur, as if the other fellow were intellectually my superior."

"I am not such a devotee," retorted Fairfield. "It is partly a matter of practice, I suppose."

"Yes, certainly that; or plotting—plotting and disposing your forces."

"You are equal to that," thought Fairfield.

"If, for example," continued the interpreter, "you see a pawn likely to raise the devil in the next six or seven moves, the best thing to do with that pawn is to remove it from the board. Do you not agree?"

"I could hardly do otherwise," said Fairfield. To himself he thought: "I shall be stuck in the ribs yet. The fellow suspects something; that is sure."

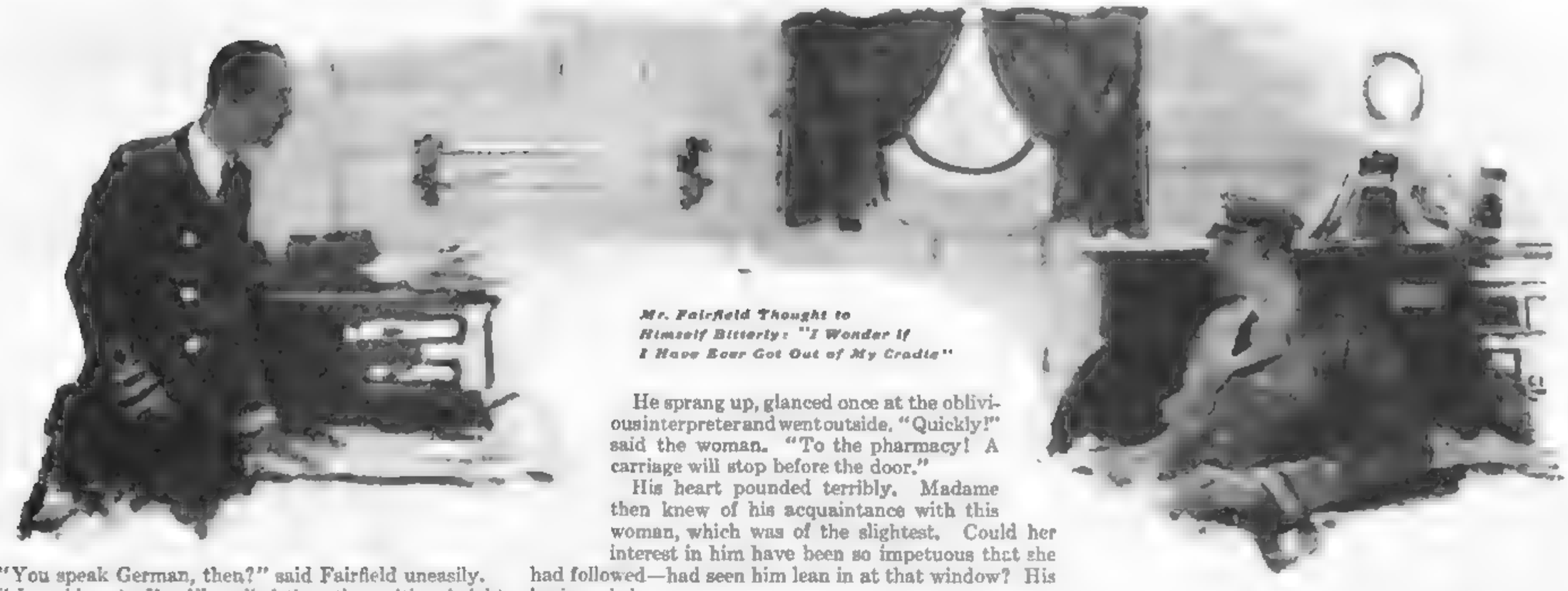
After a clever move or two, made by shoving the piece onto another square with the stem of his tiny little pipe, his highly polished nails glinting in the light that streamed out of the stove front, the interpreter said: "By the way, what have you heard lately with that little listening device of yours? It is too clever, that."

"Too clever for the boche," returned Fairfield shortly. "But I have heard nothing."

To himself he said: "If he knew what I have just heard he might shed that supercilious smile."

"Still there must be all sorts of deviltry abroad here," pursued the interpreter. "You ought to have something which could bear the heat of a traitorous heart, in my opinion. I was interpreting to-day between a French military court and a German spy. The developments were highly interesting. Do you know, for example, that there is now enough high explosive got together under the sheds at Number Ten to shake this town down about our ears?"

"You Shall See, Monsieur." She Drew Aside the Drapery Whose Red Fringe She Had Held Twisted in Her Fingers



Mr. Fairfield Thought to Himself Bitterly: "I Wonder If I Have Ever Got Out of My Cradle"

"You speak German, then?" said Fairfield uneasily.

"*Ja wohl, mein Herr!*" replied the other with a bright sparkle in his eye, and for a second it seemed to the seaman as if the wolf had leered through his sheep's clothing.

They played and pondered silently for several moves; but the interpreter could not long be silent.

"If I understand you rightly, these infernal machines are regulated to go off within a month or two; as soon as the wire which holds the mechanism at a stretch is eaten in two by the drop of acid on it—drop by drop."

"Exactly," grumbled Fairfield, but he began to think he had better leave this sort of questioner with all speed. What a devil's playground this Europe was, to be sure; an affair of masks, masked words, masked hearts. Who was this man to whom he had partly revealed a secret? When a former prime minister was in the dock for treason, what trust could be put in the interpreter for a military court?

"The drop of this acid," continued madame's inquisitive husband with maddening persistence, "is regulated, is it not, by a clock mechanism, such that the drop falls on the wire at regular intervals?"

He tapped regularly and fatefully with his nails.

"I believe that is the idea," replied Fairfield sulkily.

"And as soon as the wire is eaten off, the spring which it holds out snaps back, a steel head enters some kind of fulminating capsule and the bomb explodes—say a month or two after it is laid?"

"You seem to know more about it than I do myself," said Harry Fairfield with a defiant glare. "I am not so sure that your knowledge is not a trifle too practical."

"I am a very practical man, that is true," said the interpreter, showing his teeth. "Yes, you will always find me that. I am interested in details. Checkmate! Your game grows worse instead of better. You should have moved the queen's bishop."

Furiously angry, Fairfield rose.

"That will do for now," he said. The interpreter bowed and picked up again his discarded weekly and called for another glass of Malaga.

"This man is the devil," thought Fairfield.

He was haunted by a notion that he had some duty or other to perform, but what it was he could not recall; nor yet what made the extreme urgency of it.

"I must be getting a little drunk," he reflected, and ordered a bottle of Medoc to sober up on. It came up in a cobwebbed bottle with a fine smell of must about it and an old handwritten label on it no longer decipherable. But the fine dry taste of it could not banish from his mind the more sumptuous straw color of the pale sauterne—that Lady Rowena among wines to look at it, and yet with such a capacity for lingering deviltry too.

He had got as far away from the interpreter as he could; and the fellow, with his well-designed red cap slanted forward over his brows, appeared to have forgotten him and to have become reabsorbed in his *feuilleton*. Why was it that each line of that slim body was so detestable to him? And what was this something that he ought to do; a something that pressed against the back wall of his mind with all but force enough to burst it in? Hopeless; he could not remember.

The Medoc had sobered him; he was sure of that. Things now appeared in a clearer and more contained light. He distinguished anew the soldiers from the siphons; it was plain that the siphons were a darker blue; and fizzed with a slightly different accent. But still that rain of chimes persisted in his ear. He cursed himself. He had been on the brink of getting drunk, and the hour of his appointment all but at hand.

Indeed, was it not actually at hand? He had just seen staring in upon him that strongly made widow who had accepted his cigarette a little earlier in the evening. Finding that she had his eye, she drew down the lid of her own.

He sprang up, glanced once at the obliviousinterpreterandwentoutside. "Quickly!" said the woman. "To the pharmacy! A carriage will stop before the door."

His heart pounded terribly. Madame then knew of his acquaintance with this woman, which was of the slightest. Could her interest in him have been so impetuous that she had followed—had seen him lean in at that window? His brain reeled.

He knew the apothecary shop very well. More than once he had surveyed its black border and that hideous gargoyle, or shop symbol, fixed over the door—a sort of Egyptian mummy with cracked lip and cavernous stare, holding a mortar and pestle. And now, when he came to it, he went in without hesitation.

The walls of the shop were adorned with black pilasters painted in delicate gilt stripes. The gilt letters on the somber bottles blazed like stars. A clerk was patiently tapping something in the bottom of a mortar with a tiny pestle and a girl sat knitting in the cashier's pulpit. Her hair burned blue-black against a perfect cheek; her eyes, fixed on him for the tiniest fraction of a second, were full of various expression.

"Good Lord, what women!" he reflected. He breathed deep. The air of the shop was penetrated by an inveterate must intermingling with the faintest and rarest of perfumes, suggesting at once the twin traditions of age and elegance on which this country plumes itself.

"Monsieur desires?" said the girl calmly, without looking up again. No clash of soda-fountain cymbals here. The sale of drugs was taken at its right valuation as a serious profession. "Monsieur desires?"

Ah, what did he desire? Something surely. But whether something to be purchased or if so whether to be purchased in this shop was what he could not for his life determine. Perplexed, he tilted up his head. And there above the bottles he saw leering down upon him a row of dusty heads carved out of mahogany or teak. Perhaps these heads, like the head of that Arabian physician which the Caliph had severed from the body, might still have a power of counsel.

"Socrates, what would you take if you were me?" he inquired huskily.

But just then the roll of wheels was heard outside the shop. Mr. Fairfield turned and inspected this conveyance. It was a *voiture* of a sort with which his rambles about town had long familiarized him—a hack, in short, with gross muddy wheels, a fat underbody and closed doors. The panels of these doors were quite solid save for small fleurs-de-lis which had been punched through them, one on either side.

"It must be as black as a hat in there," he reflected. The hack was drawn by a played-out white nag with yawning haunches and driven by a bushy fellow with his tongue in his cheek.

"Can it be that this is madame's carriage?" he asked himself. In his bashfulness he shrank from opening the door. If it was the wrong lady he might get himself into an infernal mess. For the matter of that, if it was the right lady he might find himself in an equally tight place. To what extent was the interpreter to be informed of the night's doings, for example; and next, how would he interpret them? And what was to guarantee Mr. Fairfield that the fellow was not as clever with swords or pistols as he was with chessmen? For, now that the seaman came to think of it, the interpreter had a nasty look of reserve accomplishments about him.

The unclouded light of reason had often before now forced his romantic impulses to take cover; and he might have stood there a long while on one foot between the devil and the deep sea; or to be more precise, between madame and the Amphitrite, had not the difficulty solved itself by the door's swinging open of itself.

"If monsieur will condescend?"

Ah, so it was madame! In a twinkling he had seated himself by her side. The driver clapped the door to and at once without orders put his horse in motion.

"This is fine business," thought the second mate of the Amphitrite. He pictured his comrades on shipboard all ears as he recounted this romantic marvel which he could garnish as he chose. A very pretty tale, but just now he was at a total loss for words. His nostrils were again filled with that agreeable mingling of must and perfume, this time accompanied by a fairly strong infusion of horse. It was as dark here to the full as he had anticipated. He reached out a hand to assure himself that madame was actually beside him. By accident he touched one of those deft white fingers.

"Where are you taking me?" he murmured.

"Ah, you would give the world to know, monsieur?"

"Yes, the world and all."

"But you forget. Have you not your little instrument for spying out what is in the heart?"

"To be sure!"

He drew it playfully from his pocket and held it against her under cover of that enchanted darkness. Was the sound that he heard more than the pounding of blood in his own ears? Steam was already making on the Amphitrite; and he must be getting the after lines off the bollards before dawn. The siege must be broken off forever. Well, but is it not the siege itself that enthralls, and not capitulation? For then how often the conqueror sits amidst the smoking ruins wondering if it will be worth his while to rebuild.

He listened. Ah, if he could only listen there forever, sinking as through a dream of forgetfulness into the forgetfulness of death itself!

But suddenly he was disturbed by the sound of something beating regularly and sharply. Certainly this was not the action of the human heart! There was a hard metallic ring in it. No doubt the horse overreaching and bringing his irons smartly up against his hind hoofs.

"What do you hear, monsieur? You are very attentive, to be sure."

"The trump of doom," whispered Mr. Fairfield, thinking privately that he was doing very well to-night. So carried out of himself was he that he failed to notice that their *voiture* was at a stand.

"Quickly!" cried madame, opening the door.

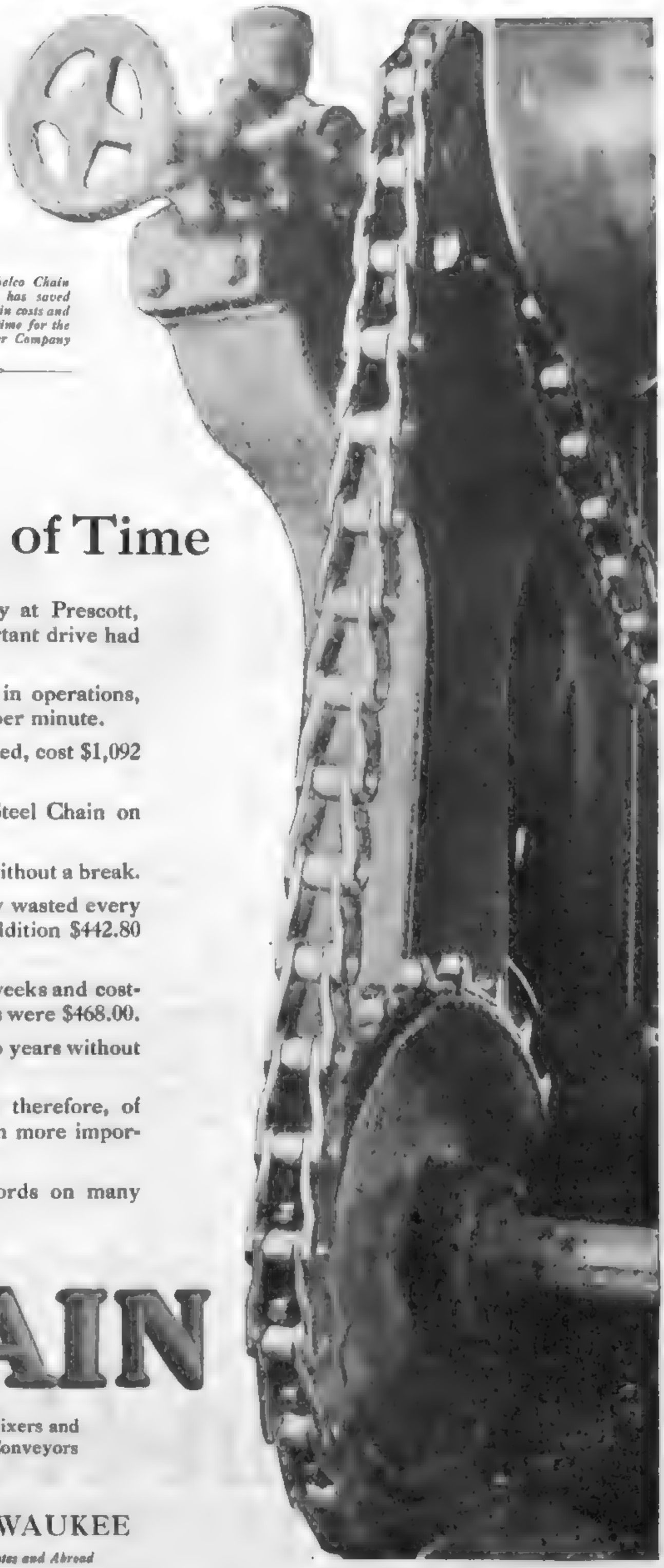
They were at the gates of the museum of Monsieur D'Astignac, where he had first glimpsed madame among her tiny paintings. On either hand rows of tall, pale, narrow-shouldered houses adorned with zinc window ledges and mosaics of water lilies and the like; and spirited touches of blue on the iron balconies. Not a week ago he had seen these balconies thronged with dark, wild, wistful faces turned seaward down the little street where a great file of soldiers was marching past. Now iron curtains were drawn over the windows at the street level. Perforated iron sheets were fitted to the cellar windows. Fortresses all, as if the inhabitants thought that medieval times might come again over that Europe whose very name of Ereb, given her by ancient Arabians, was darkness. The philosophy of such inhabitants must embrace all possibilities. Had not the people of this very city been besieged and starved out by a benevolent cardinal not so many centuries ago?

The misery of a whole people is not forgotten in a moment. Mistrust was then the essence of the situation; mistrust was still so.

"Monsieur is following?" uttered madame over her shoulder. In her black hat with the stone-green ribbon wreathed about it she was surely the most charming being in the world. Monsieur was following.

The side door to the museum was set deep in its walls. As is usual with such doors, it had no knob; only a keyhole and an ornamental brass bar in the middle of the door. Madame produced a key and they stole into the museum together.

(Continued on Page 49)



The Rex Chabelco Chain on this drive has saved $442.80 in chain costs and $1,092.00 in time for the Beaver Lumber Company

Saving $1,092 Worth of Time

In the mill of the Beaver Lumber Company at Prescott, Oregon, the ordinary chain used on an important drive had to be replaced every two weeks.

Each replacement caused a 15-minute delay in operations, representing an overhead loss of about $1.40 per minute.

In two years the fifty-two replacements required, cost $1,092 in lost overhead.

They finally decided to try Rex Chabelco Steel Chain on that drive.

The first one they put on has lasted two years without a break.

It has saved the $1,092 worth of time formerly wasted every two years in making replacements, and in addition $442.80 by reducing chain costs.

When they used ordinary chain, lasting two weeks and costing about $9.00, their drive-costs for two years were $468.00.

The Rex Chabelco, that has already lasted two years without a break, cost $25.20.

The Rex Chabelco represents a net saving, therefore, of $442.80 in chain costs in addition to the even more important saving of time.

Rex Chabelco Chain is making similar records on many kinds of drives. It can do the same for you.

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in United States and Abroad

How I Discovered the Secret of Pleasant Shaving

The Story of the Double Bevel Blade that Made My Face Feel Fine

by A·C·Penn

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade.

A NUMBER of years ago I was traveling Europe studying razor edges. I was buying and shaving with all sorts of razors.

One day I shaved with a razor that did something I never experienced before. It made my face feel as though I had used some kind of healing lotion on it. It felt *fine*—not tender, not drawn.

It felt good to the touch, too. I liked to run my finger-tips over the skin.

▫ ▫ ▫

I shaved again and again with that edge. And I always got that same fine after-feeling.

I went to see the maker of that razor. He was a small manufacturer of hand-ground razors.

I asked him why his edge seemed to *heal* the face and make you like to run your hand over it.

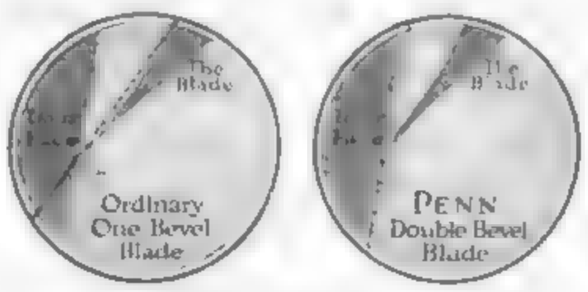
▫ ▫ ▫

This is what he told me:

"Razors always used to be ground with a single concave bevel tapering right down to the edge. That brings the sharp edge against your face *at an angle*.

"Such an edge tends to *sink into the surface of the skin* each time it goes through the beard.

"My razor is ground with *two* bevels.



Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin.

"The second bevel is microscopically narrow and close to the edge. It raises the edge off the skin and guides it evenly along the surface.

"Therefore, my edge takes away the beard without sinking into the skin, or scraping or cutting. Naturally, your face does not feel the usual soreness after shaving."

▫ ▫ ▫

Like a flash, I saw that this was the thing I had been searching for in razor edges.

And I saw that it would be a problem to apply it to the thin safety razor blade, ground by machine.

But I tackled the problem. I have put years in time and many thousands of dollars into working it out.

And today I offer you this fine-face-feeling shave edge on the Penn Double-Bevel Blade.

▫ ▫ ▫

You may find it hard to believe that your skin can actually feel better after using any razor than it did before. But you *will know this is true* when you try the Penn Double-Bevel Blade on your own beard.

Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors. The new Penn *Adjustable* Razor and ten Double-Bevel Blades in olive green leather case, $5. Penn Shaving Sets, including Adjustable Razor, ten blades and Honing Strop in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

Therefore, I urge you to go to the store where you usually trade and get a Penn Adjustable Razor.

If the store has not yet been stocked, write us direct and I'll see that you are supplied.

Decide *now* to get these *fine-face-feeling* shaves.

New Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard.

Penn ADJUSTABLE Razor

"With the Double Bevel Blades"

A. C. PENN, Inc., Singer Building, New York

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The odor of must was stronger here than ever. The collection was very old and the articles exhibited were of every kind. Monsieur D'Astignac had been certainly a man of cosmopolitan tastes. He had had a weakness for tapestries, and rugs in which the red dyes were conspicuous; but he had been equally successful in his search for porcelains and ivories. In one room were gathered together specimens of ancient armor. Coins were displayed in cases against a velvet ground. And in still larger cases were ranged his miniatures, those heads of long-buried beauties glowing there with touches of finest art. It was reputed the second finest collection of miniatures in Europe. Here could be seen at a glance how the art had had its beginning in the illumination of ancient manuscripts; then had detached itself and appeared on slips of vellum; next in opaque colors on copper in the Dutch style, and finally on ivory and in the delicate transparent coloring which marks the modern phase of the art.

Madame switched on a light.

"D'Astignac was a great traveler," was Mr. Fairfield's comment, "if he brought home all this junk."

"Yes, these are the things he found in his travels," sighed madame. "All these curious pretty things. *Très joli*, is it not?"

She transfixed the young man with a burning glance and whispered passionately: "But he did not find peace."

"He could not? He was tormented by some regret?" stammered Mr. Fairfield, who could not but feel the force of this glance.

"Yes," said madame faintly.

Mr. Fairfield wondered by what lucky chance he had floated into this delectable predicament. After a wait of a quarter of a century too, during which time nothing of note had taken place. He felt now that destiny was only a glorious scroll being unrolled before him by an unseen hand. No, not unseen; by these very firm white fingers which he had seen so cunningly at work here in their workshop.

"What was his regret?"

"He had the heart of a woman for a legacy," said madame. For the first time her eye met his and did not turn away. Patrician though she was, he could have sworn that the same imp looked out there that he had seen in the eye of that strong-vaulted widow.

"Lead me away from the wild women," whispered the humorist resident in his marrow, that canny inner man.

"Of a woman?" uttered Fairfield, the romantic, drawing closer. "Yes, I had heard something of that. He deserted her, I believe."

"He chose the sea for his mistress," said madame sadly, "though he swore to her that it was for one voyage only. One little voyage, monsieur. Look! Here is the hammer with which he struck the first blow at the keel of his new ship."

"He built her himself?" queried Fairfield, his eye glistening. "You can't wonder if he wanted to try her out."

"One does not trifle so with women's hearts," returned madame. "That proud woman would not wait."

"She married someone else?" said Harry Fairfield in a voice of awe.

"*Oui, monsieur.* Ah, those proud souls, what were they trifling with? Monsieur D'Astignac married also. That first love died many years before him. It was her will that her body be burned to ashes and thrown to the four winds, but that her heart be pressed into a little box that monsieur had sent her; a little curio; yes, the heart still warm to be taken from the body and crushed there within that little casket of ivory and sent here to monsieur again."

"Say, I fall for this stuff hard!" cried Fairfield, forgetting his French in the rapture of the moment. Recovering, he said more bashfully:

"Monsieur D'Astignac knew, of course, what was inside?"

"How could such a heart be silent? It spoke to him, yes, monsieur. That weary heart could never rest."

Fairfield moved uneasily. Could he not hear this heart beating even now? He lifted his eyes. Madame's bright ones were shining as if hot tears were in them.

"You shall see, monsieur."

She drew aside the drapery whose red fringe she had held twisted in her fingers. There in an alcove behind slender bars and on a crimson cushion lay in truth a yellowed ivory box, a little sarcophagus, the lid upheld by the most delicate of pot-bellied little Cupids.

Mr. Fairfield stared with all his eyes.

"A heart? A woman's heart is there?"

"A heart of love—taken warm from the body, monsieur."

"What a woman!" muttered Fairfield. "They would eat this up in the States."

Madame drew breath sharply.

"You do not ask to see her picture," she said faintly.

"Of course," he cried, "there must be a miniature of her!"

Madame uncurled her fingers and in the palm of her hand lay the miniature. The tiny painting, done on an oval of ivory, looked as fresh as if painted yesterday. Fairfield bent toward it.

"It is you—your very self!" he gasped.

"It was painted a hundred years ago."

"Then she is your own ancestor at least. How could you be anything but beautiful? But let us see this strange fellow, the founder of the museum. There must be some sort of painting of him here."

"If monsieur will lift his head ——"

Mr. Fairfield, with a curious premonition, followed the direction of her glance. His jaw dropped. His eye was single and so he felt that his body must be full of light. For his own face looked out of that canvas.

"Jiminy frost cakes!" he whispered. "Well, I always knew it."

"Can it be true," cried madame, "that passion never dies? Do you think the love in that withered heart may not be living, struggling still?"

"Ah, poor ghost!" said the seaman.

"Oh, not a ghost; but warm, but living!" breathed madame. She drooped toward him. Mr. Fairfield crushed her to him with a heavy beating of the heart.

"What a sell this is for the interpreter!" spoke the unimpassioned humorist in his ear.

Mr. Fairfield murmured to madame: "Then it was for this you brought me here?"

"But you were going in the morning," whispered madame, letting her head fall back on her shoulders. "You will not desert me for a ship a second time, beloved?"

"Never!" asseverated the romantic. A splendid vision of love in a château was present to him.

"The Amphitrite will have steam up by four o'clock," ventured the resident humorist.

A harsh laugh from the shadows of the outer hall cut short the train of his reflection.

Madame sprang out of his arms with a great gasp and shrank back against the wall. The interpreter came forward, smirking.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "My respects, madame. I observe that the American is, in fact, trying his device for listening at the door of human hearts as I suggested to him. Do you hear it tick so fast there, monsieur? Does it not beat there like a little silver hammer in that breast?"

And in fact was not something of that nature beating in his ear?

Mr. Fairfield braced himself for action.

"Monsieur the interpreter," he said sternly, "you have seen what you have seen. Will you suggest weapons?"

He looked about him for weapons; but nothing there seemed quite suited to their needs. Two ancient cannon, like scaly lizards, lay under the coin case; a single rusted sword hung against a tapestry; and two old bell-mouthed blunderbusses lay in a dueling case of mothy silk.

"There are a couple of arbalests in the other room," said the interpreter cheerfully. "Are you in practice? But since one of us must be got out of the way, what do you say to settling the business with a game of chess? Here is a phial of a vehement poison. We will set it here. There is our board, there are our men. The loser shall drink the poison."

In fact the table from which he had just lifted Monsieur D'Astignac's sledge was a chessboard laid out in exquisite squares of ebony and ivory with a margin of Chinese mandarins. The chessmen were lying tumbled about on the window ledge, as if swept there recently.

"Of chess?" repeated Mr. Fairfield.

"The door is open behind you," whispered the humorist in his ear. "What do you say to beating it at once?"

In fact the suggestion of the interpreter was devilish unfair, considering the ease with which the fellow had beaten him consistently in what few games they had played out at the Café de la Paix. He looked darkly at the little bottle of poison. Still it must be confessed that it was the other man's wife who was in question, and so the other man should logically have the choice of weapons. The interpreter was already setting up his men composedly. Mr. Fairfield followed suit.

"The king's gambit," said the interpreter, moving out a pawn.

Harry Fairfield moved in turn, but with a sinking of the stomach. What had he done in the hot flush of the romantic moment? There was something absurd in such a termination to a tense affair. How could he ponder, chin in hand, when the question was of life or death?

"This is a contemptible trick," whispered the humorist. "Do you think he will drink the poison himself if he loses?"

Mr. Fairfield dared not look at madame, though he felt that she was close. Was their love to be defeated after all, after flaming for a hundred years, through all these generations? Her head was not a foot from his own. What desperate luck for both of them! His mind refused to fix itself upon the game. Within ten moves the strength of his opponent's play had sufficiently developed so that the end could be predicted. With a rising horror he saw that he could not prevail.

"You were a fool to sit down here at all," observed the humorist.

He could almost hear—indeed, could he not actually hear the ticking of these fateful moments past his ear? Or was it the heart of madame, who—as his situation grew more perilous—sank lower and lower toward the board, her face, as he fancied, full of fearful interest? But still he dared not look.

Life had never seemed so distinct; nor had he ever before viewed so cleverly all round its ironic alternatives. He felt that there was a heavy meaning in that defeated heart still so eloquent in its casket.

"You had better let history repeat itself and beat it for the ship," insisted the humorist. "You are in wrong here."

Mr. Fairfield glanced up and saw close at hand the leering face of the interpreter. The very foundation of that face was treachery. Was it to be thought that he would drink the poison himself if he lost?

The interpreter made an unexpected move and called: "Checkmate!" in a voice of steel.

Fairfield sprang up in a rage without waiting to verify the move. A double meaning had sounded in those words. Some demon of mistrust leered over the threshold of his brain and sent an uncanny shiver down his spine.

"I invite your attention to the hemlock," said the interpreter, smiling sarcastically.

Fairfield felt his clutch slip on this desperate affair.

"He shall never accuse me of cowardice," he thought, and reached for the poison. Madame dashed the bottle out of his hand impetuously.

"Go!" she cried. "Go at once, monsieur!"

"Ah," said the interpreter calmly, "so he has caught your fancy after all! You were bound to be burnt if you played long enough with fire."

Madame's face was deadly pale. Fairfield drew a staggering breath.

"Oh, yes," continued the interpreter, closing his eyes. "She can sing a sweet song of love, can she not? I know it well. With that little silver hammer in her breast beating, beating on a man's brain like a hell"

Fairfield heard it plainly.

"And what a clever thing she is," the interpreter went on jealously. "Would anyone else have thought of using art for the purposes of intrigue? But you see what love is. She has painted out the face of Monsieur D'Astignac and put yours in its place to give color to that romantic tale of hers.

"Yes, she went back a hundred years to make certain of you, my friend."

Fairfield looked at the picture again and it seemed to him that there were in fact fresh gleams on it. He reached up and drew his fingers across the canvas and stared at his finger ends. They were smeared with pigment, for the high lights had been knifed on. The picture had been painted within two days.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"Now what would you suppose?" said the interpreter. His face seemed more deadly than ever, his thin lips more brilliantly incarnadined, his nails more sparkling, his teeth more milky white.

"Did you think you were such a devil with them?" he called aloud in his thin voice. "Do you usually find women so compliant? Bah! You were blind. You were the one man who might have saved the day for them, and you let yourself be shorn of your strength by that Delilah."

"Madame, madame, say it is not true!" cried Fairfield in trembling tones.

But madame, pale as a phantom, said nothing.

"Fool that you are!" lisped the interpreter. "Since she will not tell you, I will. The train is laid to the explosive at Number Ten. It will detonate sometime tonight. And you, with your accursed little device, might have listened and might have detected the mechanism before the acid had eaten away the wire. And so it was necessary to employ your mind. Before midnight there will be not so much as a shred of a ship left in the basin."

"Do you say it is too late?" Fairfield whispered hoarsely. "What if it were got at and destroyed now? It is timed to the instant, is it not?"

"Ah, you are thinking the little device may help you still," said the interpreter. "Well, let us see if madame is as clever with her fingers as her tongue."

Fairfield thrust his hand into his pocket. The device was gone.

"Filched!" he cried in a horror-stricken voice. He looked at madame, but her face was turned away from him.

"Yes, filched," said the interpreter.

Fairfield stood struck to stone, sweat rolling down his spine. Men who are not made for folly pay dear for it. He was to pay for his infatuation with the lives of all his comrades on the Amphitrite. Involuntarily he glanced at the ivory casket again. Was it, then, nothing more than a clever stage property? In his bitterness he could have laughed aloud; but now that something that he had taken for the beating of madame's excited heart smote on his ear more loudly. A rhythmic utterance, and coming—unless his ears deceived him—from that box of ivory on its crimson cushion. Could it be—could that cleverly constructed tale have been told of *the very object in which the infernal machine had been concealed?*

He had no sooner put himself the question than he was certain of the answer.

"Ah!" he whispered. "You are so clever, are you? But let me tell you that I hear without the aid of any device. It is there—there!"

He approached the little casket like an ape, his knees bent, his arms swinging, his mouth wide open. The interpreter, his eyes full of ghastliest fear, attended him; but it was madame alone who barred his way, crying in a swooning voice: "No! No!" He seized her round arms in an invincible grip, only to hear her cry: "Monsieur! Monsieur," so piteously that he stared; and, staring, found that he was in darkness; in all but utter darkness, shaken this way and that, and assailed—could he believe his senses—by a distinct and soul-gratifying odor of horse.

He had never got out of the hack!

The hideous drama in which he had played so awful a part had been a dream; and he was holding in his arms the frightened person of madame, who cried soothingly: "Monsieur, you are hurting me. Are you awake?"

"Awake?" cried Fairfield. "If you knew what I have dreamt! It is a fact, I must have fallen asleep. I have been working hard all day. Forgive me."

For one horrifying instant he had thought that she herself had been only a dream figure, for in the darkness of the cab he could not too easily make out her figure lying back on the gray cushions. And so, vividly conscious as he was of the rare perfume of her presence, of the rich low music of her voice, he was first of all grateful—profoundly grateful—for the mere fact of her.

It was one thing if he might treasure this night's work as an experience, and a horse of another color if he had been forced to tell it as a dream.

He hugged himself to see that, where a moment ago he had been on the point of losing her altogether, he now had still these facts to build on: That he held the living woman in his arms, that she submitted, that she had not betrayed him after all and that the interpreter was not at hand.

(Concluded on Page 177)

MATTERS OF OPINION

The Case of the Trolleys

WITHIN twenty-five years or so adventuring private capital put four or five billion dollars into more than a thousand companies that built and operated nearly fifty thousand miles of track, with power houses and equipment, thereby furnishing a new, swift, cheap, clean mode of transportation to a considerable part of the population of the country. A rather small number of security jugglers made great profits out of the development. The big body of investors got five to eight per cent.

Several years ago automobiles and good public highways set up a very formidable competition to the trolleys in various parts of the country. That competition on the whole has pretty steadily increased with the improvement of the gasoline motor and of the highways. Four years ago rising costs of operation, due to higher wages and higher prices, began making havoc in trolley finances; and that has continued with steadily increasing intensity to this day.

A great many miles of trolley track, East, West and in between, for which investors paid good money, have been abandoned. The motorist in Massachusetts or California reads the familiar road direction, "Turn left and follow trolley," where there is no longer any trolley to follow or the remains of one can be found only by looking under the grass and dust. In many places fares have been raised. Straight ten cents is now the rule in Massachusetts, for example, but generally the first effect of a sharp increase in fare is to reduce travel; and with recent wage increases there are companies that not even a ten-cent fare will save. On the other hand, there are companies so situated and so managed that they have been able to keep going very well on the old five-cent fare—by making less frequent stops and using various other devices. Meanwhile many companies, with heavy investment, have gone into bankruptcy, and many more are headed in that direction.

As the case stands many hundreds of millions have been written off the trolley investment, many hundreds of millions more are in a dubious state, and the whole trolley situation is very much up in the air. How much to increase fares, whether to charge for transfers, whether the zone-fare system should be generally adopted, skip-stops, what to do about the growing motor competition, how to get a stable relationship with labor—are among the questions that trolley experts are debating in seeking a sound basis for the much disturbed industry.

For one thing, no doubt there was overbuilding. Many trolley lines were built that could not justify themselves, especially in the face of motor competition that developed later.

One thing is clear, however—private enterprise and adventuring private capital built an enormous system of cheap, swift transportation whose great value as a national asset is beyond question, and as the case stands there has been a very heavy loss of capital. A lot of people in politics and journalism treat the element of risk in capitalistic enterprise very lightly and make no allowance for it. In fact, it is full of risk, as the present state of the world, otherwise than with respect to trolleys, illustrates.

The Distributing End

SOME time ago the Tariff Commission made an investigation of the price of cloth in the United States. It found that in typical cases the price of the cloth increased about ninety-eight per cent from the time it left the manufacturer's hands until it reached the consumer's hands; in other words, the consumer paid about double the price received by the manufacturer or producer. More recently the Federal Trade Commission found that the price of shoes increased about eighty per cent from the time they left the manufacturer's hands until they reached the consumer's hands. Other investigations as to other staple articles—milk and various food products, for example—have shown much the same situation, the consumer paying seventy-five to a hundred per cent more than the producer received.

Only a part of this spread is chargeable to the cost of transportation, and in haphazard discussion most of it is charged up to the profits of middlemen—jobbers and retailers. But, in fact, a great part of it is chargeable to the costs of an ill-organized, haphazard distributive system. It is noteworthy that numberless attempts have been made in the United States to reduce this excessive price spread between producer and consumer by coöperative merchandising enterprises, but most of them have failed because finally the coöperative concern could not compete with the noncoöperative. The failure, as a rule, of coöperative enterprises in this field shows that the price spread between producer and consumer is not due simply to profiteering or gouging on the part of middlemen. If it were due simply to that any concern that eschewed gouging could easily and steadily undersell its noncoöperative competitors. It is due in fact to causes much deeper seated.

Usually all our price discussions and high-cost-of-living agitations turn against big business and seek a remedy by attacking an oil trust, a beef trust, a steel trust, and so on. But big business operates mainly in the producing end, as manufacturer; and it is in the less organized, less coördinated distributing end that a great part of the total price burden actually rises. For one thing, certainly, we do not want less organization and less coördination than we now have. We want more; but politics still inclines to lean pretty heavily on its old remedy of repressing organization. Its chief economic implement is just the policeman's club. There might have been a government agency devoted only to constructive criticism of business. Intelligent constructive analysis of the distributing end of business with a view to better organization and avoiding wastes would be one of the most useful attacks on high cost of living.

What is Needed

IT WOULD help tremendously just now if everybody with a general theory on any subject would retire to the back of the hall, sit down and keep still. The business of this present meeting is not to discuss theories. Half the town has been swept by fire and the other half is in considerable confusion. What the meeting needs is definite, concrete, practical ideas as to how various definite, concrete things are to be done.

If anybody knows where there are a dozen camping tents for the houseless or exactly what machinery is necessary to start up the gas plant and where it is to be found, let him stand up and speak. If he wants to discuss the general subject of indoor versus outdoor sleeping or whether the rebuilt gas plant should follow the classic or the colonial style of architecture, let him wait for a more propitious moment.

Theory always has the illimitable reaches of space to roam round in. It mainly belongs there, where it gets in nobody's way and where no collision with ponderable objects can damage either the theory or the object.

Trying to Hegelize a boiler factory is bad for both Hegel and the boilers. The world has been stuffed to the neck with theories, which is partly what ails it. The immediate doing of practical, concrete things—homely things like finding a bolt that will fit the broken reaper and patching the rat-eaten bushel measure—is all it has time or patience or need to hear about now. Men who know something about that and can do something about it move up in front.

The Cost of a Strike

THE country could finally beat a railroad strike. The railroads are in the hands of the Government under an Administration that has given indubitable proof of its desire to be not only very fair but very liberal to labor. A railroad strike would be a strike against the Government and in the minds of millions of plain men would raise a plain issue of who was running the country.

A railroad strike could be beaten as decisively as Germany was beaten. But the world will be counting the cost of beating Germany for many years. The cost of beating a general railroad strike would be terrific. The material cost would fall on every business and every household in the land. The spiritual cost in anger and bitterness would long outlast the material costs. The nation earnestly wants peace, not war. Only Prussian folly can force war upon it.

Labor leaders, if they have the interests of their followers at heart, should be the first to urge a system of fair, binding mediation so as to remove the threat of war as far as possible. The present situation, like the international situation in Europe before 1914, constantly points to war. They ought to know that if war does finally come it will be the aggressors who will finally lose.

The Harness

SHIPBUILDING has long been a leading British industry, in which Great Britain easily led the world. Due in part to rising costs, coal shortage and interruptions to production over there we are now in the lead. Lloyd George told the House of Commons the other day that "In America wages are higher than here, hours of labor no longer, and the labor cost in proportion to the articles produced is less."

About the same time a leading figure in the British shipping field was giving his stockholders a rather dark view of the situation and adding: "If trade and commerce had been released from control at the beginning of the year we should no doubt have had some serious difficulties for a time, but I believe that by this date we should already have got over the worst."

Shortly before the beginning of the year, as it happened, President Wilson told Congress: "The moment we knew the armistice was signed we took the harness off. . . . It is surprising how fast the process of return to a peace footing has moved. . . . Our people do not wait to be coached and led. . . . Any leading strings we might seek to put on them would speedily become hopelessly tangled."

Congress is just now busy arranging to put the government harness back on. The House of Representatives, in panicky response to cost-of-living agitation, proposes an elaborate system of government control. That means, in practical effect, putting a more or less arbitrary power of interference into the hands of a swarm of subordinate government employees—honest and well-meaning men almost without exception, but having not much knowledge of the particular business that they are made a guardian of. It means injecting a bureaucratic element in business.

Business men object to it, just as anybody would object to doing business with a policeman sitting on the corner of his desk who could hold up any particular transaction until it was explained to him and he was convinced that it was proper. British business men are pretty nearly unanimous in the opinion that keeping the harness on means merely staving off the real solution of the problem, which meanwhile tends to grow worse rather than better.

Unsettling

THERE is little coal in Italy, but cables mention an orgy of gambling in Rome. Necessaries of life are painfully scarce in Germany; a large part of the population is undernourished; but correspondents say the celebrated night life of Berlin is flourishing more vigorously than before the war, with prodigal spending in all the highest-price places of nocturnal resort, and the baccarat clubs crowded.

That is, of course, a natural result of insecurity; and in milder forms, corresponding to a milder degree of insecurity, it is found over the United States. Tell a hundred men convincingly that they are going to lose their money, and one of them—of an excessively conservative turn of mind—may begin hunting round for a place in the cellar to bury it, in the faint hope that it will not be unearthed; but the ninety-nine others will begin blowing it in.

A long list of what were hitherto considered sound investment issues, especially in the railroad and public-utility lines, shows a heavy depreciation, though there is a lively demand for more speculative issues. Uncertainty, insecurity, unsettlement of established values—naturally breed speculation. Reckless expenditure and baccarat are logical products of an unsettled, hazardous state. Restless and reckless labor makes restless and reckless capital. The agitation and industrial disturbance in the United States undoubtedly have their adverse reaction upon saving and prudent investing. If it were carried upon saving and prudent investing. If it were carried far all the war gains in the way of thrift would undoubtedly be lost. Instead of twenty million bond buyers we should have twenty million gamblers in fly-by-night oil stocks or mere spenders. This country is less unsettled than any other, but unsettled enough.

Red Cross Needs

THERE is no demobilization in sight for the American Red Cross. Americans are fairly familiar in outline with its war record. Every American ought to be proud of it. Money alone, no matter in what prodigal quantity, could not have produced the war services of the Red Cross. Money alone was the smaller factor. A great quantity of individual human intelligence and enthusiasm was necessary. The armistice put no period to some of the work which the world had come to expect from this concern and for which it was the best available agency. It had the organization and experience to do many things that still needed doing and that nobody else could do so well.

Of course there will always be an American Red Cross. Its morale ought always to be a wartime morale. Whoever is looking for a moral equivalent for war—that is, for an opportunity for unselfish, whole-hearted devotion to a high cause—need not be discouraged because the slaughter is over with. He can enlist in the Red Cross' bloodless fight to alleviate human suffering. There may be a considerable number of demobilized and unsettled young men who are more or less definitely looking for an opportunity which the Red Cross can now offer them, for the organization's chief need just now is men.

As one of its national officers puts it: "The prime difficulty which we face is the one which the country and the world faces: It is to find men of the right experience and character to do the work."

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"Hey, fellers, look who's wearin' long pants!"

FATHERS: You owe it to your boy to give him the right slant on the clothes question; to start him off on his long-trousered career imbued with a taste for the best *made-to-order* clothes.

You have taught your boy to hold true to fine ideals—without compromise—in all of his aims and activities.

See that his clothes—*his closest bosom companions*—express this exacting standard of manhood.

Let them be precise and accurate in fit—as you expect him to be in all of his promises and executions.

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T·R·T

A Royal made-to-measure suit is a complete sermon on success.

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Go with your son today to the store of the authorized resident Royal Tailor dealer.

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The Secret of Distinction in Dress

IF you would know the secret of Distinction in Dress, find the coat or suit which you, *and your type of figure only*, should wear. It will lend you distinction — express your personality in a becoming style.

You are sure to discover in Printzess coats and suits *the one* garment which will give you that distinction in dress you so much desire. Years of experience have enabled Printzess designers unerringly to adapt the latest, most authentic fashions to the individual woman's needs. There are wonderfully charming styles for every type and kind of figure in the Printzess models.

But Printzess Distinction in Dress goes deeper than appearance alone; it is built in as a part of the garment. Style! Quality! Master workmanship which endures throughout the life of the garment! All these are assured by the Printzess label.

October 13th to 18th is Printzess Week, the fall fashion event looked forward to by women everywhere. Go to the Printzess dealer in your town; you will enjoy seeing his display of the new Printzess coats and suits especially designed for this occasion.

Let us send you our booklet of style forecasts: "Milady! Her Coat and Suit." We'll tell you the name of the Printzess dealer in your town.

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DEMNITION BOWWOWS

(Continued from Page 9)

but their own advantage. And I have seen enough of British and American armies in action to know that men can put up a clean front if they are so inclined, even though a cootie army has invaded them.

During the great typhus epidemic in Serbia it was my privilege, as a member of the unit under the direction of Dr. Richard P. Strong, of Harvard University, to help disinsect the Serbian Army and population, and I thought then that in the matter of rags and wretchedness and apparent indifference to dirt and disease the Serbs were in themselves the utmost horrible example. But I have to remember now a certain stalwart strength about them and an uprightness and dignity even in the midst of their benightedness which as an unmistakable expression of their basic character made it very difficult for one to estimate justly their actual worth. I suffered vast contrasts of emotion on their account. One day after wading up to my eyes in their unspeakable conditions of life I wanted to rid the earth of them as a menace and encumbrance; the next day having looked upon a few proudly uplifted though doubtless lousy heads and witnessing a few wholly un-self-conscious and unquestionably involuntary heroisms I would enthrone them in my imagination as being among the best human material that humanity has to base its hopes upon.

I wrote something about how difficult it was to get at the truth with regard to them and recommended a philanthropic program of continuing and constructive assistance on the part of the much-appealed-to American people which should have for its object their eventual uplift on a solid foundation of established and indestructible institutions. But my effort got me very much disliked by the Serbian relief organizations, and they nearly took my head off for crossfiring their line of attack. What they wanted was money, and they avoided anything in the nature of a critical analysis of the situation as they would have avoided the disease which at that time was decimating the Serbian population. So much for the Serbs. And so much also for a perhaps inexcusable digression.

Some Bulgarians Bathe

The Bulgarians are orderly, and before the war they were beginning to be thought of as the most progressive people in the Balkans. They have escaped the reputation common to Balkan peoples of being spreaders of insect-borne disease, and the most notable institution in their fine modern city of Sofia is the great public bathing establishment which, when I was in Sofia in 1915, was patronized to capacity every day.

And since I am making comparisons I might say that the Greek seems to base his demands with regard to his environment on excellent instincts. His cities and towns are well built, are equipped with admirable modern utilities and are well kept. But his personal habits leave considerable to be desired. A Greek crowd—on a ship's deck, let us say, or in any public place—can create more litter and confusion in a given time than any kind of crowd I ever encountered. But they clean up after themselves eventually; they have some regard for cleanliness in their sanitary arrangements, and the neatness of their small as well as large communities is a strange contradiction of the things we know about them.

An Italian emigration officer whose business before the war was to bring Greeks and Italians to the United States told me at Athens in 1915 that he was there to deliver an ultimatum to the Greek Government. If the Greek Government would not undertake to guarantee the physical condition of its emigrants when it gave them permission to leave the country the Italian Government would have to refuse to permit them to travel on Italian ships along with Italian peasants whose reputation for bodily cleanliness their government was anxious to preserve. I do not know what became of this ultimatum, but later I crossed the Atlantic on a Greek ship which had made just one round trip since it slipped off the ways at Hull, and, new as the vessel was, even in my first-class cabin I found my box of powder and my little bellows the most useful articles in my possession. As for the regions below—the No Admittance signs at the gangways seemed to me to be quite unnecessary—at least so far as I was concerned. From my standpoint it was like putting a No Admittance sign on a snake cage at the zoo.

After which consider the Turk. Unlike the Greek he is rather Mohammedanly scrupulous in his personal habits, but seems to be unmindful with regard to his surroundings. The Germans cleaned Constantinople up until it was a glittering, gleaming, dustless and odorless joy, but the Germans left perforce; and by degrees—with the whole world interfering and with nobody exercising direct authority—it has gone back to its ancient state of unsightliness and odoriferous chaos.

All of which is to prove that in writing about the Rumanians I wish to be just to them. They are no worse, perhaps, than their Balkan brethren, but certainly they are no better. And it is not to be disputed that they make less effort to combat objectionable conditions than any other people in Europe. In Transylvania—which is a part of the tremendous territory now known in Bukharest as New Rumania—there are a great many Rumanian villages. There are also a great many Saxon and Magyar villages, to say nothing of a few old settlements of other nationalities.

Unvarnished Truths

As a member of a party of investigators I motored over a large part of Transylvania a short time ago and the thing which made the most distinct impression on me was that we began at once to identify Rumanian settlements by the condition they were in. There was no mistaking them. We did not have to observe the architecture or the native costumes or the character of the churches or anything of that kind; all we had to do was to look at the gutters and the door yards, avoid running over pigs, chickens and children and lift our noses to the smells. The only ill-kept villages in Transylvania are Rumanian. The Rumanians would acknowledge this because the assertion is so easy to substantiate, but they would invite the interested inquirer to regard it as another evidence of Magyar suppression and tyranny. It would be the most convincing evidence observable, too, except for the embarrassing circumstance that the villages of old Rumania are in even worse condition.

When I saw the dreadful soldiers at Brasov I was on my way into Rumania for the first time. I knew my Balkans fairly well, having been in and out now and again, but I had always been in and out through Greece or Serbia, and Rumania had never before been in the path that I was traveling. It was therefore perhaps that I had idealized the Rumanians. I thought they must be the best people in the Balkans.

And then I arrived in Bukharest! I had sent a telegram, of course, and there were an automobile and some friendly Americans to meet me, but my telegram—sent three days before from Budapest—had been delivered only about an hour before I arrived, so I was in hard luck.

Parenthetically let me say that our so-called lines of communication are and always have been tied up in double bowknots, and if someone would really get down to business and try to figure out the actual whys and wherefores of all the delays in the settlement of Europe's affairs he surely would report this fact as an important contributing cause. Many a telegram from Southeastern Europe to Paris which might have served to save or at least to clarify a situation was never delivered at all, and if a message from Paris to Bukharest or Constantinople got through under a week it was regarded as extraordinary. It was not possible even for Bukharest and Constantinople to communicate with each other by wire with less than two or three days' delay. And all the time our war areas in France were cluttered up with expensive wireless outfits with which we might have established for ourselves throughout our zones of economic and peace mission operations a perfect system. If time is money our representatives in Central and South Europe spent enough in cursing luck and other such agencies and in waiting for instructions to have paid for belting the world with wireless.

The object of my telegram to Bukharest was to ask friends there to reserve shelter for me. I knew from experience how necessary it would be to do this. What with milling populations, army officers coming and going, refugees by the thousands—the Russian ones nearly all rich!—agents of various kinds, political and military missions and what not, every city in Europe is crowded to capacity, and to get a room in a hotel requires not only forethought and advance notice but considerable influence as well. You must pull wires unless you are willing to get the worst of it.

The reserving in Bukharest was being done by the police department and no hotel could admit a guest who did not bring with him an order from the police calling for certain definitely specified accommodation. In other words the police department was the room clerk.

My telegram was delivered at the American legation at ten o'clock at night—having been three days on the way—and I was to arrive in the deep dark of one hour later. A messenger was sent to a police station at once to get for me the necessary paper, but was told that there was not a vacant room in the city. He demanded that one be vacated and backed his demand with a formal request from the American Minister. You might regard that as rather a lofty way of doing things, but it was not; not at all; it was the system; it was merely by way of calling the bluff of the police officials and inducing them to give up temporarily one of many reservations they were known to have made. They had the traveling public on one end of a string and the hotel keepers on the other, and they were playing both ends—no, not against the middle; they themselves were the middle, and they were not playing against the middle.

What I finally got was a room in a small hotel. I have nothing to say about the hotel except that I was grateful for the shelter of its roof. A combination of garlic odors, creeping things, unsightly discolorations, curtainless windows, heaps of odious refuse in corners, and sanitary arrangements that one would not dare to approach without a gas mask and a hose, made me rather ill. But being ill that way is not much of a calamity if you are philosophic about it. It cleans out the system. Disagreeable for the moment perhaps, but on the whole quite beneficial.

I am not trying deliberately to be disgusting. I am trying deliberately to tell such unvarnished truth as may convey an idea of common, ordinary and serenely accepted conditions. My little bellows performed its important duty and a majority of the humble little brothers, being thus abundantly provided for, subsided. But what is one bug's opiate seems to be another bug's stimulant, and a few of them became intoxicated rather than benumbed and made a glorious night of it cavorting round like a pony chorus under the influence of a good jazz band. My next-door neighbors, being the kind of persons no doubt who consort with such creatures on friendly terms, slept soundly enough at any rate not to be disturbed by the noises they themselves were making.

The Best Not Good Enough

The next morning I emphatically demanded a room and bath in the best hotel in town.

"A room and what!" said they.

"Bath!" said I.

"Forget it!" said they. "There's no such thing in Bukharest!"

During the course of the day they induced the police to give up one of their so-called reservations in the best hotel, and I rejoiced exceedingly because the room had fresh linen, an encouraging-looking mattress, curtained windows and a clean though uncarpeted floor. I had hoped to find that it was near one of the bathrooms, but found myself being raucously laughed at by the initiated. Bathrooms? What did I mean, bathrooms? Really I was not the kind of person to be thrust out into the world alone. There was only one bathroom. Only one bathroom in the best hotel in town? Yes, one bathroom! There it was, out there on the balcony, and the *femme de chambre* would fix it for me if I wanted her to, by pouring into it a fluid of sorts out of little tin pitchers. The tub was tin, too, and it had time-honored streaks round it such as are made by greasy waters in a subsiding flood.

And then I was told that I must not under any circumstances ride in a public vehicle. I must not get into a street car; I must not call a carriage or taxicab from a public stand; I must not even travel on a train if I could help it. If it happened to be necessary for me to get anywhere beyond walking distance I must appeal to some friend for the use of his automobile or secure—with a lapse of time, of course, and considerable difficulty—a specially disinfected conveyance. And we almost never said disinfected. The process was called disinsecting process, and it was a grand joke. Neither must I enter a church, said they, nor a theater nor any other place where the public was wont to congregate. In answering my inquiries as to why, they avoided the use of nouns that are the names of things and eased their minds by referring merely to typhus. There was a good deal of smallpox, too, to say nothing of hideous skin infections. The only safe thing to do was to climb a pole like Saint—who was it did that? So many of the saints seem to me to have deserved incarceration rather than canonization.

Anyhow I could not climb a pole. I had to circulate. I circulated and I did pick up some creatures. I did, as a matter of fact. I don't know where or when, but I think it was in church at the Easter festival.

The ceremonies of the Greek-Oriental Church, you know, make the ceremonies of the other European churches look pale and anæmic. When you have an opportunity to witness one of them you cannot afford to miss it; at least I could not. It was midnight's wondrous hour! The world and its wife—not to mention its infants and its grandparents, its soldiers and its sailors, its priests and its teachers, its nuns and its monks, its courtiers and its commoners—had forgathered in the great plaza which fronts the Byzantinely ornate cathedral. And the king was there wearing all his ribbons and stars, and with the crown prince close at his reverently and solemnly uplifted and down-put heels, the two of them leading a magnificent procession which dwindled down from heavily bearded and glitteringly robed high church dignitaries to long thin lines of tiny lace-draped children chanting hymns.

Coal Oil the Popular Perfume

All round the plaza the soldiers stood in triple lines, their rifles strapped to their shoulders and their bared bayonets gleaming up into the sweetly spring-green branches of the overhanging trees. Rumania was still at war—or again at war—and the prayers were for the victory of her arms. Each soldier—his head bared and his helmet hanging from his belt—carried a lighted candle and with their strongly Oriental profiles in perfect alignment against the deep black of the dead of night they reminded one of a frieze of ancient Egypt.

Each individual, from the peasant infant in his gaudily headdressed mother's arms to the gorgeously bedecked king himself, carried a lighted candle; and through the wide-open cathedral doors toward which the procession moved poured a volume of sonorous music—the roll of a great organ bearing up and sustaining in vast monotones the voices of many men.

I too carried a lighted candle, and with soft and smiling apologies I edged my way through the lines of troops and into the crowd that was surging toward the cathedral doors with a hope of seeing the king at his humble devotions before the magnificent altar. But if it had been twenty-four hours later I should not have been doing any edging into such a throng as that. The lighted candles would have frightened me away. Twenty-four hours later I was soaked from head to feet in kerosene and every time a cigarette-smoking friend lighted a match in my immediate vicinity I expected to go up like Elijah in a chariot of fire. The kerosene treatment was fairly heroic, but there was a good deal of typhus, it was a serious menace, and however serenely the population might scratch itself in the face of such danger I felt that I must not permit my little typhus-bearing insects to have everything their own way.

That I smelled like a Texas gusher on a sultry summer's day was a mere detail. Nobody seemed to mind. They were used to it. And those who in a social sense were inclined to be juxtapositious though apprehensive liked it better anyhow than lily of the valley or rose of Sharon or any of those things. There was always an almost asphyxiating amount of perfume—and especially after the French began to bring in their

expensive relief cargoes—but by the truthful the ill-smelling truth was preferred to fragrant deception. So I was not ostracized or anything like that. And besides, most persons sooner or later had a similar experience. It was under such circumstances that I wondered what might some day maybe happen to the stranger in my own land.

I wanted to go down to Constantza. Oh, I did, did I? Yes, I did, please, if it was not impossible. But it was impossible! At least it was an awful thing to want to do. However, if I just had to do it I would be permitted to; only I must wait for the next courier and go with him. Wait for the next courier. Everybody was always waiting for the next courier as though the next courier were the only person who knew how to get anywhere. And he was as a rule. At the American legation they told me I must wait for the next courier, while at the American Relief Administration offices and at Red Cross headquarters I was strongly advised not to start on such a journey without an escort.

Journey, nothing! It was about one hundred and forty miles; a journey—if they wished to call it that—between the capital of the country and its principal port! Nevertheless, I would find it very unpleasant, said they, and it would be much better to wait for the courier. Oh, very well. The only thing was that I thought our courier boys had enough to do without being asked to take care of me.

Our courier service, incidentally, was most extraordinary. Shortly after the armistice went into effect a number of young American officers—carefully selected—were detached from other duty and were sent forth one by one to open mail routes to practically every point in the world with which the American Government might wish to communicate. There was a courier service during the war, of course, across the Atlantic and in and out of all the Allied countries; but the routes of war couriers, though dangerous and devious at times, were laid out for them, whereas the routes of the armistice couriers—routes leading into the enemy countries and to the far-away places—had to be nosed out, so to speak, by themselves. The whole world beyond the one-time Western Front was in utter confusion, but by degrees and by the exercise of native wit and personal initiative they managed to open the ways and to establish for themselves an almost exact routine.

The Order of the Greyhound

Until came a time when on nearly any train—freight, passenger or mixed, usually mixed—one or more of them was to be encountered with sacks of precious mail, more often than not loaded with international diplomatic dynamite or heavy with huge bundles of real legal tender. They demanded respect for their uniform and their important duty in such a manner that everything and everybody gave way before them more or less as traffic gives way before an ambulance or the fire department, and they were so much swifter and surer than the telegraphic service that they usually brought in confirmations of telegrams before the telegrams themselves arrived. Their record is goodness knows how many thousands of important packages and how many millions of pieces of mail and never a single loss.

There are a good many of these boys back in the United States now, wearing on their uniforms, at the top of the left sleeve, a little greyhound embroidered on a blue medallion. They are of the Order of the Greyhound and they intend to form a club and get together once in a while to reminisce over a bottle of grape juice. They are the kind of boys who might be trusted on occasion with a bottle of beer or even with a little distilled sunshine, but on the whole they are not the kind of boys who dreaded to come home because there were no such joys to be enjoyed in their own country. They toted guns, guarded sleeplessly for comfortless days on end the kind of treasures that are sealed in brown canvas and leather-bound bags stamped U. S. Mail, and they lived mostly on canned corned beef, army biscuits and lukewarm bottled water. This I know because I traveled with them all over Europe. Waiting for the next courier was not much of a hardship for me, I only hoped he would be one of my several friends. In most cases I was the only American woman they had seen in months and they even allowed me to enter their gun-guarded compartments and sit on their mail sacks. And we talked. And they were such clean-cut wide-eyed American lads—so very young for the most part—that I came to regard them with special admiration and affection.

I must wait to go to Constantza until the next Constantinople courier came along. The Rumanians and Hungarians were battling up along the Tisza River, the Hungarians had gone down into their carefully stirred up but by that time out of hand maelstrom of Bolshevism and the direct route through Budapest was cut off. So the route of the Constantinople courier was from Paris to Venice, to Triest, to Agram, to Belgrad, down the Danube River to Turnu Severin, to Bukharest, to Constantza, and to his destination by whatever thing afloat he might be able to get to take him down the Black Sea coast and through the Bosporus. And he usually made it in about five days! I think really that I would have started to the moon or Mars with one of these boys with a certainty that we would be able to put Edgar Allan Poe in a class with Jules Verne; go all his wild imaginings about ten better in actual accomplishment.

The Courier From California

The couriers always had a compartment reserved on the one and only sleeper from Bukharest to Constantza, and it was theirs whether they were there to use it or not. That was a part of their system. A compartment had been reserved for me, and along about ten o'clock one evening we went merrily down to the railway station accompanied by some friends with whom we had dined. The courier was a square-jawed boy from California, who had a wife and baby, two wound stripes, a face like a cherub, a Croix de Guerre and a record up to date for more mileage than any other man in the service. He had arrived at the ripe age of twenty-three. His side partner, who was not going on with him to Constantinople, had stowed his duffel in his compartment—leaving him no place to sleep except on top of it—and was guarding it while he read a book with the aid of a small pocket torch. There were no lights in the train, but the pale station lights shone in at the windows. There never were any lights in any train. This one was the daily so-called express from—as I have said—the capital of the country to its principal port, but it was made up of some freight cars, some wooden third-class carriages and the wagon lit, which had no lighting arrangements, no linen, no carpets, no curtains and no water; nothing but some loathsomely dirty mattresses and a few old red blankets.

When we got into the car I made my way to the door of my compartment—a compartment for the sole use of which I had paid more than the whole car was worth. The door was locked. I called the attendant and asked him to open it.

"One moment, if you please, madame," said he.

"But open it," said I. "My baggage is coming in at the window and I want to arrange it."

"*Attendez, s'il vous plait*," he replied, and turned away.

One of my friends, an American army officer, came up behind me at the moment and said: "Here, conductor, open this door!"

"Just a moment," said the conductor.

"No, not just a moment!" replied the American. "You open it now or I'll break it open." He had been in Rumania a long time and had lost some of his natural gentleness of character through having his suspicions too often confirmed. He was suspicious. And the conductor was frightened. Anybody could see that. We had arrived on the scene sooner than he had expected us. But with the bristling colonel staring at him and ready to resort to violence he could do nothing but obey. He took his key out of his hip pocket, turned it in the lock and threw open the door. We all had electric torches, and we turned them into the darkness and focused them on a man who was just in the act of pulling his shirt off over his head in a great hurry. If our pocket lamps had been guns and we had pulled the triggers the man would have died with his hands up.

For my part I leaned up against the wall and laughed until it hurt. The man was the most perfect picture of consternation and thwarted intent that could possibly be imagined. But the colonel was angry. Blankety-blank-blank! He didn't actually swear, but he made very sweary gestures and uttered profane sounds while he chucked the intruder with his open hand bag and all his belongings out into the corridor and down to the farther end of it. Then he came back to the conductor. He told him it was going to cost him his job. The conductor began to apologize and to beg. He acknowledged that he had sold my upper berth for twice its value and had pocketed the money, but he said it was a usual thing to do and that he never would have done it if he had known the compartment belonged to an American lady. The colonel was handicapped because he had to speak French and French is not rugged enough to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon mind under such circumstances. But he probably sounded rough enough to the discomfited attendant. He called him some unpleasant names of sorts and told him that even if he had known the owner was a lady the lady could have expected no better protection from him; that he was exactly like all the other railway employees in Rumania and that he had proved conclusively that American men were justified in not permitting American women to travel alone in his country.

Then he turned on me and told me I ought not to laugh. But I was observing the poor ejected and dejected citizen, who with his shirt hanging out and his suspenders dangling was gathering up in the half light of the corridor his scattered belongings.

"But what did he expect?" I asked. "Did he think he would be allowed to stay in my upper berth once he got into it?"

"Certainly. Who would put him out? You may be perfectly sure the conductor wouldn't! He knew the whole compartment was reserved, but he was gambling on being able to make the owner believe that the authorities had made the mistake and that he could do nothing about it. It is a regular system. They do it all the time."

Government Ownership

It was only about one hundred and forty miles, but I may as well say at once that it took us thirty hours; otherwise I might drag my story out to a thirty-hour limit and yield to a temptation to describe such things as one is not permitted to describe for the simple reason that polite minds would resent the description.

It was my business to see to the food. I said I would see to the food, and I did. Experience had already taught me that the person who started on a railway journey anywhere in Central or South Europe with an idea that he would be able to get food along the way was due to learn something that he should have known before. The whole world was on rations expressed in terms of grams per day and it was seldom possible to buy at a railway station even so much as a slice of bread. The railway restaurants had all gone out of business as a matter of fact, and the people who formerly ran them with such cheerful briskness and efficiency had not enough ambition left to keep bright their cold but still magnificent coffee urns. There was no coffee, so why bother? Even the once busily buzzing swarms of flies had gone elsewhere.

The foregoing is a reference to stations where stations still exist. Those on the line between Bukharest and Constantza were nearly all destroyed during the war. They are nothing now but gaunt shells, very much shrapnel-snicked for the most part; windowless, roofless and wholly denuded. Each tells its terrible tale of a struggle for the possession of the railroad. But leaning against the wrecks there are new huts built of rough timbers and oiled paper, out of which the wires run to the telegraph poles and in which the station masters in their long brass-buttoned coats and tall shiny caps still perform their duties along with the operators and the baggagemen.

The duties of the station master are to ring a cowbell and blow a little tin whistle when everything is set and it is possible for a train to move on its weary way; the duties of a telegraph operator are to look resigned and prove the unreasonableness of expecting a telegram to get from one point to another in less time than it would take the sender to carry it on foot; the principal duty of the baggage-master is to shove passengers along the platform to their comfortless wooden coaches in case they happen to be moving too slowly under their heavy loads of unsightly bundled luggage. All this from my own observation. Oh, I assure you government ownership and consequent proletariat control—with the proletariat very much impressed with itself these days—are not blessings to be devoutly prayed for.

Our courier lads, being heavily laden always with very important burdens, did not encumber themselves with much in the way of merely personal baggage; in fact most of them carried nothing but a tiny canvas knapsack trusting to luck for bedding and into this, along with a toothbrush, a piece of soap, a towel and a suit of clean underwear, they usually chucked a couple of tins of corned beef and a box of army biscuits. Their commanding officers insisted on their carrying bottled water in order to reduce in some degree the risks they were constantly taking.

But those of us who were likely to sojourn in one spot for any length of time made ample provision for ourselves. Everybody who left Paris for the southeast on extended service took along some kind of contraption for cooking purposes with cases of bully beef, corned-beef hash, potted meats, milk, assorted fruits and jams, biscuits, and enough butter, cocoa, coffee, sugar, matches, smokes, soap and solidified alcohol to banish anxiety and to make certain a perhaps long and surely otherwise uncertain future.

And I must not forget to mention candles. Everybody carried candles because the world was in darkness; there were almost no lighting facilities anywhere, and even the main streets of the most modern cities were lighted but dimly if at all. And because the long-neglected streets were so dark and so dirty and so full of ruts and holes; because trains had a habit of arriving at their destination somewhere in the middle of the night when searching for shelter on foot became a necessity—the person who possessed a folding lantern was looked upon as having a special variety of intelligence and foresight. A nice big lantern with three sides made of glass throws a general kind of light and is a much better thing to hike by than a little pocket lamp.

I carried a fairly complete and admirable hamper, and in order to do so without looking like the personified export and import trade of a nation I usually cached all my other luggage, except my disinsected bedding and my dressing bag, in some spot to which I hoped to return. I hoped to return! The trouble was that once you reached a destination you heaved a sigh of relief and made up your mind to settle down on the spot for the rest of your life. The spot was never very inviting, but anything was better than retracing your steps.

The Major Begins to Purr

In the morning I made coffee for myself and the courier while the other passengers made things unpleasant for the conductor. He had just one little tin jug with which to supply the crowd with water; the stations where he could get water were hours apart, and everybody, for some strange reason, seemed to want to wash his face. I had a folding canvas pail and washbasin in my outfit and the conductor had attended to my needs at the dawn of day. He was very humble and attentive as a matter of fact, and did everything he could to propitiate me with an idea undoubtedly that I would induce the severe colonel to drop the little matter of the upper berth.

The odor of my coffee began to permeate the car and one by one the unkempt passengers made occasion to walk past the door of my compartment and peer hungrily in. Then along came a British major. Where did he drop from? I wondered. He must have got aboard before we did or sometime afterward. His uniform was the usual smart thing in London tailoring and he was shrugging himself along in a kind of disgusted way, saying: "Ugh!" and "Woof-woof!" and things like that.

"Good morning," said I.

"Why, good morning," said he. "Ugh! Woof-woof! Rotten, I call it! Rotten! No water! Nothing! And I've been eaten alive! Were you eaten alive?"

"Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"Will I have a cup of coffee! Oh, I say! Will I have a cup of coffee! By Jove! Ugh! Woof-woof! Will I have a ——"

He had a cup of coffee; likewise some bread and butter and jam; and pretty soon he stopped saying ugh and woof-woof and began to purr. The young Californian with the mail sacks in the next compartment had been purring for some time, and I noticed that both he and the Englishman had managed somehow to shave. They had the only clean chins in the crowd.

We arrived at Feteschi along about nine o'clock in the morning—not more than two

(Continued on Page 57)

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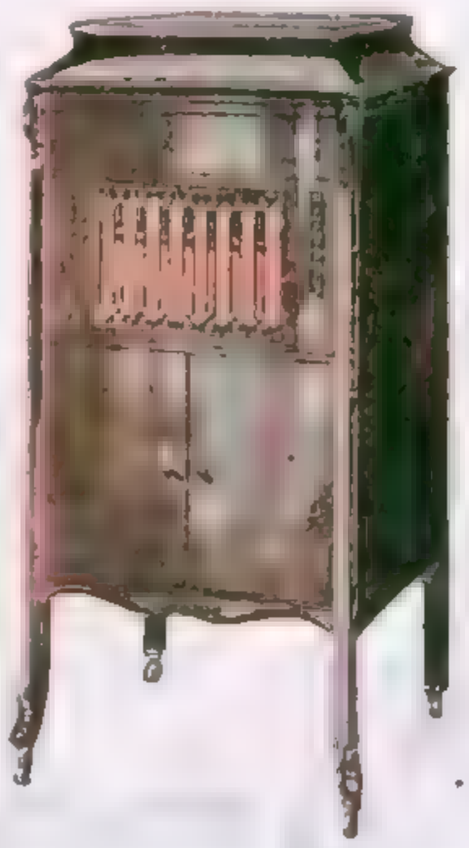

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From Contented Cows

(Continued from Page 54)

hours late. We had traveled about one hundred miles in ten hours and thought we were doing very well indeed. Feteschi is the station at the west end of the long bridge across the Danube and if we could have gone on as we ought to have done we should have been in Constantza sometime late in the afternoon. But something had happened. I had no idea what it was, but whatever it was it was the last thing that happened that morning. We stood right where we stopped. By degrees the passengers all left the sleeping car. I don't know where they went, but I was grateful enough to have them go. They were messy and noisy. Maybe we should have gone too, but in the sleeping car we at least had a place to sit, while outside, so far as we could see, there were only a few lines of dilapidated freight cars, a platform and a ruined station. Why the foreigners should have been the only ones to avail themselves of the only visible comfort—such as it was—I am unable to say, but it was not long before there was nobody left but the major, the boy and me. I tried to read but found it difficult to keep my hand off my watch, and the morning dragged slowly away.

Blame the Magyars

We knew, to be sure, that the bridge was destroyed and that we had to transfer to another train, go down over the hill to the river bank about three miles away, cross on a boat and pick up another train on the other side. But why weren't we doing it? Why all the delay?

We learned then that the trouble was with the engine. They had but one engine and it had suddenly buckled up somewhere in its works and gone out of business. They were tinkering with it, but not very optimistically. They needed something in the way of a new part, but though Feteschi was for the time being a terminal station there was nothing in the place to work with.

With regard to their extraordinary shortage of railroad equipment the Rumanians were not really to blame, except that it was a long time since the Germans had left and one could not fail to think that in six months they might have made some improvement. And the Germans certainly were not responsible for the execrable condition of such rolling stock as was in commission. The Germans were not responsible for unswept floors, uncleaned lavatories, unwashed windows, untouchable mattresses and upholstery and all that sort of thing in ordinary passenger cars, for instance. But you may be sure that everything was laid at their door; or rather at the door of the Magyars.

At the moment the Rumanians were fighting the Magyars, so it was the Magyars who had done everything that never should have been done in Rumania. But the truth is that Rumania was occupied by a German army under German command; the Magyars had very little to do with it; and even the Transylvanians—Saxons and Hungarians as well as Rumanians—complain that their country was looted by this army as it passed back and forth, as though they had been enemies instead of allies. But one seldom heard a Rumanian in Rumania damning the Germans. It was always the Magyars. And curiously enough—one cannot think why the Germans were so careless!—a large part of Rumanian rolling stock did land in Hungary. I passed miles of it on the railroad between Vienna and Budapest and on other lines to the north and east. Indeed it seemed to me that Hungary's sidetracks were blocked with it. Clack-clack! Clack-clack! You know what it is like to pass a long stationary freight train. Well, I had hours on end of it; it got on my nerves; and I observed an occasional temporary track laid out round the bend of a creek or hill slope on which there were literally thousands of freight cars, oil tanks, passenger coaches and every kind of thing on wheels.

There were not so many engines, however. The Rumanians had only a few more than a thousand to begin with, and after everything had happened and the Germans had done their worst they still had about six hundred. The trouble was that not many of these were in serviceable condition; and I assure you that in Rumanian the phrase "serviceable condition" is not equivalent in any degree to the same phrase in Pennsylvania Railroad or New York Central or Chicago and Alton or Union Pacific language.

Could you name all the railroads in the United States if you started out to? We have more than two hundred and sixty thousand miles of trackage of one kind and another. More than ten times round the earth at the equator!! And our engines—I wonder how many thousands upon thousands of them—are shiny and sleek and proud-looking; our commonest day coaches are clean and comfortable; we have no classes really; we are first-class all the way through, top class, almost unimprovable class; our sleepers are magnificent; our dining cars are miraculous; even we are surprised that they are so fine and that on them we are so wonderfully served; our roadbeds are the finest on earth; our bridges and great aqueducts are dreams of superengineers come true. Oh, we don't half realize what is ours to maintain in order that we may continue to be the most pampered and the most prosperous people on the face of the earth!

Excuse me! I just had to drop into such exclamation. And the average good citizen would similarly exclaim if he could see what I have seen. The more an American sees of furrin parts the more he wants to keep on being the hitherto kind of an American.

The Rumanians were talking all the time about making the Magyars disgorge stolen property and saying that if the Peace Conference would arrange at once to have their railway equipment returned to them they would be able to do thus and so: Hold off the Bolsheviki in Bessarabia, bluff the Bulgars on the borders of the Dobrudja and impose on Hungary any peace plan that might be devised. But handicapped as they were they were already overrunning Hungary in defiance of the Allied terms of armistice, so it was hardly to be expected that the Magyars would assist them by complying with their demand for the return of railway equipment. The Magyars had it right enough. They or the Germans or the two of them together had run it out of Rumania at a time when they were able to do so. But according to Magyar conceptions Rumania bargained herself into the war, and this they will never forgive. Anything the Rumanians ever get out of Hungary they will have to take by force and they will have to keep on fighting for it.

What a hopeless mess! And is there any hope that for years to come it will be anything but hopeless? What a pity that man was not created in one image instead of in unnumbered warring varieties!

It was along about half past twelve when I heard the major exclaim:

"Mais, ma petite! ma petite! bonjour! Comment allez-vous!"

He had found a friend. And I was glad he had, too, because getting along with a situation sometimes resolves itself into what a midwestern American friend of mine describes as "heavy liftin'."

Washing Petite's Patty-Paws

She was a little Rumanian widow whose husband was killed in the war and whose mourning was very becoming. The little white bits at the wrists and neck and across the placid brow left something to be desired in the way of pristine purity, but if you will try to look like that under such circumstances you simply must take the consequences. She was traveling with her *beau-frère*—the brother of her dead husband—and was on her way to a country place near Constantza, where she proposed to support some kind of existence until the world had got over its madness and had decided to settle down into a normal routine. This I learned afterward, and I learned also that she had been unable to secure a berth on the one and only sleeper and had been compelled to sit up all night on a wooden bench in a third-class carriage. She was very tired and disgusted.

The major invited her and her *beau-frère* to come into our, by that time, private car—and then there were five of us. The *beau-frère* was a rather handsome captain in a combination Rumanian-British-French uniform; he wore a monocle—which is a most unusual thing for a Rumanian to do—and had some interesting war stories to tell, which he told in French that had to be translated into different French by Petite and turned by degrees and much discussion into something we all could understand. With three men to pose for, Petite forgot her fatigue, curled herself up in a corner of my compartment and began to do the kitten-in-out-of-the-rain act with powder and rouge and shamelessly frank pencils. And the men loved it! They et it up!

I prepared a luncheon of hot corned-beef hash, hard-boiled eggs and cold chicken that I had brought along from the hotel at Bukharest; coffee, a highly prized Camembert cheese and biscuits. And so the day wore on. I rather thought that *beau-frère* was preparing to take the place of his brother who was killed in the war, and when I saw him take a bottle of my mineral water after luncheon to wash Petite's patty-paws I was sure of it. I certainly am glad I haven't patty-paws; I have hands. But is it not extraordinary the way men succumb to the patty-paw fascination? Of course I know as well as you do that I should say: Ain't it the limit the way they fall for it? But I am constantly being reminded that I must try to combat my curious and inexplicable taste for that particular variety of expression.

You will see at once that I was annoyed. I was. So was the boy. He crawled off and went to sleep on his mail bags, and after I got through washing the dishes and repacking the hamper I went out and walked up and down the platform.

It was along about three o'clock in the afternoon when the conductor came along and said the train was ready. Whereupon we transferred across three or four tracks to a car I shall not attempt to describe. Maybe I have been emphasizing dirt too strongly anyhow. But you cannot imagine what it was like. I am not exaggerating. I wish I could convey even a suggestion of the actual fact. The car was upholstered in red velvet and had white knitted tidies pinned up along the areas where passengers rest their heads.

From the two compartments that we occupied we threw the cushions out onto the tracks and commanded the attendants to beat them clean. But it was no use. They slammed them up against the side of the car and a cloud of dust floated away in the breeze. But the more they beat them the dustier they got. They had not been touched in years. Besides, the condition of the woodwork under them was such that the only thing left for us to do was to stand up. We stood up out in the corridor.

A Tribute to the French Navy

But never mind. The world outside was very interesting and one could at least hang out of an open window and gaze at it. Where the people came from who crowded the train was more than I could figure out. They seemed to have risen up out of the ground. But there they were; the usual evidence of a milling population. In addition to bags and boxes and baskets they all had large bundles done up in bed ticking or squares of bright-colored calico. And they all looked tired; so tired; so weary; so haggard and drawn and worried. The women limped for the most part, and the men dragged their feet. The children were nearly all the sturdy little sort that trudge along tearlessly and without a whimper, carrying the littlest bundles and being bravely helpful; the kind of kids we like to have come over here if they come young enough. But I always felt sorry for the children, and for their elders, too, because they were so benighted and one could not know what to do to settle them down into orderly and industrious and happy existence. They filled the cars—freight and passenger—climbed on the roofs, clung to the trucks; everywhere that a human being could fasten himself either in the guise of a human being or a barnacle, there they were. And the train moved off.

When we came up over the slight rise from Feteschi station and started down the long grade to the river's edge I thought what an easy thing it would have been for us to have done without an engine altogether. Just a heave-ho! and with a command of the brakes we could have done it without a lot of trouble.

And what a panorama spread itself out before us! I had by that time become so used to Rumania's level monotony that I had ceased to think of scenic grandeurs. But here the Danube, flanked by low hills that roll off in great uneven waves to far horizons, is cut into three distinct channels by broad islands—flat as water-lily leaves, and as green—that lie away-'way down in an unbelievable cup of spectacular magnificence. And thrown across the whole scene is a railway bridge, perfect in graceful line, snow white, starting from massive masonry in the hills we skirt and being lost to view in a wooded bend of the river miles and miles away.

I told *beau-frère* it was the longest bridge in the world. I humbly apologize to the really longest, wherever it may be, but *beau-frère* believed me and was tremendously impressed. He thought it was wonderful that poor little Rumania should have the longest bridge in the world. The Germans built it; the Rumanians destroyed it on their retreat; and now they say it is to be rebuilt by American engineers backed by American capital. And that may be all right unless they expect us to do it on a more or less philanthropic basis. They do of course. We are the world's willing little workers and hand of hope. In any kind of financial or economic puzzle picture anywhere you do not have to look very hard to find the American these days. He is put in whether he wants to be or not. Greatest puzzle picture: Find a way out.

The bridge is destroyed only on the near side; two splendid spans blown out; the giant buttresses standing gaunt and denuded; the bent and twisted steel girders buried in the river's bed and thrusting long rusted lengths above the water's level to cut the swift current into frothing ripples.

The crowd crushed itself across a wide temporary wooden gangway onto flat barges that seemed to me to be resting on a mud bank. There were powerful tugs to pull them off and across the river. The boy disappeared with a couple of men carrying his precious packages, but in about ten minutes he sent word back that we were to get aboard a French torpedo boat that he apparently had commandeered.

What he did probably was to heave up alongside and say: "Here, you, this is U. S. mail! Take it aboard, will you? And say, I gotta few friends back here. Can they come along?"

And the Frenchman probably said in his own way, which may not be exactly our way but is just as good a way: "Sure! Bring them along!" And that was how we got across the Danube.

Whereupon I must put in a little word about the French Navy. We are hearing a good deal nowadays about how our once glorified and beloved Allies are not treating us with so much courtesy and consideration as we think we have a right to expect from them. But so far as my own observation goes the men of the French Navy should be excepted in our minds in any resentment we may happen to feel. Out in the waters of the East, at any rate, they were to be relied upon on all occasions to work in the pleasantest imaginable harmony with Americans and to do everything in their power for anyone who came along and needed assistance. They were cheerful, generous, courteous and companionable. Twice I had to make a trip in the Black Sea on a French destroyer, and as a consequence of my experience I hold French naval officers in the highest esteem. They may not have the same naval traditions that make the American and British navies such marvels of nautical pride, but as gentlemen they stack up with our men; and if that simple statement is not a eulogy one was never written.

One More River to Cross

There was a train waiting on the great flat island across the river, and arriving in advance of the crowd we were able to secure two compartments in a battered old coach. They had been upholstered once upon a time, but the upholstery had been ripped out and bits of hair stuffing clung to the rough boards of the seats. The windows were nearly all broken and some of them had strips of board nailed across them on the outside. We could not put our luggage into the compartments until we had cleaned them out; it was simply unthinkable; so we found a train attendant and borrowed a broom from him. He had a broom right enough, but one could not believe that he ever used it. He also gave us some cotton waste with which to do some dusting, and the boy and I waded in with an intention of removing at least the top layer of filth. Petite and *beau-frère* went for a walk up to the end of the broken bridge, where there was a pile driver at work. The major had some necessary business to attend to with regard to his own big baggage.

But by and by we got settled down, and the train, with a mass of unkempt and bundle-laden humanity swarming all over it—the roofs of the cars as crowded as their interiors—was pulled up a long grade to the main track of the island section of the amazing bridge, and we were off. Well, then, we should be in Constantza in a couple of hours at most.

I prepared dinner and once more cleaned things up. We were moving while I did this,

and the train walloping over the ill-kept roadbed was so unsteady that I had to hold the stewpan and coffee pot over the blaze of my Tommy cooker and perform other delicate and finger-burning feats. Then we stopped away out in the middle of nowhere and stood still for two solid hours. More engine trouble!

We started; we stopped; the night wore on; came midnight; we talked politics; we told stories; we sang songs—and among them Keep the Home Fires Burning and Just Break the News to Mother with words improvised to fit our situation and express our feelings.

Petite took possession of one of the long seats, spread out her steamer rug and went to sleep; *beau-frère* tucked her in with my rug; the rest of us then had to crowd in and sit up because the boy's bulky and necessary duffel took up the better part of one of the compartments. The hair stuffing wriggled its way through one's clothes and scratched. Talk about comfortable traveling! What do you know about that!

It was five o'clock in the morning when we finally did arrive at Constantza. And in all my life I have never seen such a weary-looking crowd as rolled out of and off that train. There were no vehicles of any kind. We had telegraphed to the American Red Cross and Food Administration representatives, but they had given the train up and left us to our fate. Some sleepy porters had routed themselves out when the train came in, and with half a dozen of them to carry our luggage we started to walk in the cold dense dark to the hotel more than a mile away. I had a folding lantern with a big thick candle in it, and the major and I led the way with the porters who had the food hamper. The boy got all the men he needed to carry his bags and disregarding his own urgent need for rest herded them together and with his trusty gun handy to his hand started off alone with them in the direction of the high mast lights that were gleaming along the docks. He expected to go aboard a French destroyer and be on his way with as little delay as possible.

At the hotel—the best in town—they put me in a room which was both carpetless and curtainless, and the only water for washing-up purposes was in a quart beer bottle standing in a tin basin on the floor. There was a perfectly good stationary washstand with metal faucets and everything. But there was no water. And they explained to me that the Hungarians had destroyed the waterworks and stolen everything, including the window blinds and the mirrors.

At the moment, however, I was interested in nothing but the bed. I examined the bed. One always examines one's bed in a country like Rumania and one nearly always has one's worst fears confirmed. The bed had sheets on it that had been slept in by at least seventeen different varieties of humanity and it was smelly beyond my power to describe.

I demanded fresh linen. They had no fresh linen. The Hungarians had stolen all the linen. And besides, there was no coal, no soap, no water. How could they be expected to have fresh linen? The poor tired maidservant and the disheveled and loose-slippered room clerk looked harassed and beaten.

I didn't know what to think. But I said all right. I stripped the bed; unpacked my own bedding and arranged it to suit myself; puffed a little ring of insect powder round a sufficient spot and lay me down to sleep.

THE POETS' CORNER

A Song of the Ad Men

I RARELY read the written line
For which the writer folk are paid.
My thoughts to other things incline.
I rarely read the written line,
Unless some little gem of mine
Be unobtrusively displayed.
I rarely read the written line
For which the writer folk are paid.

Of course I scan the magazines,
Though I'm a busy fellow, quite.
I guess at what an author means.
Of course I scan the magazines.
And thus my sprinting spirit gleans
A fund of sayings wise and bright.
Of course I scan the magazines,
Though I'm a busy fellow, quite.

Most fiction is, I take it, poor.
But, gosh, they carry bully ads!
I dodge the modern litratoor.
Most fiction is, I take it, poor.
Perhaps I show myself a boor
To twit the literary fads.
Most fiction is, I take it, poor,
But, gosh, they carry bully ads!

I read the advertising page
And so I get my money's worth.
I am acquainted with the age.
I read the advertising page.
I know when things become the rage
In all the ends of all the earth
I read the advertising page,
And so I get my money's worth.

Rich triumphs of alluring art!
They stir my vivid lips to song.
With illustration brightly smart—
Rich triumphs of alluring art—
And pictures, they entice my heart
And lead my wild desires along.
Rich triumphs of alluring art!
They stir my vivid lips to song.

I sing the advertising men.
They write the stuff that people read.
I clear my lyric throat and then
I sing the advertising men.
More power to the plural pen
That succors every human need!
I sing the advertising men.
They write the stuff that people read!

—*Perrin Holmes Lowrey.*

High Noon

THE white road shimmers to the sky,
The locust shrills from yonder tree;
The ditches crack, the troughs are dry,
The shrunken buckets fall awry,
And languor dulls the bee.

The wayside blossoms droop with heat;
The dusty weeds are limp and gray;
The runnels move with lagging feet,
Or lurk where grasses cross and meet,
Or hide themselves away.

The fire is in the cobble wall—
Its crystals stab the eyes with light;
The creepers draw aloof, and all
The little things that hop or crawl
Have scuttled out of sight.

The cattle seek the shaded brook,
And plash along its muddy edge;
The reaper lays aside his hook,
And sets his back against a stook,
To drowse beneath the hedge.

The horses stamp; the gadfly stings
Or buzzes on the cobwebbed pane;
The hot loft hums with insect wings,
The mud wasp to the rafter clings,
Below the idle vane.

The ridge boards curl, the shingles split;
The mosses flame, the nailheads wink;
The zigzag darning needles flit,
The maggots stir the compost pit,
And all the kennels stink.

The hogs are frying in their lard;
The chickens fidget in the dust;
The house dog drags across the yard,
And leaves the road without a guard,
Retiring in disgust.

The woodbin smells of oak and fir;
The summer kitchen, new-baked bread.
The lazy cat declines to stir;
Till weaning kittens pester her
And drive her to the shed.

The nettled wife is sore beset;
The reeking dinner fills the place;
The smitten farmer mops the sweat
That runs in many a rivulet
Adown his purple face.

The children whine, the baby squalls;
The flies have found the honey pot.
The sun glare from the milk pans falls
In flashes on the kitchen walls,
And—everything is hot!

—*W. H. Ostrander.*

I Shall Return

I SHALL return—not as old loves return,
With pallid lips and piteous tear-dimmed eyes
And hair whereon Time's threaded silver lies,
And cheeks whose roses long have ceased to burn.

No! I shall leap to you across the spaces
Airy, impalpable as some moonbeam,
While you sit musing in the firelight's gleam,
Or in far lands in crowded alien places.

My face you shall envision, rapt as when
We stood that day of sunny April weather
Pledging our love beneath the trees together.
What eons you and I have lived since then!

Young—ever young, with springtime's flame and dew
You shall behold me. Though there intervene
Infinity our yearning flesh between,
I shall return again in dreams to you!

—*Blanche Goodman.*

The Skinner

STUCK in a hole in the portage road
With a wheel bogged out of sight,
A greenhorn skinner with a six-horse team
Watched the dusk merge into night.
He was far from camp; he was out of grub;
He had yelled till his lungs were sore;
Not a horse in the six-up would tighten a tug,
They had hauled till they'd haul no more.

Then round the bend by the big pine stump
Came a string team a-swingin' along,
And the man on the load filled the woods as he passed
With a rollicking log-camp song.
"Hello there, kid, you're sure some stuck,"
And he swung from the load to the ground.
"Let me take a pull at that deadhead bunch."
Then he took a mooch around—

A-liftin' a collar to straighten a pad,
A-bucklin' a hame strap light.
Then he climbed to the seat with a lilt on his lips
And a till to his old clay pipe.
An armful of ribbons he pulled off the break
And straightened one by one.
Then he spoke to a leader, "Tread up on that line,
You bat-eyed son of a gun.

"What's that wheeler's name? Come alive there, Pete!"
And he dropped the shag with a bang.
"Stand away from the pole there, you soft-horned cow,
Or I'll skin you alive. Whoa! hang
Up the line on that pointer's hame!
Now get out of the road there! Gee!
Gee off, you leaders! Get in on the point!
Now steady, you've shook her free.

"Is she clear there? No? Well, we'll hit her again!
Now whoa till we clear that swing.
Then we'll take her away with a bone in her teeth
Or we'll make the riggin' sing!
Now steady," he said. "Tighten up there, boys!
Take care now, lads! Get away!"
He bent them haw as he dropped the bud
On a big cold-shouldered bay.

The wheelers dropped till their bellies dragged—
One slipped but came up again.
The pointers hung like a pup to a root
Till the leaders took the strain.
Then a jerk, a lurch and a "Steady, lads,
You've rolled her high and dry!
You could haul the pole from the hubs o' hell,
If you'd only get down and try."

—*Harry W. Laughy.*

"I Wouldn't Have One Without It"

"MY electric iron and toaster are the latest model, like these—they have this same little switch attached to the cord. So I never have to fuss with the connector plug.★

"You see, you just press the white button for 'on' and the black one for 'off'. It's such a convenience".

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

is now fitted by many manufacturers to their latest appliances.

It is more than a convenience, too—it saves current, adds to the life of a toaster or iron, prevents socket and plug troubles. A glance tells whether the current is on or off.

How It Saves Electricity

On an iron, it tells you instantly whether the current is on or off—no danger of leaving it on by mistake and scorching the clothes. You use current only as you need it.

On a toaster, it enables you to turn off the current between slices—without yanking at the plug, without burning the fingers, and without spilling the toast. Current saved, too.

How It Prevents Burn-Outs

Most sockets now in use were designed primarily for lamp bulbs, which require but little current. Electrical appliances need ten times as much. The C-H Switch protects sockets against this ten-fold strain—by doing the on-and-off work itself. Saves cords, too—they usually give way at the plug, you know.

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch-convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a ***C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch*** on it for 75 cents. Use it a while and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch equipped.

When you buy a new appliance, ***look for the C-H Switch.***

If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail switch on receipt of 75 cents

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Made in Canada by Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

On An Iron

Saves electricity. Tells at a glance whether current is on or off. No danger of scorching clothes.

On a Toaster

Turn current off between slices without jerking plug out and spilling toast. No burnt fingers.

★What is a Connector Plug?

The attachment on the cord which is pushed into the appliance is called the Connector Plug.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HOBOKEN?

(Continued from Page 8)

It isn't the public welcome only that I mean; it's things generally, and especially at home and among the fellows. That boy plodding onward through the rain went to a home where every heart welcomed him, and not a tongue was equipped to make him feel it. The old man had talked of him to the neighbors, especially that time when he was reported wounded—it was a little gas out of a sudden artillery attack along the line of the Meuse—and asked everybody he thought wiser than himself what was meant by "degree undetermined"—and as he speared for information his voice quivered and the dust made his eyes water. He was a pathetic, tearful old man then, with a heart full of love for his boy; but that boy found him about the same as before the war, except that his rheumatiz was worse, and his temper maybe a little shorter after the first few days.

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

What to him are the spirtle of fire out of the concealed machine-gun nest, when the horses haven't been curried and the stables dunged out before breakfast? What the long reaches of the German Big Berthas, the rift of a boy's heart by that little girl across the water, the reddening of the horizon with fires kindled by the foe on their retreat—when the back fields were full of cockleburs that needed pulling and the fence rows hadn't been mowed out since 1916? Why, it was just the same as before—only he was no longer a boy. He was a man, and had done the bloodiest and most glorious work a man had ever done—and to have to be told to wipe his feet before coming in in that complaining way mother had! Disillusion again! It has happened to most of you.

You see, you have to be reborn into the old society. There is a disadvantage in being reborn. I don't know whether Wordsworth was right in his fancy about us when we come first into the world or not. He says that heaven lies about us in our infancy, but it's mostly the neighbors that do that after we grow up; but in this rebirth into society after the war you do come, "not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory." A person with that sort of trail is uneasy. People either do not notice it or they step on it or they don't know what to say about it, and it catches in every door you go through in the business or social world. You'll say I am emphasizing this too strongly, but I suspect that most of you will feel with old Ulysses:

Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

You've had a date with death, and you've come back to life. You've remarried the humdrum. The honeymoon will be brief, and the reaction will be a little trying. You may have a little tiff with the trite and tedious, but after a while you will settle back into the enjoyment of the best things after all, the common enjoyments and the common struggles and triumphs of this existence of ours.

And then will it be as if there had never been a Hoboken in your young life? No; for after a time the things through which you have passed will begin to take on the hues of history. You will find that there are four millions of men who have served in this war, among whom there are ties binding them together into a great brotherhood, a brotherhood that will take the shape of an organization. Some attempts at such an organization have already been made, but no one can tell whether the real thing has been ushered into life. But as there was a Grand Army of the Republic for the soldiers of the North and the United Confederate Veterans for those of the South, out of this war will come a great fraternity of some sort, which will know no North, no South, no East, no West, which will be futile or harmful or a blessing to the world, just according to the ideals which are kept in view by it. Probably that organization will control this nation for a half century, and controlling this nation it will control the world. Into the control of the world during the most critical period of its history—that is where you go from Hoboken. That is the cloud of glory—or ignominy—which the historian will see that boy trailing after him in his new birth as he plods up the muddy road after the fellows at the garages had indicated that they were too busy to take him out and that gas is mighty high now.

Your brotherhood will have no such history as those of the Confederate and the Union veterans had. You will have your general organization, your state and your local bodies, and you will have your meetings, your feasts, your jollifications and all that; but you cannot even pretend to yourself that you have any such mission as that which the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans supposed themselves to be entrusted with. Each of them believed itself to be commissioned to keep its particular sort of patriotism alive. They lived on the memories of the war. In the South the veterans stood as a unit, almost, against Northern domination, for the Southern idea as to the settlement of the race question, against the carpetbaggers, and for the control by each state of its own affairs. There was need of such services and the South could never have been rebuilt without them, but your new grand army will have no work of this sort to do.

The Northern veterans controlled Congress and most of the state governments. They feared a new triumph of the rebels in Washington, and when Tilden was counted out in his contest with Hayes the Grand Army breathed a long sigh of relief, for they already heard the rebel yell resounding in anticipation on Pennsylvania Avenue and on Capitol Hill; while the veterans of the South saw their fondest hope blasted, and settled down to the despairing feeling that the North would never allow the South to take office, even though office were fairly won. In other words, the soldiers in one camp believed that the war had resulted in the establishment of an oligarchy of power, like that of Mexico, and that they were politically enslaved.

When Cleveland was elected, the first presidential candidate for whom the states of the South had cast their votes, there was rejoicing in the ranks of the United Confederate Veterans and sorrow in the G. A. R. They still hated and distrusted each other, these two organizations of great American soldiers, and they fought each other in the affairs of the nation for much more than a quarter of a century after every real cause of enmity had passed away. In these two organizations the two greatest moral forces of the nation mutually killed each other's efforts so far as they could for half a lifetime. It was inevitable, but it was tragic.

Your great brotherhood will have no division along such lines. Whatever you want you can get. Your power will be unlimited. What are you going to do with it? You may as well begin thinking about that, for with power goes responsibility. Someone has said that power whenever and wherever it is possessed is abused, but the power of the four million veterans of the world war ought not to be abused. I wonder if it will be.

I do not remember that either the G. A. R. or the United Confederate Veterans as an organization ever stood for anything good in government, except those temporary things which they thought good in the reconstruction period. I may be wrong about this, but I do not think that either organization ever had a thought for better taxation, better financiering, better practices in government, better things for the people. Each patriotically but shortsightedly thought that it was doing the best it could do if it cherished the memories of the war and got in power if out, or stayed in power if in. The old antagonisms were the political issues of the period. A man who joined the Copperheads if he had formerly been with the Yankees or went over to the Yankees if he had been with the Copperheads was quite likely to be ostracized. Many a German sympathizing with his fatherland went through this last war in the United States without suffering anything like the condemnation that such a man as Gen. James B. Weaver, a fine Union soldier, was obliged to endure because he broke politically with his comrades, or the obloquy which some prominent Confederates had cast upon them for parallel reasons. These forces fought against each other so bitterly that they could not fight for anything constructive. I am not criticizing them; they were the best the country had, but the country was doing nothing in government to splice and cement the nation together again.

"We saved this country, and it's ours!" said one prominent Northerner when complaints began to rise as to the corruption of the government in those post-bellum days.

All the great reformers of the period before the war—Whittier, Lowell, all the Concord group, all such people everywhere, excepting, so far as I remember, Wendell Phillips—settled down to a contemplation of the glory of the Lord when peace came and slavery was abolished and seemed to believe that there was nothing more to do. The soldier organizations became counterweights against each other, and, like contenders in a tug of war, they did nothing else—nothing but hold office. They held about all the offices in the United States for thirty-five years.

You can do the same thing; probably you will do the same thing. It will become a tradition of all parties that old soldiers—it won't be long before you will be old soldiers—must be nominated to all the good offices and appointed to all the good places. If you desire to make office your destination when you set sail from Hoboken you may do it with perfect confidence of success.

In a county convention in Iowa sometime in the middle eighties, some quarter of a century after the Civil War broke out, after the ticket had been practically made up, a delegate rose and said: "Mister Chairman, I wish to call the attention of the convention to the fact that not a single old soldier has been nominated on this ticket!"

There was a hush as of horror, as if someone had been accused of laying his hand on the Ark of the Covenant. Had this awful thing been actually done? It was a crisis, if so; then a bearded farmer on one of the back seats rose and drawled out: "Mister Chairman and gentlemen of the convention, the delegate is mistaken. William Peterson, our nominee for sheriff, is an old soldier, and a brave one!"

Everyone breathed easier. The dastardly deed of making up a ticket without an old soldier on it had not been done; and yet, when the thing could go so far, when an old soldier could be nominated without having his soldiership heralded before all men in his canvass and the nominating speech, the glory was beginning to depart from Israel. This after twenty-five years. You see how long you are to have the call on the offices. It is a good long time if you can be satisfied with the thing. But if you sail from Hoboken for officeholding I don't think you will be satisfied in your hearts after your hair is gray.

In the first place, count up all the offices and the places and divide four million by the number. You will see that there are not offices and places enough to make it worth while, as a selfish consideration, for more than a few of you, and all the nutriment you personally will be likely to get out of office is the opportunity of electing some other soldier to a place which on the whole won't do him much good and may do him harm. Running for office and officeholding is a much worse habit than drinking whisky,

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The Transport Leviathan Steaming Up the North River Laden With the Boys of New York's 27th Division

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Auto-Lite is accepted as the world's standard for efficiency and reliability because of the faithful service it renders in more than a million and a half motor cars. For the same reason it is the world's largest institution of its kind. Make sure your next car is Auto-Lite equipped.

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Protects You— and Your Home!

Your bathroom—shrine of personal cleanliness, health and beauty! It is here you take the measure of precaution against enemy disease germs, and find necessary an antiseptic—powerful, yet soothing. A few drops of OZOL in a quart of water makes a strong germicide that brings a feeling of freshness and safety.

OZOL destroys body odors.

For burns, wounds, stings, skin eruptions—also for gargling, cleansing of body, mouth, nose, etc.—OZOL cleanses and purifies thoroughly. Its action is always certain

Home sanitation is easily accomplished when OZOL is used. Sick rooms, closets, drains are quickly disinfected—also rugs and carpets. OZOL has no injurious effect on metal, wood or fabric, and it never stains.

Physicians, surgeons and dentists use OZOL with perfect confidence for sterilizing instruments.

Simple to use, instantly soluble, powerful, healing and soothing, OZOL is the superior antiseptic for personal hygiene and home sanitation. It is economical, too, because of its unusual strength.

If your druggist does not happen to have OZOL—25c, 50c and $1 sizes—please write to us, giving us his name and address.

SUNBEAM CHEMICAL COMPANY
(A CORPORATION)

Chicago Los Angeles Toronto Cable, Wis. New York Paris London

Also Manufacturers of RIT, FLAKED RIT, SUN FLAKES

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for it doesn't seem to the victim at the time that he is ruining himself, while the drink habit always holds up signals of warning. There was once a Kansas man who had seen active political life, who wrote a poem on politics, in which he likened it to a sea of vitriol, which ate up the hull of the ship sailing on it. One would hate to see your organization set sail from Hoboken on this vitriol sea, which eats and eats at the vessel itself and finally sinks it, a corroded wreck.

Just sit down here by me and let me tell you about it, even at the expense on my part of what some may think a violation of taste. This present writer has had some opportunity to see politics as a young man and farther along in life. He has run for county office in the old days and been beaten; he has run for city office and been beaten at the primaries; he has run for office and been beaten at the polls; he has run and been elected; he has run for re-election and been beaten; he has run for one office and been elected to another, which seemed to be a higher one but which he did not desire; he has helped finance the campaigns of others; he has conducted recounts in election contests; he has acted as checker in levee wards when his friends foolishly supposed that his life was in danger from the plug-uglies, who were actually treating him like a man and a brother, after the fight was over; he has seen offices bought and sold, but could not prove it; he has acted as public prosecutor against boodlers, and thrown them out of office; he has devoted a year or two of his life to an effort to send some of them to the penitentiary, and failed—and lived to be glad he failed; he has acted in the inner circle of a state in the hands of the reformers; he has seen many a fine and noble thing done in politics, and many a base and sordid; he has seen great things for the people done through politics; he has been appointed to a most honorable and responsible office in the general government, held it for three years out of the eight of his term—so you see this is not the wail of disappointment—and resigned it to go back to his private work—and he has never seen a mere office seeker do any good to his country or himself.

On the Vitriol Sea

On the other hand, though he has seen some substantial private fortunes built up from the gettings of office he has never seen the owner of such a fortune enjoying such a reputation among his fellows as he thinks ought to satisfy a boy like yourself; and he has seen many, many men lose office, and—if they lost it soon enough—go disgustedly into business, cursing the ingratitude of republics, and then make good and thank their stars for defeat.

"You have taken from me the best man I ever had in my warehouse," said a business man to me just after I had appointed John Swanson to a place on the police force. "I'm sorry I supported you for mayor!"

"Well," said I, "the man whose place he took wants a job; why don't you hire him?"

"Probably spoiled for honest work," said he, "but send him along."

I sent him along, and in five years the man who went on the force was still a policeman, getting a small salary and wondering how long he could hang on, and frightened at every change in the administration, doing nothing permanent for himself, while the man who lost office and went to the warehouse had been promoted to a foremanship, and wouldn't have touched an office with a ten-foot pole. The one was on the firm ground of business while the other had launched his little boat—and most of you boys will necessarily have boats that will draw very little water—on the vitriol sea, which was eating up the craft and beginning to attack the man himself. Running for office and holding office for the sake of the profit is a thing for boobs and grafters, and in either case it is sailing the vitriol sea. That sea lies west of your Hoboken and is bounded on the north by the Canadian line, on the south by the Gulf and Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. It is known otherwise as American politics; sail it if you think best, but remember that you and your great and patriotic brotherhood have been warned that it isn't water, but vitriol.

I don't see much for your organization to do, save to have regular and occasional meetings, except to run the country. And after all can you run the country and not hold office? Why, of course you'll have to hold office. Then will it not be necessary to embark on the vitriol sea? In a way, yes, but not after the fashion depicted by our Kansas friend, Ironquill, he of the vitriol-sea poem. There is such a thing as seeking office for some reason other than a livelihood and personal profit. Such office seeking is often detrimental to one's career, though there will be many among you who can make the sacrifice—some because of the experience gained, some because of financial ability to stand the expense, some because of a desire to do things in public life the gratification of which will repay them for almost any disarrangement of their private affairs, some because they have such a temperament that they are better fitted for public employment than any other. But all this is subsidiary to the job of running the country. If you run the country for the selfish purposes of a few of you the less you think about it the better, but if you take over the work for the benefit of the country and the world you had better begin to study immediately for your stupendous job, as an organization. As long as your power lasts you will be obliged to study; you will have to organize for study; you may not see the necessity of this, but what else is there for you to do? You have only two courses between which to choose: You may run the country in the old, wasteful, shiftless, inefficient way or you may study the needs of the country, awaken to its dangers, and give us the greatest era of progress any nation ever was blessed withal.

Reasons for Confidence

I have confidence enough in you to believe that you will choose greatly and nobly—and sensibly and decently. Why shouldn't I have this confidence in you? I have seen you leap to the defense of your country and the world like a blade from its scabbard; I have seen you leave your tasks to others and put on soldiership as a garment; I have been struck by the wonder of your giving up the independence of the citizen and submerging yourself in the mass of your comrades like a molecule of steel in the forging of a great gun; I have seen you turned from a blithe boy to a grim engine for the destruction of the foe as Spartacus was changed from a shepherd boy to the king of the gladiators; I have seen you winning the admiration of the world for your cheerfulness in danger, dirt, disease, weariness and wounds; I have seen you showing the veterans of four years of war new devices allied to new courage; I have seen you mastering new trades and occupations—gunnery, aviation, submarining, transportation, warehousing, lumbering, putting time, space, depth and the mysteries of Nature under your feet; I have seen you carrying on the greatest business in the world, and doing it with success. All for what? For patriotism. Because you loved the country and the flag. Because there was in you something not yourself which made you throw yourself as a burnt offering on the altar of your country. And shall it be said of you, the whole four millions of you, that when you were forced by the logic of the situation to take over the control of the Government, as you will in a few years, you, who studied every intricacy of modern war and did in a year what was supposed to be the work of a lifetime, refused to master this new work, and went on as went the men who sailed into power on the vitriol sea of selfishness?

Like the G. A. R. and the United Confederate Veterans, your organization will love to cherish the memories of the war. These memories will range from the humorous to the tragic; from the odd and revolting to the sublime; but after all the memories of what you did for the world and for the nation, the immense tasks and the wonderful masteries, ought to give tone to the cult that you will build up. You will never be able to say that you extirpated any national disease like slavery and the right of secession or that you rebuilt the shattered structures of a section prostrated under the war, as your ancestors so truly said; but you may say that you saved the nation from impending ruin. For I tell you that this nation faces ruin unless things are changed in our Government.

Both branches of our national Government are composed mainly of little men with little minds—sailors on the vitriol sea of little partisan politics—already a little vitriol-eaten where the seas have come aboard—busied with little schemes for getting reelected or, at best, bewildered by the failure to understand the war, the age or the problems of the nation. They get to the Senate or the House by first getting themselves elected to some little office locally—perhaps getting some important monetary interest back of them—going from one office to another, none of them with duties or problems fitting the man for a place where he can control national affairs, and then some fine autumn day the nation hears without much interest that some man from the outskirts of nowhere or from the Eighth Ward of somewhere has been sent to the House or the Senate.

Nobody has paid any attention to his fitness for national employment. You should do that in the future. Nobody has seen that the platform on which he ran was anything more than a platform to get in on, rather than one to stand on. You should look out for that in the future. Nobody has tried to discover what he understands by the platform or whether he understands it at all. You and your great organization should see to that in the future. You should make it impossible for the common or garden-seed congressman ever to get to Washington. For the garden-seed congressman will ruin this nation if someone doesn't eliminate him.

It is hard to ruin the United States. If it had been easy it would have been done long ago; not by graft, but by plain bone-headedness and inefficiency and stolid idiocy. We were too rich to be ruined. We were the Coal Oil Johnny of the nations, getting rich so fast that we couldn't waste riches at such a rate as to make us poor. But that time is over. This war leaves us with a national Government on which is laid a larger and larger mass of the governmental work of the people. Everybody asks the general Government to do everything almost, and it costs more and more all the time.

And then our great war debt! When we emerged from the Civil War we owed something under $3,000,000,000. Now we owe so many billions that I am afraid to say what the debt is for fear of missing the mark by four or five times what we owed in 1865. The factor of possible error in statement is more than all our debt amounted to then. The states, the cities, the counties, the school districts, the drainage districts, the park districts—all these have piled up debts until the mass is incomprehensible. This in addition to the national debt—and all incurred by government, all to be handled by government, all to be added to or paid off by government.

The Burden of Debt

These debts have never bothered you much in the past, but they are going to make you hustle in the future. What you eat and wear, the house over your head, the profits of your business will all be affected year by year by these debts, and your chances of success in life will be diminished. Your struggle for existence will be harder. And when you do score a little success the Government will take a part of your income to pay this debt, the interest on it, and the additions to it which are accumulating every day, and the interest on them.

If prices go down so that the cry can be raised, as it was in my boyhood, that the bondholders who bought bonds for forty-cent dollars are getting interest on hundred-cent dollars, and being paid the principal at the rate of a hundred for forty, it may bring to this country agitations and troubles of which we can now form no notion. That national debt will have to be taken care of and the country financed during your voting lifetime, and whether or not it shall be added to depends on you—for, remember, you are going to run this nation.

Now such Congresses as we have now, and have had ever since I can remember, have not the trained men, the brains or the moral character to do this. Such Congresses will ruin the nation.

Let me give you some idea of the mess our national Government is in. Suppose the country to be a great department store—the United States Department Store. It is under the control of a board of directors, which is Congress. This board of directors consists of one from every city block in town—members of Congress—and two from each ward—senators. There are some five hundred of these directors running the department store, but they do not sit in one body but in two, and no orders given for the conduct of the business can have any authority until both these bodies agree. Each body—the block men and the ward men—is divided on party lines, and they are fighting each other mostly about fake issues, lime-lighting and grand-standing, instead of dividing the business of the country up among them and understanding it and contending as business men on business matters. You wouldn't expect a department store to do very well under such auspices, would you? Anyhow, it wouldn't—and neither does a nation.

But this isn't the worst of it. There is a President of this United States Department Store, whose duty it is to see that the orders of the board of directors and the regulations of the articles of incorporation—which is the Constitution—are carried out. He has under him a dozen or so department heads, called a cabinet. One has charge of the moneys—but also of the health organization and the lighting system—classy organization, that! One has charge of the special policemen and one of the boats for delivering goods along the river—Army and Navy. These are all tremendous departments, some of them employing many thousands of men. These departments spend the money appropriated by the board of directors—your income and mine, young fellows.

As Bad as This

This board of directors of the United States Department Store never knows how much money it has at the end of the fiscal year available to spend during the next year; never makes up any budget for the next year's work. It never tries to find out. It won't let anyone in the departments make up such a budget. It doesn't want to know. If the head of the dress-goods department thinks he would like to have a bigger appropriation next year he lobbies with some obscure committee on the board of directors, and gets it. The gents'-furnishings-goods bureau chief goes after all he can get before another committee. There is a general snooping round with committees by every department in the store. There is no general committee. Every bureau tries to make his bureau bigger—and with the money of the store. They find often, after the chaos has been enacted, that the woodenware section has gone in and bought a full stock of furniture, because it is made of wood, while the graniteware section has laid in a supply of tombstones. The talking-machine section has put in parrots, and extended the parrots' cracker department to a full line of groceries. Meantime groceries, furniture and tombstones have gone on swelling on their own hook. So it is all over the place. I have not overstated it.

The United States Goverment is as bad as that—and your income and your chance to succeed in life will be affected by these things. If Congress were composed of men—I know they talk well and look all right individually—but if they were men fit and fitted for such employment they would have a central organization at work on the budget all the time, and know last year's business, and plan for next year's business just as is done at Marshall Field's or Wanamaker's. And they would have had it years ago.

But this isn't the worst, either. These senators and garden-seed congressman making up the board of directors never give to any department or head of a bureau or division in the store a free hand to operate it on business principles. Any private business gives general instructions and tells the man in charge to go ahead and succeed and make periodical reports so he can be checked up. But the board of directors of the United States Department Store—five hundred of them—keep their hands on every bundle wrapper, every deliveryman, every salesman in the store. Each member tries to get people from his particular block or ward hired to work in the store. They make a fuss if one of their henchmen or henchwomen is discharged. They won't establish any system by which the halt, lame and blind can be retired, and so, in order that they may not starve, these derelicts are kept on the pay roll until some of them have to be brought to their posts of mornings in wheeled chairs.

And each man of them wants the store to spend money in the district from which he is elected. If the grocery department will just promise to establish a branch—say, a post-office building—in a certain block he

(Concluded on Page 65)

Collegian clothes

Smart Styles for Every Man of 17 to 70

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Another good Collegian!

LOOK at those shoulders, that chest, the waist, the lapels, the sleeves. Comes in almost any material, pattern or color, that you'll ask for. Isn't that just about the kind of a suit you want?

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David Adler & Sons Co.

$30 to $60
depending on texture, weight, lining, fabric, and similar factors.

(Concluded from Page 63)

can get the votes of the member for that block, and all his friends' votes, especially if he will let it be understood that he will put some of the member's friends on the pay roll. Not only will he get his vote, but he will get all his friends' votes, and all the votes he can trade for, for other local benefits. So the grocery department can then get an appropriation for a full stock of patent medicines, subsequently to run into a whole drug store, though the drug branch covers that already.

Government is always a local issue to the gardenseeder. He seldom even tries to see the nation as a whole; if he did he would not for a single term endure the conditions. He would rise in his place every day and shout "Give us business methods!" just as that old Roman senator, whenever he spoke, on the most commonplace Roman subject, ended by saying: "And also, Carthage must be destroyed!" Our Carthage is governmental stupidity, inefficiency and boneheadedness and the man who notes our increased and increasing national debt can see Hannibal coming over the Alps.

A Blessing in Disguise

If in any private business the head of any department went to the man over him and said "Boss, Jim Smith is quitting us, but I don't believe we need anyone to take his place. Let me pay Jones and Robinson a little extra to do his work and we'll save about fifty dollars a month. And the work will be done just as well," the manager would eagerly welcome the proposal. It would amount to a promotion for Jones and Robinson and would save money for the business. Jones and Robinson would be given courage and pep, and the word would go through the business that efficiency pays. Do you think that Congress would allow any such thing in the government service? Not at all. Years ago a civil engineer, a friend of mine, was building a dry-dock. The specifications called for a certain sort of stone and cement and that general class of work. A stone was inspected three or four times before it was built into the dock, and then a new inspector would perhaps come along and condemn the stone and have it taken out. At last my friend protested; the thing was so childish.

A government engineer said to him: "What salary are you getting?"

On being told he replied: "Well, the highest-paid man in the government employ checking you up gets about half that much. After you are done with this job you'll hunt another, but the government man is on for life. All he has to do is not to make mistakes. He can run this expense up on you until the cows come home by obstructive safety-first moves, and it will never take his job away from him. Government service pays no reward for constructive excellence, and so long as we can play safe we'll naturally do it. You took all that into account when you bid on the job anyhow."

So it is all along the line. Exceptional ability in government service gets no exceptional reward as it does in private employment. Congress gives to no bureau or service the power to pay the right man in the right place for the excellence or originality of his work. It allows no employing officer an opportunity to reward good service by more pay. The United States Department Store, with its double board of directors—one lower house with a member from every block, and two from every ward in an upper house—runs things on the most expensive plan possible, and refuses its department heads any power to improve things.

It makes it impossible for any bureau or service to gain anything by economy or efficiency. The other day a scientist sent to a senator an account of a new poison he had perfected for the cotton boll weevil. One could see from the letter he sent in that he was reluctant to say that his work was done, and when it came before the Senate one could see the reason why.

"I hope," said a senator who for some reason has gained a reputation for ability, "that the agricultural appropriation will be much smaller next year on account of the finishing of this work." He should have said: "Fine business! Now set this entomologist after some other bug!"

As a matter of fact, there was no incentive for the bug hunter to finish the work at all, so far as Congress is concerned. Congress expects every job to go on forever, and if any department in any of its branches fails in any year to spend all the money appropriated to it that department suffers in its next year's appropriation. I mean by this that the man carrying on any particular work gains nothing by economy. There is no one to give him credit for economical and efficient work. All he saves goes back into the treasury, and the saving does not benefit his work at all. In fact it harms him, for instead of having more money next year by reason of his economy this year he will be given less. He cannot transfer money from one branch of his work to another. He must use it up for exactly the purpose for which it was appropriated or it goes back into the treasury, and he gets less next year on account of his economy this year. Nobody in the business of the Government is given much opportunity to exercise business judgment as to the way money is spent or to pay better for better services or to benefit next year by economies or efficiencies practiced this year. Economy—this I state from experience—is a distinct detriment to any service or bureau. The only way to succeed is for each of the various heads to get as large an appropriation as possible, and then spend every dollar of it. And, remember, Congress never knows how much money it spent last year, never knows how much it is going to spend next year, never makes up a budget in which future expenditures and future revenues are balanced, and never tries to do so. It will tax you and the next generations to ruin and poverty unless it reforms its methods.

Congress with its five hundred men in two houses split by lines of party is just as inefficient as such a body would be in running a department store. If Congress wasn't so hungry for jobs with which to influence votes, jobs for contractors and jobs for people, it would give the heads of departments and bureaus and services and commissions the same authority over salaries and ways and means that any good business gives to its department heads. It would have its appropriations made according to a budget, and not as at present. The budget would be made up by one agency instead of by nine committees, as appropriations are now handled. It would quit messing into the work of the departments and would approve or condemn and punish them, on the basis of full reports, as is done in other great concerns, instead of perpetrating the dreary bluff of anticipating and regulating everything beforehand. It would attend to its legislating and allow the administrating to be done by the administrators. It acts as absurdly as would the directors of a railway if they gave the section men laws telling them how to drive spikes or tamp under the ties.

Why We Don't Go Broke

Our Government, if Congress would attend to its proper business of legislation and let administration alone, could eliminate a quarter of the useless work now done, do what would be left and do it better, with a third less force than is now engaged upon it, and for a third less money. I am making that statement positively, because I believe it is under rather than over the mark; but if it be false, bless you, I can laugh at congressmen, senators, bureau heads and members of the cabinet, for not one of them has anything more than a hazy opinion on the subject. Congress makes a point of not knowing its business and of not making any laws through the operation of which anyone else can know. After three years of bureau running my opinion is as good as anyone's, and I have stated what I believe to be the truth. A department store run in the way I have stated would bust in six months, and the only reason why the United States hasn't busted every year since before you were born is because Congress can go out and levy taxes on you to pay for the results of its incompetency. But how much longer can we stand it?

What I have said about our Congress, both branches of it, may seem severe; but it is not half severe enough. There are plenty of men in both branches who know that what I say is true, and some have made certain gestures toward some changes for the better, but they are only gestures so far—pure Delsarte. Nobody feels the hot indignation, nobody possesses the grim determination to change things, nobody tries to build up a group, nobody really tries or has ever tried, though they all know who have made any study of government—perhaps fifty out of the five hundred—that our Government is worse than that of any really civilized nation in its legislative and administrative methods. Oh, if we could have as good a government in this respect as Porto Rico! Both parties are false to their platforms. Probably your state government, your city government and your county government are just as bad. Fellows, these things ought not so to be. Soldiers, there's bigger game to be hunted here than in the Argonne, and game just as deadly to our welfare.

What else is there for your new organization to do? Officeholding and job holding will never satisfy you, if for no other reason than that there aren't jobs enough for four million men, and most of them are a liability instead of an asset. You will never be satisfied just with meetings and the fighting over of your battles or the carrying out of a mere ritual, no matter how impressive. You will have to do something or you will turn out to be the biggest dud ever fired from the artillery of history. Of course you will desire to do something for each other, and for yourselves, but you can do most by doing something for everyone. And let me tell you, there is more fun in stalking corruption and sniping incompetency than in getting on the pay roll to-day and beginning to pay to be kept on to-morrow; I've had experience, and I believe I know. I am not advising you to enter upon a dread apostolate of suffering in yon drear political Gethsemane; by no means. I am telling you how so to organize as to have more fun out of politics the rest of your lives than any crowd of men ever had since Adam named the animals.

How John Milton Put It

It is a part of the war in which you enlisted. My view of what the verdict of history will be is that you will be given the credit of having saved the world. Not alone, for it would have been lost time after time had it not been for the dreadful sacrifices of our Allies, but the red ruin would have prevailed over them if you had not gone in. You did not go in for any narrow or selfish reason; not for glory, not for the thrill of it, not because you wanted a fight, not because our country was directly threatened, but because it looked as if this would be a bad and disgusting and degenerating world in which to live and bring up families if Germany won. But Germany has won in a way, for she has cast on us such burdens that we cannot carry them unless we adopt better methods of government. She has poisoned our blood, and we shall sicken and die unless we throw that poison off; and you are to run the Government—remember that. Don't you see that you can't evade the issue? You must study government, local, state and national—not every one of you, of course, but you must organize so that it will be done—and in doing so you will only be finishing what you began when you went into the fight with Germany. You will be helping to get the German poison out of our blood. That's where you will just naturally be obliged to go from Hoboken; the stars in their courses must fight against Sisera.

We as a nation are standing on the world. We have the credits, the resources, the wealth, the power—and if you do not fail us we have the men. I wish we could rise to the greatness of the vision of what we may do for ourselves, for the world. The ancient mantle of the headship of the Englishry of the world hovers over our shoulders, if we are worthy to put it on and wear it, and what that mantle covers is not capable of adequate statement, but can only be limned by the steel stylus of destiny on the scroll of the centuries. Milton saw it, centuries ago, and his words still ring out as a battle call to the peoples of English speech:

"Lords and Commons of England; consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also which love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

The Pipe of Peace

The following incident was related some months ago in the New York *Tribune:*

The battle in the Argonne Forest made optimists out of soldiers, who the world knows would rather kick than eat, according to an Ensign on a returning transport.

"Just as our boat arrived in port," said this Ensign, "one soldier at the rail said to another who had gone through the inferno of the Argonne:

"'And just think; we are going back to a place where we aren't going to be able to get a drink soon.'

"'I'd have given my life insurance for a drink of water in the Argonne,' said the other quietly.

"'But I hear they are going to stop tobacco, too,' said the other.

"'Well, I smoked shoe-laces in the Argonne,' returned the other, 'and they tasted pretty good.'"

There is small chance that either our lawmakers or our grateful American people, now that peace has been won, will tell the men who won it that they can smoke shoe-laces again.

Our fighting men have earned the right to smoke the Pipe of Peace. And so have the millions of older men in civilian life who worked and bought Liberty Bonds, denying themselves comforts.

Men have various ways of taking comfort from life. Some take it from earning and saving money. Some take comfort by thinking themselves better than other men. Some enjoy nothing so much as shaking things up and changing conditions, and some like to meet conditions as they are and make the most of them in a human, companionable way. Some men take comfort in eating. Some in smoking.

Probably more men get comfort out of eating and smoking than out of all other habits put together. A smoke after a good meal—what in the whole world compares with that?

You settle into an easy position. You light a match. Puff!—puff!—puff! As you blow out those ribbons of fragrant smoke, you drop worries, you begin to see that things are nearer as they should be than you imagined; you come nearer being the happy, companionable, helpful human being you were put here to be.

That is the way many men take comfort from life and hence meet their fellows in a free, open-hearted, open-handed way as a result. All that is required is a match and a pipeful of the right tobacco.

Just the right tobacco is frequently found only after a long hunt. Have you come upon the kind that exactly suits you yet? If not, we should be glad to have you try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth may or may not be just your kind. But it has proved to be just the right kind for so many smokers that we will make it very easy for you to pass judgment upon it.

Simply a post-card containing your address, also that of the dealer to whom you turn for supplies, will cause us to send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then separated into thin, moist slices. To have an average pipe-load, merely rub a slice between the hands.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready to pour right from the can into your pipe. It packs perfectly and burns evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

For the free samples, upon which we would like your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

RIGHT FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO YOU

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We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT, sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters [illegible] are boiled and packed in PARCHMENT-LINED CANS. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

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THE HIGHER THE FEWER

(Continued from Page 17)

intending any humor, but do you get me? I'll say so! Well, anyways, he bought it and after our hearty dinner of grapefruit salad, pickles and lemon ice, which ma eat with her eagle eye on us to see was we going to kick, which of course we therefore didn't, we got together and opened up the great New American Good Book—the automobilist hymnal—and commenced to read about ideal towers and everything.

Well, at first it seemed that the bird which had writ this book—and I'll tell the world it must of give him writer's cramp, it's so long—well, anyways, it seems this literary bird had such a big heart in him that he was tore every whichways by Penn., New Hampshire, Northern N. Y., and other points, and had such a love for them all that he couldn't just say which he liked best. So he had them labeled by numbers. Ideal towers No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, through the whole entire alphabet of numbers. You'd commence reading about, say, No. 3, and get all emotional over Rhode Island, only to turn to No. 5 and the realization that Kentucky was the only state in the Union worth seeing. Take it by and large, that author was a real, genuine, all-round American without a single hyphen in his make-up except after the route numbers. He had got us all settled on Niagara Falls, when I happened to turn to Plymouth, and after I read how that was the place the Pilgrim Fathers discovered America and how the rock was there yet and all, and how the population was two thousand, which seemed awful old and quaint, I decided we'd go to Plymouth. Jim had already decided on Baltimore, because his mother had a cousin there and he had never been to Washington. But in the end we compromised on Plymouth, because I had a idea the rock might some day make a good location for a picture. And just as I had made up Jim's mind about the trip the doorbell rung and who would it be but Maison Rosabelle and her husband, the one which had been a traveling man but had gone to France as soon as the war commenced and was just now back, he having been over there eighteen months in active service selling playing cards, and so forth, for the novelty firm which had sent him. And him and they had quarreled and parted one day over commissions on poker chips and so now he was home taking one of them well-earned rests so gladly granted to all veterans, and judging by the prices I pay Maison Rosabelle for my simple and refined little dresses I guess she can afford to indulge in a wifely husband, and it's the truth she's that sort of a woman and though thin by intention is almost twice his size and enjoys complaining about him to his face.

Well, anyway, they was more than welcome, arriving as they did just in time to leave Jim decided on Massachusetts and furthermore bringing a quart of ice cream and a sponge cake of their own accord, as it was a hot night and the growler was no more—or at least too weak to struggle for. Well, anyways, they brought not alone food but life and enthusiasm to us, all but ma, who left the room overcome by emotion when we commenced a frenzy of eating. And when, as the poet says, the last scrap was gone and Jim had got out and passed our new gold-tipped cigarettes, which we have made to order with both our names on them at fifty cents a hundred extra, we told Maison Rosabelle and Rollo Healy—that's her husband—about our coming motor trip.

"Why, dearie, how odd!" says Maison, which it's the truth she speaks very refined. "How odd! We were planning the very same trip, because of course the establishment—English for store—will be closed ovah the holiday."

"Driving up?" I says.

"Yes—in the sedan," says she. "Leave us go together!"

"We got our new Cobra," I says. "But we could go in ours and you in yours."

"And change off company now and then," added Maison, eying Jim coyly.

"Why, yes!" he says enthusiastically.

Well, I wasn't ditto exactly, though I and Maison have been for years the best of friends, when able to cramp the other's style—do you get me? If female, you do! Because ain't it the truth a lady always loves her side-kick better when she is at a disadvantage? And here was Maison with not alone a sedan but about to take my husband in it, leaving me her cold half portion, which no one had ever yet attempted to wrest away from her, there being positively nothing in doing so; and in a way that's not a bad sort of husband to have because you are at least sure of what there is of him. And I commenced wishing why hadn't we bought a sedan, as undoubtedly they was up-to-date and a person's hair wouldn't get

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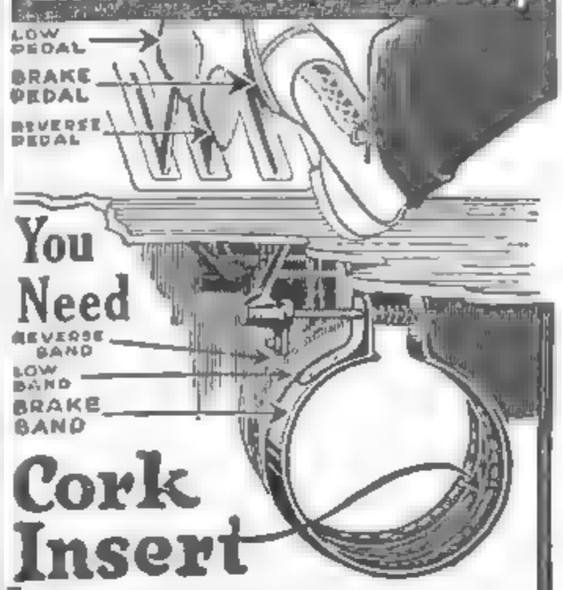
When You Work the Brake—and Your FORD won't Stop



When your Ford brake doesn't work good—when you have to press too hard on the pedal—when the car shakes and chatters as you operate the brake—have your garage or repairman reline your brake bands with Advance Cork Insert Transmission Lining. Then your brake will work quick and smooth for a long time.

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The Moreland—

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1919.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company	Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Lorraine Apartments, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1919.
(SEAL) W. C. TURNER.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923.)

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(Continued from Page 66)

blown about or anything, and in a way Maison had put one over on me for once outside of the items on her bill.

Well, anyways, I cooed of course it would be lovely and then Maison moved over onto the sofa and her and Jim got their heads close together over the road map and as there was but one it left nothing for me to do to get even except play to Rollo, which I done it with him leaning his elbow on the music rack and admiring my rings while my feet was busy with Kiss Me Again To-night, Dear, but failing to cast any gloom upon them Indian-trail hunters in the next room. I could hear their voices chanting, "No, see? It's route 134 reversed. That's to Narragansett, see, at 7:10." And in the very same tone he had used to me but an hour earlier—only more so!

Well, of course, far be it from me to be the least bit jealous, as my art comes first anyways and no mere man can compare to it, let alone the fact that it never goes back on me no matter what my director may sometimes say. But nevertheless just the same, I could not but let Maison know just where she got off, and so I give Rollo's hand a squeeze when we reluctantly says good night, and Rollo was so astonished he says "Ouch" before he thought, but luckily no one took any notice, and then we says good-by till Friday nine A. M. sharp at the Palatial and we'll get a early start. Such a swell idea, dearie, and good night! Good night! "Nice woman, Maison," says Jim, when they had gone and we was in as much privacy as we ever give each other. "Very intelligent too."

"Yes, I notice she's a good listener," I says. But that was too subtle to register, and Jim merely says "uh-huh" and pulled up the covers over his ears.

Well, anyways, this day was Wednesday and the following A.M. I and Musette put in packing my and Jim's bags; and carrying only two suitcases each and a hat box, it did not take long. I deciding to get on with a satin sports suit, two bright sweaters, a bathing suit for Narragansett and one for Plymouth, a couple of evening dresses, a white suit and a organdie or so, calculating two to one on what Maison would take, because she being a professional every costume should be an ad and she would undoubtedly make it so outside of the establishment, which of course it's natural she would want a relief from the severe black satin of business clothes.

And so her being along about doubled my carrying capacity, while I personally myself deliberately planned to wear tweeds in the car which are correct, and if going through Newport and so on where refined people live I had no intention of carrying the dust of the motion-picture lot on my clothing, which natural refinement has made me what I am to-day, with only society leads, and I'll tell the world but very few can screen as convincingly in a drawing-room set.

Well, anyways, I watched Musette pack and then, exhausted, I and Jim, which he had put in a heavy day at the Friars swapping reminiscences of the wet epoch with other desperate sarsaparilla hounds—well, I and he took a spin in the Cobra up Fifth Avenue and the Drive to get a lungful of nice fresh gasoline and exchange familiar greetings with the cops, which it's a fact we know nearly all of them, between arrests for blocking the traffic and hold-ups to buy field-day tickets for the benefit of overfed members of the force or something.

Well, anyways, at about five o'clock Jim come round with the snorting Cobra straining at the emergency and I was waiting on the front steps, because by getting a early start we could call it tea but make it dinner at some road house up the line and never wound ma's feelings at table later. And we crawled up the Drive like a professional snail, picking up on high from five miles in the traffic in the angel-from-heaven way that bus of ours has when it wants to.

"Some bus!" says Jim.

"I'll say so!" I says. And on we rode with hearts and gear on high, as the poet says, and had a meal of food at The Doodle Bug Inn and started for home and mother with an appetite which could just about struggle with the denatured dinner we knew would await us. And still the Cobra purred on like a big cat concentrating on its own affairs.

"Some bus!" says Jim, who is nothing if not to the point.

"I'll say so!" I answered. And just then the Cobra overheard us and give a gulp.

"Oh, Didn't You Change?" Says Maison.
"So Sorry I Didn't Know You Wouldn't, Dearie. We Always Dress Wherever We Are!"

At first we pretended not to of heard it, because I'll say one thing for that car, it always gives warning and warning was something we was not anxious to hear, what with a nine A. M. start ahead of us next morning.

But just to make sure, it give another gargle not two blocks farther on.

"Jim!" I says with my heart getting sort of cold. "Did you hear him?"

"Yes, I heard her," he says grimly. And it's the case we always name that car's sex on each other when we want to fix the blame. "Yes, I heard her, but it don't mean anything, I don't believe."

Which is his common and ever futile prayer to heaven on these occasions.

"Well, with contracts, dieting and cars there's no use shirking the facts if you want to get results," I says. "And he always acts like that when he's going to cuddle down in the garage for a week or two," I says.

"Well, I'll just speak to di Pagelli about her when I put her up," says Jim, which it is certainly remarkable the grand-opera names these dagos have, and of course we kept our car—it being a foreign one—in a garage where they spoke its language. Well, anyways, Jim left me at our door and took the bus round to learn the worst, and I went up to argue ma into having a decent lunch put up for us to take along next day so we could make good time and yet take nourishment as well. Ma had something on her mind besides her transformation and boudoir cap. I could see that at once.

"Mary Gilligan, I've about decided to take a trip myself," she says. "Loop-the-Loop Lola phoned while you was out and they have a cottage down to Long Beach," she says, "and asked would I come down to-morrow and stay until Monday," she says. "And seeing she is getting thin, too, on account of her new bicycle act, I said I would."

"But, ma, suppose the contract from Goldringer comes, who will wire us?" I says.

"Alfalfa will," says ma. "I have explained it to her and she understands it good."

Alfalfa was our domestic staff just then and hovered over the kitchen like a dark cloud, partially from natural coloration and partially on account of our menus. Musette I did not count, as she had my permit to cease from being personal maid to me for three days and be personal maid in gray satin and blue ribbons for five minutes twice a day in a vaudeville sketch which her sister was going to have a try-out in at Troy, N. Y., over the holiday.

Well, anyways, I did not have quite the faith in Alfalfa's memory as ma for the sake of her own convenience had, and so I called her from watching the tomatoes cool, which she was busily doing, and said could she read, and she could not. So then, nothing daunted, I got out one of Goldringer's big envelopes and tore off the mark in the corner—a gold ring with a camera rampant in the middle of it and the magic words "Goldringer Motion Picture Productions, Inc." beneath it. And then I wrote a telegram to myself addressed to the Plymouth House, saying contract arrived, come at once, and told her that the minute a envelope with that on it come she was to send this. And then feeling like a kindergarten teacher after a hard day, I turned to face the troubled countenance of my husband.

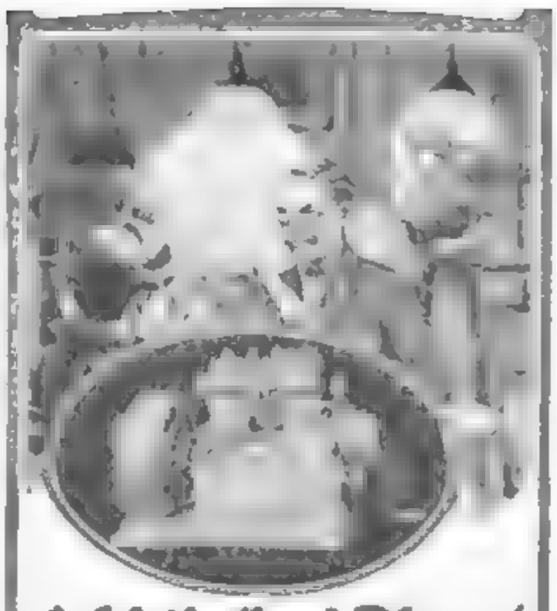
"It's the feed from the vacuum," he says at once, "but Caruso says he'll have it done by ten o'clock to-night sure."

"Another overtime glibi," I says. "Last time it made the same swan song and he claimed it was the ignition. I believe that dago sits up nights teaching Willful Winnie to sing at two dollars an hour!"

And so, as will be seen by any intelligent public, all was set for a typical pleasure trip.

Well, anyways, we phoned at ten and it wasn't ready; then at ten-thirty and at eleven and eleven-thirty with the same results, until finally Jim says: "Well, no use waiting up any longer. I guess it won't happen before morning. Wake me up if it's a boy." And I, feeling about the same way, finally at last got to sleep, not caring if we took a trip or stayed where we had our own tub and bed and got the breeze—you know. But garage men only do such things to help along the excitement and when we woke up at eight-thirty next morning there was Willful Winnie parked at the curb and not even of course locked, and this instead of making Jim grateful he took it as a opportunity to show off some of the language he had learned abroad and I'll tell the world it didn't need no interpreter to understand it.

About nine I started to phone Maison we'd be a little late when she beat me to it and we rearranged to meet at ten and not stop for lunch. And then Jim and the bell



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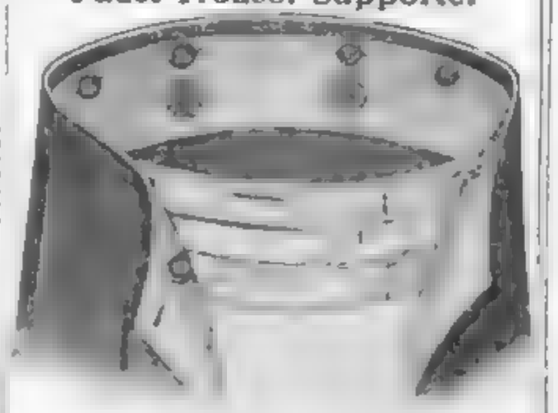

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girl started stowing away our stuff, which took only a half hour or so, because they didn't take it all off and rearrange it more than three times, and then at last Jim got it to suit him which was exactly the way I had told him in the first place. But I ignored the fact, as I had no intention to start anything so soon. So we told ma good-by and she us, and give Alfalfa her orders all over again, so as to be as sure as a coon generally is, and started for the Palatial, there to sustain the first shock of battle. And did we get it? I'll say so! We got it when we met up with Rosabelle, Inc.

The inc. part—in other words, her little Rollo—was disguised as a garden pest with a yellow duster that smothered his clothes entirely, a cap to match and a pair of goggles which destroyed what little human element there had been about him. He looked like a cross between a aviator and a doodle bug, and no professional motorist could ever hope to compete. Maison herself run him a close second, being appareled—the word is hers—appareled for motoring, old deah, in a sea green silk and rubber three-tier cape and a tiny jocky cap made of rosebuds swathed by a pale-pink veil not more than five yards long. You expected the leading juvenile to rush right up, chuck her under the chin and exclaim—in song—"So this is Mars!" Well, we says "Hello," and they said it, and we come down the steps and then we was introduced to the bus which these two speed devils was arrayed to travel in—the sedan to which they had so casually referred. It was a sedan all right, all right!

It was a flivver!

Well, I hope after my small-time, circus and other humble proletariat beginnings I am not a snob, no matter to what golden height of success I have risen as the Motion-Picture Gazette says of me—no, I am no snob, but somehow the thought of that flivver trailing us, not alone up the Avenue but through the country at large and stopping at the best hotels give me awful indigestion in my enthusiasm. Not but that I realize what cheap cars has done for the farmers of America, but when it comes to the chicken coop the Broadway ones don't use them. Besides which, though every flivver owner boasts of his bus, he does so with the same tone of voice in which he would defend a serviceable but not two stylish family—do you get me? I'll say so!

But we had made that date and what was a person to do? Start as soon as possible and get used to the agony!

So Rollo hopped in front of his sedan, cranked it without stepping on his duster more than twice. It roared its message loud and clear. In he jumped and in jumped Maison beside him on the other front seat. I and Jim stepped into the Cobra and headed the procession up Broadway through the traffic.

"I suppose we will leave them on the open road," says Jim, breaking the uncomfortable silence and the traffic laws by darting behind the back of a cop which was selling another bird a ticket by compulsion. "Or else hold back our speed and ruin the trip," he says.

"It's ruined right now," I says. "And how they can have a car like that on her income is a crime," I says. "Why don't she ride one of her own sewing machines and be done with it? Gawd knows she has money enough to buy something decent!"

"I'll say so!" says Jim.

Well, anyways, our day was soured, and the first place we had to show restraint was on Greenwich Hill, which it's a fact it's probably one of the worst in Connecticut and the world. Rollo had someways got ahead of us, owing to the Portchester traffic, and he was also for the same reason ahead of us on this hill, and as, of course, he could barely crawl up it at all, we, who could as a rule make it on high, had to restrain ourselves to keep from climbing right up his back by going into second, having lost our run. Jim said something under his breath and at the top we passed them and they looked out and grinned at us just as if they had put one over. But on the stretch we showed them our tail and by Stamford we had them panting well to the rear.

"It's a shame to mortify them, but how can I help it?" says Jim with ill-concealed pleasure.

"Mortify them!" I says. "You mean them mortify us! I wouldn't be seen dead in one of them perambulators!"

"No more would I!" says Jim.

Just then Winnie give a gulp and we dropped all conversation until sure she wasn't going to have a attack, but she didn't and we kept on going right through Bridgeport, and leave me tell you it's a pathetic sight to go through these manufacturing towns nowadays and see the streets crowded by the poor workingmen's automobiles and lined with their model houses and it makes you wonder how can they possibly be expected to face the upkeep on only fifteen or twenty dollars a day.

Well, anyways, we carried our bleeding hearts full of pity through this city of workers and come through a couple more towns and the Cobra give another snort, and not that there was anything wrong with her but sometimes if you leave her cool off she comes to like a mad male, or as Jim says, like any other female, so there being a nice shady spot we thought we'd stop and let the sedan catch up.

So we did that, and out of it come Maison, fresh as if it had been a beauty parlor, and Rollo after her, unbuttoning the duster to display what I guess was a auto suit out of a theater program.

"In trouble, dearie?" asks Maison. "Anything wrong?"

"Only the time," I says. "It's one o'clock and this looked like a good place to eat."

"You said it!" says Maison. "It's real cute under these pines! Rollo, bring out the dining room, sweetums!"

And did sweetums bring it? He did! He brought a storage warehouseful, two folding chairs that looked strong if not comfortable, a folding table that worked and a hamper that had everything in it but the kitchen stove—everything for two. Well, I and Jim being mere amateurs, we didn't have any such outfit as that; and it's the truth Alfalfa had considered herself lucky to find a shoe box big enough, and the step of the Cobra had to do for seats. I could see the pity oozing from Maison, Inc., as they looked at our poverty, but it was like water off a rolling stone so far as I was concerned, because of course I realized that they needed something to make up for the so-called car they had.

"I see you've run your—er—sedan nearly a thousand miles," says Jim.

"Yes, without changing a tire," says Maison. Rollo didn't say a word. That's one good thing about him. Nothing noisy about him except his suits, and it's lucky he had them that way or a person would forget he was there. But he had one talent. He always produced a drink wherever he was and this time he done it from a vacuum bottle the like of which I would not of believed possible outside of a ad. And it didn't have grape juice in it, either. Take it by and large, they had some equipment, them two. And we was actually glad to get back into the Cobra, because that was one thing we certainly had on them and they knew it, and, of course, a person always likes to have a little something on even the best of friends.

But after lunch, spinning along in Winnie, which she was now going like a streak of greased lightning, the world commenced to look not so bad. The country certainly was pretty. All full of trees and grass and everything and even the advertising signs was more interesting than down round home on account of they being occasionally about some local stuff you never heard of before. The sun was out, the roads was good and it wasn't a bit lonesome, because every last owner of anything from a demountable bathtub cycle to a motor truck had decided that their own bed and tub and breeze was all right but this was a holiday. And I'll tell the world the way a lot of them road hogs acted, enjoying theirselves at fifteen miles a hour with everybody in the car from grandma down to the baby and wouldn't turn out on a bet, was enough to sour a person on democracy. And the crowd of them that was out! Really it needed a traffic cop.

Well, anyways, after we had passed a lot more trees and barns and other rural sets and locations we come to a place where three roads come together and it was an even break which one to take, because the only sign said White-O-Best for the Teeth, and we knew that before. So Jim says it must be the left and I says the right was more like a main road and a fellow passed in a delivery wagon and we yelled, "Newport?" And he yelled, "Asquashamm" or something and went along so quick that maybe it was a insult. So we stopped and along come the well-known sedan, and Maison sticks the roses out of the window and says, "Are you in trouble, dearie?"

"No!" shouted Jim. "Which way here?"

"Left!" says Rollo. "That is, maybe."

"The right looks more like a main road!" says Jim the original creature.

"I think it's the center," says Maison.

"Better look it up," says I. "Here you are. Route 127."

"What was that last town we passed?" says Jim.

"Squedunk," says Rollo.

"No, Westerly," says Maison.

"It was not!" says Jim. "It was Easterbrook—see here: Pass large tree on left, bear right by factory to R. R. bridge 27.6¼, bear right with trolley into Saunderstown. That's it—there's the tree."

"But where's the factory?" I says.

"That's so!" says Jim. "Where is it?"

"You're looking at the wrong route," says Maison, who had got out her book too—and it had a special binding on it. "You're looking at the wrong one—it's 129. See here:

"Leave Westerly at center, large church on left, passing cemetery. No, that's not it either."

"That's the reverse route," says Jim.

"Look on the map!" I says.

And they did, but couldn't tell which town had been the last, because of not noticing at the time. And then after they had done some figuring, which would of made a income-tax return look like the two-times table, I suddenly seen a sign on top of the tooth-paste poster and it said "To the Cape," and we knew that was the general direction we was headed for, so we started that way.

The car was still going good and I commenced to feel all enthusiastic again.

"I am just crazy to see that Plymouth Rock," I says, "where Columbus landed, though how he ever did it is a mystery."

"Jumped, I suppose," says Jim.

"Some jump!" I says. "I think he must of landed at the foot of it and climbed up afterward. Too bad they've painted that insurance ad on it, though—you seen the stills of it?"

"I'll say so!" said Jim.

"I just love to see these impressive freaks of Nature," I says. "Niagara Falls and Atlantic City and the Grand Cañon and so on. They named a brand of chicken for this Plymouth Rock, didn't they?"

"They, who?" says Jim.

"Oh, the ones that names things," I says. "If Columbus had named it he would of called it after his own self."

"I'll say so!" says Jim.

Well, about this time the road commenced to get a sort of amateur look to it, but we kept ahead with that motorists' optimism—that steady refusal to believe the worst, which the old hand gets the habit of feeling. All signs had now vanished and there didn't seem anything to do except turn round and there was no place to do that, so we kept going. It was after six o'clock when Rollo commenced tooting behind. We stopped and after a minute up he comes, the specially bound guide book in his specially gloved hand.

"How about hotels?" he says. "There are two good ones at Plymouth, but apparently we ain't headed that way."

"Where are we then?" says Jim.

"See this map?" says Rollo. "We are way down on the Cape, we are, and likely to stay all night—or at least long enough to eat, because we are at least seventy miles out of our way. Unless you want to drive all night."

"I don't want to drive all night on a empty stomach and bad roads," I says. "Leave us go to the nearest good hotel."

So they says yes and we started for a place called Stanmore and they followed while we held in the Cobra so they could be sure and follow us, because a storm had started to come up and it was getting darker. After we had gone through a lot more of what would of been scenery, if visible, Rollo commenced honking again.

"Here we are!" he says when we had stopped.

And a good thing he called our attention to it, because otherwise we never would of noticed it was a town. I have done some trouping in my day, but any place we stopped there was at least a railroad station and a Commercial House and what pretended to be a theater. But whoever started this berg had got fed up on it and gone home before modern improvements was thought of. Well, we asked for the hotel and the other building was it and we parked the cars in a place where someone had previously parked two cows and went in and Maison asks for a room and bawth and got the room. I and Jim made no such social error, because we have not been on the small-time for years like we was in the old days for nothing, so we took the other room without either bawth or comment, and sustained by the sure knowledge of steamed clams and broiled chicken for dinner, give ourselves a lick and a promise from the single pitcher and basin in our double room and come downstairs in our same clothes, there to read a thrilling account of the shooting of Pres. McKinley in the most current number of any magazine present, but still borne up by what we could smell from the kitchen.

Well, after a while the bird which run this place come out and said supper was ready—and I'll say we was too. But not so Maison and Rollo. So we says we will wait, and wait was right, because that was what we did, and when they come down a child could have seen why and I'll tell the world everybody in that hotel got an eyeful—yes, all three of them, including the postmaster from across the street, for Maison had slipped into a black-jet evening affair which it's a good thing nothing slipped afterward, because Gawd knows there wasn't much to hold it, and I had a terrible nervous moment when she sneezed coming across the lobby. And also Rollo had a informal little open-faced suit that made him look like the only waiter in the place.

"Oh, didn't you change?" says Maison. "So sorry I didn't know you wouldn't, dearie. We always dress wherever we are!"

Well, I expect maybe the hotel man and the postmaster believed it and I knew that was all she cared about, so I tried to look mortified, but I knew well that no real genuine swell would do it and that we was the more correct, and anyways a heavenly dinner was waiting, made up out of such food as only a small place like that can nowadays give you, on account they are so far from Broadway they have not yet got onto what the public will stand for and so they still give you real eats.

All through it Maison kept talking about "this odd little place—quite too dreadful" and how she was used to the Ritz and everything. And I ignored that, but when after dinner she managed to get Jim first out onto the porch and then for a walk, because it didn't storm after all, I commenced to wish that I had put on that green and gold I had in my bag, because while my tweeds was good form, men are such awful poor fishes where a woman is dressed up and they certainly took quite a walk for a strange town, while I and Rollo sat on the porch under the smoky lamp and he picked his teeth.

When Maison and Jim finally come back they was friendly and laughing and she was registering just that look of innocence which is most likely to get any lady's goat. Also she gushed over me a lot too much as we says good night.

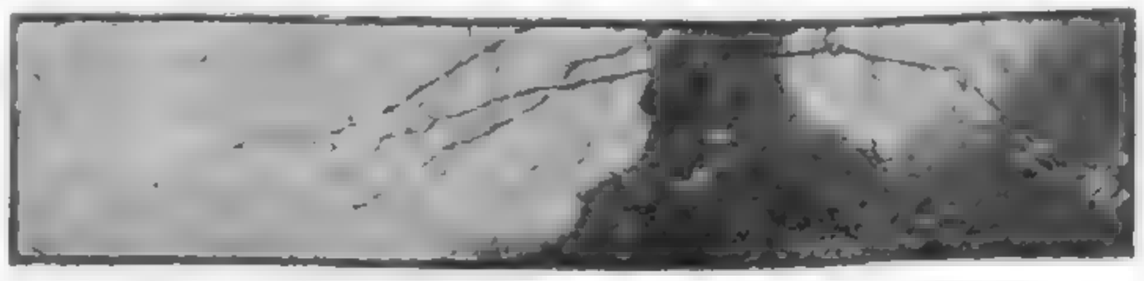
"I and Rollo have fixed it up for to-morrow," I says, giving him a glance which dared him to say this was the first he knew of it. "We got it all arranged that we are to start out in the fliv—sedan!" I says.

"Why, that's lovely!" says Maison, looking not at me but at Jim. And you ought to of seen Jim smile back at her—and him claiming to despise a painted woman!

Well, when we got to our room I fully expected Jim to say what did I want to ride with that little shrimp for, but nothing stirring. He merely says why the hell don't they have hot water, and spent fifteen minutes choosing the collar and tie he was going to wear in the morning, and of course that decided me to show him where he got off.

Not that I am the least bit jealous, but I have often noticed the way wives which have been married a year or two generally commence to sort of lose the keenest realization of what a treasure they have got, and Maison plainly was not doing e right

(Concluded on Page



CRISP roasted nuts quickly dipped into rich, brown chocolate; crushed ripe strawberries stirred into smooth, creamy fondant; orange, pineapple, caramel, fudge, butter scotch—all the favorite centers that every one likes best—and none of the kind you "leave until last." Every box of Liggett's Chocolates is made up *entirely* of the kinds that folks are fondest of. And the *other* kinds are left out. Take home a box today. 85c to $1.50 per pound box. *"When your sweet tooth says "candy," your wisdom tooth says "Liggett's."*

By special arrangement Liggett's Chocolates are featured and sold only at

The 8000 Rexall Stores
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Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

(Concluded from Page 70)

thing by Rollo, and I thought maybe if I noticed him a little it might bring her to her senses, as of course if somebody made up to him his stock would go up at once. If I could only make her again love the dear little fellow the way she ought I would perhaps of saved their life from ruin.

And it was with only this intention that I took especial trouble with my get-up in the morning, donning a gray satin sports coat and a Georgette sports skirt and only a yellow veil over my well-known raven hair. But I had nothing on Maison, which she was all dolled up in blue organdie, but I knew what a hour in the open bus would do to it and let her go at that, while I leaned down and took Rollo's arm and tripped laughingly to the sedan, while Maison flirted into the Cobra and Jim tucked her in and fixed my pillow for her in a way that had slipped his memory where I was concerned for quite some time. Then they dashed onward toward Plymouth and as the hood was up all I could see was the back of their heads, which it was a remarkable thing how often I could see both of them through that little window in the middle. Meanwhile I and Rollo was having a desperate time of it. All he thought of was the guide book and I read him the whole entire story of from Stanmore to Buzzard's Bay and every post, tree and schoolhouse on the left the whole of the way to Plymouth, which it's a fact the only thing I know to this day about the scenery we was passing was what I read in that book!

Was that trip a lemon? I'll say so! At lunch, which we stopped for at a funny little hotel, we had again clams and chicken, and by some miracle Maison managed to change her dress, this time to violet tricolette, and put one over on me.

"We are going to run behind you this afternoon, dearie," says Maison, "so's Jim here can teach me to drive."

Well, I thought good night Cobra but what could a lady say, and so I watched them get in and I got in the sedan and off we started, this time in the lead. The last we saw of Jim and Maison he was holding her hands onto the wheel and they was apparently headed for a little white schoolhouse, with Maison shrieking her fool head off.

It was a awful swampy road we was on—or would of been, only at this time of the year it was sand and dust, and it wound in and out of the little amateur pine trees like the cow which originated it had eat too many cider apples. And so soon we lost sight and sound of them entirely and I commenced to get desperate, because Rollo just set there chewing gum and paying no more attention to me than a telegraph pole. So I see if anything was to be started for Maison's sake it was up to me and so I says:

"What is your favorite flower, Rollo?" I says.

"Tripe!" says Rollo without turning his head.

Well, that was pretty poor, but I tried again.

"Fond of the ocean?" I says as soon as I recovered.

"Nope," he says. "Upsets my stomach."

Well, I let that cool before I had another go.

"How fast can this bus go?" I says. I had him then, though he didn't waste any words on me. He just threw her wide open and off we jumped lickety-split from bump to bump with a noise like a dog's tail with tin cans tied to it. I hit the ceiling first go and never stayed in contact with the seat for the next fifteen miles. Talking was quite unnecessary, because nobody could of heard it if I had, and pretty soon we come to a few houses and then more and closer and I got quite excited because of realizing we was coming into Plymouth and I was going to see the rock and gaze up at it and be impressed with how Columbus done it and figure out a swell scenario with a location there at the real genuine bone-fido Plymouth Rock with a scene in it where I would leap from the top of it into the raging ocean below, only, of course, they would throw a dummy, it being probably too high for even a double to be willing. And I thought what a cute costume I would have for it, something historical but snappy, with a court train and maybe a Indian headdress, or maybe I would even take the part of a Indian which would give me a chance to do a war dance or something. But I didn't try to confide these poetic dreams of a artist's soul to Maison's better half, or third, for he was no more, but kept them locked in my perfect thirty-six while straining forward eagerly to behold my ideal location. And then, after passing a few funny looking little houses and stores, which they were all jumbled together, we took a sudden turn at the bottom of a hill and Rollo stopped short.

"There you are!" he says, killing the engine.

"Where am I?" I says.

"At the rock," says Rollo, still chewing.

"Where is it?" I says, looking all round but seeing nothing only what looked like a little drinking fountain with a railing round it.

"Why, there, of course!" says Rollo, pointing at the fountain. "Wouldn't think Lafayette, or whoever the bird was, could of landed on that little pebble, would you?"

Well, you certainly wouldn't, because he didn't, and how the ones that built the fence round it could tell it from any other pebble on the beach is more than I can say, being a truthful woman, not a historian. And I'll tell the world nobody would need a dummy to throw off it in a leap to death, because if I could of sat on it it would of vanished. And here I had come all the way from N. Y. C., N. Y., and lost my time and my husband's love just to see a bum piece of rock like that. And get this right! I decided right then and there never to see Niagara Falls or the Hope Diamond, because a person has to keep a few illusions in this vale of hokum!

Well, anyways, I wouldn't let that misfit husband of Maison's see I was disappointed, and besides I am myself personally too good a American to admit that it wasn't all that it was cracked up to be and that I had all this time been thinking of Gibraltar, which is foreign. So I took a good look, and after we both got all the eyeful we could stand, and the Cobra not yet in sight, I says leave us go to the hotel, wherever it was, and they would surely find us there. And so we went and the clerk come across with a telegram. I at once opened it and it says: "Contract arrived, come at once. Alfa.fa."

Well, I'll tell the world that news was welcome, coming as it done between me and a permanent separation. But after we had hung round that hotel porch and environments for more than a hour, and still Jim and Maison failed to heave—or is it hove?—into sight, I commenced to think maybe it was a permanent separation after all. And when a further half hour wait had been pulled on us and we had by then learned everything about that town from the three kinds of ice-cream flavors they had to all current styles in picture post cards, and as most of them was of that poor miserable little rock which wouldn't make a death-leap location for a trained flea, we was a trifle bored and wondered out loud what had become of our husband and wife. After one more half hour we was bored—nervous, and one more half hour yet and I saw visions of a mutilated Jim lying by the roadside and then again it changed to a divorce court and Maison had class to her in that lavender tricolette, and as I before remarked, men is such awful boobs and ever misled by female clothing.

"Anything gone wrong with your car, d'yer think?" says Rollo, breaking in upon this pleasant day dream of mine.

"Wrong with the Cobra?" I says. "What a idea! Of course not!"

"Well, I think we'd better go back and take a look—see?" says Rollo. And he dove into the bottom of the sedan and there was that vacuum bottle of cocktails, which Gawd knows how he done it, but he had it filled again, and after he had put it back the both of us had more courage to face the grim future and got in and started back the way we had come.

I'll tell the world that was a terrible ride to me, because I knew Maison and had seen her operate before and Gawd knew anybody with their senses would of been glad to of traded that table d hôte portion of a husband of hers for a regular one, and a raving beauty like Jim, which he's a real he-man, though a picture actor and as the poet says, "Sometimes a man's a man for all that."

Well, anyways, at about seven-ten, reverse route, I had decided that if it would make them happier I would not stand in their way, and I had my art and a new contract and would accept it, no matter what the salary, and go to distant California and divorce him on smoking before breakfast or some such Los Angelean crime, and leave him find out about that dyed hair of hers his own self. Then at twelve-five I had myself living in a cottage by the sea with a dog and a cat and a bird and maybe a tame little jitney, in my old age at forty-two or so when I could no longer stand the close-ups, while Jim and Maison was in happy marriage raising a large family of Pekinese pups or something, and then at fifteen-seventy-eight we come in sight of them.

Hardly had I caught sight of Maison than I realized something terrible had happened to her. And at the same moment my eye fell on the side pocket of the sedan and I realized in a flash what ailed her. We had her vanity case. We had had it all the time! Ah! if only I had realized this in the first place, what a world of worrying it would of saved me, because Gawd knows no woman need fear a rival with a shiny nose! And she was furthermore in a awful state of mind, which was far from becoming, and her and Jim was both seated by the roadside, too plainly not speaking, while the Cobra had entirely disappeared.

Well, I'll tell the world it certainly was a strange situation, and as I and Rollo got out we exchanged a expressive glance.

"Well!" I says, blowing up very jaunty. "Well, what have you done with the bus—give it to somebody for a souvenir?"

"I wish I had before I ever commenced this joy ride!" says Jim. "There she lies!"

And he pointed down the little hill on which they was sitting to the river and there was Willful Winnie apparently taking a good drink out of it, for its nose was well under water, though the hind wheels was on dry—or comparatively so—land.

"For the love of Mike!" says Rollo.

"Your poor fish, what was you doing to let that bus cross a meadow and try to commit suicide by drowning?" I snapped.

"I was sitting right here looking at her," says Jim sorrowfully.

"Yes, so he was, the simp!" says Maison, her temper starchy enough if her dress wasn't. "The idiot just sat there until she started, and then though we run after it the grade was too steep."

"The brakes didn't hold," says Jim. "First we got stuck in the sand there and after I had used about six gallons getting her out onto the grass on account of twenty angry cars being stalled behind us she died on me, and I got out to look and Maison she got out to look at me looking, and the brakes slipped and the grade is steep and we been sitting here, I guess, since breakfast. You ain't got any food about you, have you?" he added, but without hope.

Well, of course we hadn't, but Rollo called to Maison to get the vacuum bottle; but she wouldn't because she was getting her vanity case, so Rollo got it and Jim come to life.

"Have you tried to back her out?" says Rollo, eying the Cobra calculatingly.

"Back her out, my eye!" says Jim. "Why, she's half under water!"

"Have you tried?" says Rollo again.

"Hell, no! What's the use?" says Jim. "The carburator must be floating! Take a look—get an eyeful!"

"I will!" says Rollo, suddenly throwing away his cigar and trotting down the bank like a funny little pup. He didn't try to touch the hood but merely jumped in as if he was going for a ride. And I'll tell the world that's just exactly what he did. He jumped in, sat down, stepped on the starter. There was at once a roar like a lion and in another desperate minute Willful Winnie had backed out of the river, been twirled skillfully round, climbed the meadow and was safe and snorting on the road again! I wisht you could of seen Jim's face. But it had nothing on Maison's. She was—to put it gently—a royal purple touched off with crimson.

"Do you mean to tell me all Jim needed to do was back out?" she yells. "And I sitting here like a fool while that actress goes all over Plymouth Rock alone with my husband?" she says. "Why, you poor, weak-minded jellyfish!" she says. "How dare you keep a lady ——"

"See here, Maison Ryan!" I says. "How about women that deliberately sets out to worm their way into other person's homes?" I says. "Which I never done and can prove it!"

"Must of sucked up some juice lying that way!" shouts Rollo over the noise of us and the engine of the Cobra. "You'll be all right now, old scout!"

"Part them women!" yells Jim, taking his place in our bus. But nobody needed to part me, for I got right in myself without so much as any further remark, though Gawd knows I could of said a few. Them terrible dressmaking people got into their sedan and went off ahead of us, Maison still expressing herself, though our engine made too much noise for us to hear real plain, but I got "low-life actors" all right, all right, and just for that I decided on the spot that the Rosabelle, Inc. would not make the costumes for my new six fillums that I would make under this Goldringer contract, which I now showed the telegram of to Jim. He nodded, went into low and started, went into second all fine, slipped into high and shot ahead for all of twenty feet. Then Winnie give a sigh and quietly went to sleep, regardless of possible inconveniences to the rest of the world!

"There she goes again, damn her!" shouted Jim.

"He certainly can act bad!" I says faintly. "What's wrong now?"

"Not a drop of gas!" says Jim. "Hey! Blow that horn and stop the flivver! Hurry!"

"What? Call them cheap skates back?" I says reluctant.

"You got to!" yelled Jim. "We are miles from any garage—don't be a nut! C'all 'em quick!"

Well, with the telegram and all I see the sense in what he says, so I blew and blew good and quick, for they were pretty near out of sight. And after the third or thirtieth blow they hesitated, slowed and commenced backing after we had yelled and waved at them a few times. When they got close enough Jim began apologizing.

"We are out of gas!" he says. "And I suppose we can't stay here all night!"

"Why, we'll tow you to some place!" says Rollo. And out he hopped and got a rope and a hook and Gawd knows what not—as efficient as a German sparrow. And while I and Maison did not speak, the two boys got the cars hitched.

"I'll just take her as far as that farmhouse at the turn," says Rollo. "And then you two can ride back with us in the sedan and send a garage man for her. I know that after that telegram you are anxious to get home, and besides them sustaining rods is pretty loose from the strain and it wouldn't hardly be safe to drive, even if you got the gas!"

Well, to get the agony over, I may say that's what we done. We left the Cobra in the shed with the other cows and rode home in ignominy and the back of the flivver sedan which took us there without once acting up all the way.

Nothing important happened aside from the kiss and fresh make-up that I and Maison had, and late that night we seen the lights of Broadway once more—and did they look good to us? I'll say so! No more pleasure trips for me when I can have my own tub and bed and a breeze if there is one!

After Maison and Rollo had told us good-by, we hesitated in the lobby before going up.

"I'm awful hungry!" I admitted. "But since we long-distance telephoned ma I think we'd better stand for what she's got ready for us!"

"All set!" says Jim resignedly and up we went.

"Come in! Come in, children!" says ma, which she was all dolled up with a big white apron on her and a smile like a full moon. "Come in and set down to table! You poor lambs, I'll bet you're starved!"

Well, we did because we was, and I'll tell the world it was some supper she had waiting. Lobster Newberg and French frieds and hot buttered rolls and spaghetti à la dago and cake with two fingers of chocolate icing on it! And what was more, she ate as much as she gave us! We exchanged a look on this, but no comment for fear of breaking the charm. But when the last scrap had been taken care of the explanation come.

"Well, ma, old scout!" says Jim. "Now leave us have a look at that contract."

"Certainly, I would be glad of your advice on it, son-in-law," says ma.

"What?" says us both together.

"No contract has come for you, children," says ma. "But Mr. Goldringer sent me one. I'm to star in a series of one reelers entitled Mother Marshmallow, and by contract must not allow my weight to get under 250 pounds during endurance of same!"

There was a expressive silence for all of a moment which was at length broke by Jim, like the perfect gentleman he was and is.

"Well, I congratulate you, Ma Gilligan!" he says. "Some opening, believe you me!"

And I let it pass. Why not? You can't stay married if you pick on everything!

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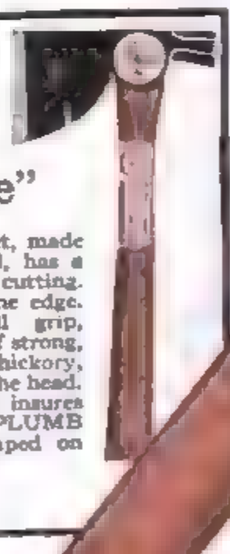

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Every want is here anticipated. Every last possible effort and needless move is eliminated.

To reach this state of completeness, we have had to create many features *found in no other cabinet*. Some of them have taken years to perfect. In all, it costs us many thousands of dollars annually in excess of what the usual equipment costs to supply them.

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Take, for instance, the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—acknowledged the most important improvement ever made in kitchen cabinets. To supply this feature alone costs us $52,000 each year more than ordinary flour bins. But think what it means! All the dangerous lifting and straining and the treacherous chair climbing necessary when filling the ordinary flour bin *is eliminated*. This automatic flour bin drops down level with the work table. You fill it with ease—then a slight push slips it into place. This is real convenience.

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Unusual though it may seem, the Sellers is *not* an expensive Cabinet. It costs no more than any ordinary good cabinet. The extra features are contributed by the Sellers factory. Go see the Sellers at your dealer's. Go over the special features. Judge for yourself if this is not the pinnacle of kitchen convenience. Decide to have a Sellers in your kitchen at once. You can pay cash, or your dealer will arrange terms to suit your income.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Indiana

(5) *Canadian Factory:* Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Co. of Canada—Southampton, Ontario, Canada

THE BOSTWICK BUDGET

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, of course that sounds all right and it is all right too. But when you tell me I'm to pay more than forty-four hundred dollars at the rate of ten a week I have to laugh—or I would if I didn't feel so much like bursting into tears."

"But in a year you'll have paid five hundred and twenty dollars. That's something, isn't it? I noticed you thought it was quite a neat sum when you asked me for it the other night. And let me tell you, if I'd let you have it you would have owed just as much a year from now as you owe to-day, plus what you borrowed from me. You won't admit it, but deep in your heart you know it. So even if you only catch up five hundred dollars this year you'll be actually one thousand dollars better off than you would have been if I'd let you go your own asinine way."

"You're a wonderful figurer, Doctor James. As a financier you'd make a nifty chess player—one move every four weeks. Meanwhile, what are my starving creditors going to do—to me?"

"Nothing. That's where my assistance counts. You and Lucy will disburse the ten a week in the way you see fit, spreading it out as thin as possible. If any of the said starving creditors set up a roar refer 'em to me—that's all. And you live on thirty-five a week."

"Gosh! It can't be done."

"We'll see. That's up to Lucy. She gets the thirty-five anyhow. You get whatever she chooses to allow you."

"What? Don't I have the handling of my own money?"

"You do not! As a handler of money you are at present a hopeless failure. Anyone who would trust you with a ten-dollar bill ought to be imprisoned for cruelty to currency.

"Sam, let's be serious a moment. Why didn't you go to war?"

Bostwick winced and flushed.

"I had a wife and boy dependent on me, didn't I?"

"Didn't you want to go?"

"Didn't I though!"

"Lucy beg you not to?"

"No, by George! She'd have been proud to have me go. She'd have made any sacrifice."

"So if you'd had a few thousand dollars laid by you could have gone; and when your boy got old enough to ask you what you did to help smash the Hun you wouldn't have needed to evade and excuse."

"Oh, John, for God's sake, don't!"

Sam turned an agonized face toward his tormenter, but the latter went ruthlessly on:

"You'd have made a good soldier, a good officer. Your country needed you. Yet because you had crippled yourself with debts and improvidence you weren't able to answer 'Here!' when the call came. Buy any bonds?"

"Yes, I did—a few; but I had to sell 'em and get back the payments I'd made to—to pay pressing bills."

"You're a hot citizen of these United States, Sam. Yet the tough part of it is that you wanted to be a good American. Your impulses were all right. Lord, what a lesson it ought to be to you! But we won't say any more about that. You're going to make a new start."

"If I only could! But on thirty-five dollars a week—it's impossible!"

"Sam, you don't talk sense. Do you know how many families there are in this country whose income is less than two thousand a year each from all sources?"

"How should I know that?"

"One of the big banks had the figures compiled. Of course they're only approximate, but they will serve. Twenty-one million families—ninety-one per cent of the population of the United States—manage to scrape along on an average income of less than two thousand dollars. Now thirty-five a week is eighteen hundred and twenty a year. Do you mean to tell me you can't do so well as the vast majority of the ninety-one per cent? That's nearly the entire population. Is this a nation of paupers?"

Sam shook his head, overwhelmed by sheer weight of evidence.

"There are lots of men employed where you are who work for that amount or less. Are they poverty-stricken?"

"They're not all festooned with prosperity medals."

"No? Well, a big proportion of them keep out of debt and save money—you can gamble on that. Savings banks are supported by wage earners. If they had to depend for deposits on five-thousand-dollar men they'd fare slim."

Sam expressed a dubious intention of sitting down with Lucy and seeing what could be done.

"One thing you must do at once," said John W. "Fix up matters with your Uncle Marcus Freedom."

"How?"

"Figure out how much interest you are in arrears on your two-thousand-dollar note. Make a new note and add the accrued interest to the face and pay your uncle regular interest on the new note at, say, five per cent a year, payable quarterly. That will call for about two dollars a week, leaving you eight dollars of the ten allotted for your old bills. However, it relieves the total amount of your indebtedness of about two thousand dollars, so that your eight dollars will take care of the balance in less than six years. Doubtless if you keep the interest paid up your uncle will be lenient with you about the principal, which you can take care of when you have satisfied those of your creditors who won't be so complacent."

"Do you think he'd stand for it?"

"You write him a letter and explain your situation. I'll drop him a line too. I know Marcus pretty well, and if he hadn't been a good scout he'd never have been so decent as he has been. He's entitled to a return on his money."

"That will help some," said Sam with dubious cheerfulness from which he immediately lapsed into a depression deeper than ever. "How are we going to live on thirty-five a week?"

"Go on out and send Lucy in to see me," replied John W. James.

Forty minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick were walking soberly to the station and their suburban train. They were both very solemn and for a time quite without words. Cars that would have whisked them on their way—for a nickel each—jangled past, but neither suggested riding.

"Lord, Luce, wasn't it awful?" finally bewailed Sam. "Isn't he a terror?"

Lucy didn't answer immediately. Then to Sam's utter horror she said: "He's a perfect dear!"

"What's that?"

"He's splendid! Of course it seems dreadful—what he said to us and what we're obliged to do. I don't see yet how it's possible; but it must be. I think Mr. James is—is—an angel."

"Awful hard-boiled angel!"

"But, Sam, we can do what he says. We can! We can! Please, Sammy boy, say we can."

"All right. I'll say we can—if that helps you any; but of course we can't."

"Yes, we can, Sam. I know it. Come on, the train leaves in five minutes; we'll have to run."

V

JOHN W. JAMES had given Lucy forty-five dollars of Sam's pay, which included the ten to be used in paying old bills. Sam had the fifteen intended for the savings bank.

"Here, honey," he said, "you take it and open your own account."

"All right," answered Lucy briskly. "You get a dollar every morning and you're to bring me home whatever you have left each day. And I've put you up some sandwiches and an apple so you won't have to buy any lunch. I've often heard you say your lunches made you sleepy in the afternoon, but I guess this won't."

Sam submitted to these rulings with as good grace as he could muster.

"Who's the lucky creditor that draws eight dollars this week?" he asked. "Let's split it eight ways and shake numbers in a hat to see which of the mob get a dollar apiece."

"We'll see to-night what we'd better do. To-morrow will be Sunday, so we'll have some time to make up our budget."

"I just can't wait," jeered Sam, and ran for his train.

Lucy began to sing. She had in her possession fifty-nine dollars and sixteen cents—a fabulous sum. And of this thirty-four dollars was to be administered according to her best judgment for the upkeep of the Bostwick family. It was characteristic of

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 75)

Lucy that she immediately made up her mind to do it for thirty-three. The currency looked mighty good as she sat at the little desk in her room planning what she would do with it.

Suddenly she stopped singing and her heart sank, for she remembered a duty which must be performed. It related to Fanna the Finn, who had to be dismissed—and Fanna hadn't had a cent for five weeks.

Now she heard the substantial tread of Fanna on the stairs. Somewhere in a book Lucy had read that the Finns were a bellicose people. What was it they were called—warlocks? Lucy did not know what a warlock looked like—unless Fanna happened to be one. She decided it would be just as well not to fire Fanna until after the beds had been made.

But Fanna had something on her mind, for she marched straight up to Lucy and stood at attention.

"Well, Fanna?" queried Lucy kindly but firmly—exteriorly speaking.

The Finnish woman made a series of sounds that resembled a Bolshevik mass meeting.

"Oh!" said Lucy coldly. "Do you think that's a nice way to treat me after all Mr. Bostwick and I have done for you?"

Fanna opened the chute and let slide another burst of Finnish eloquence.

"Well, I certainly think you should have given me at least a week's notice. I'm very much disappointed in you, Fanna. It seems hardly honorable. I'm not sure it's legal. Certainly you are not entitled to an extra week's pay. You have five weeks due you now, but you'll have to see Mr. James about that. He's our lawyer and handles all such matters."

"Forty-two dollar feefty cent," said Fanna.

"You'll have to see Mr. James at this address," returned Lucy, handing Fanna a penciled slip.

Fanna looked puzzled, not a little awed. She wasn't at all clear and it took Lucy fully an hour to make even a tiny ray of daylight penetrate the Finn's comprehension. At last, however, Lucy saw her stump off down the walk, toting a huge extension valise of alien parentage.

Mrs. Bostwick called Mr. James on the telephone and explained that in sending Fanna to him she had done exactly as he had directed in the matter of handling creditors. Mr. James acknowledged that she had.

But when he hung up the receiver he remarked: "Good Lord! How the devil can I explain to a wild-eyed Finn the advantage of waiting six years for her money over forcing the debtor into immediate bankruptcy? Looks to me as if I were stung."

He counted out forty-two dollars and a half and gave it to a clerk.

"If a lady representative of the soviet government comes in here with blood in her eye," he directed, "give her this and get a receipt. I'm going to catch my train for the golf club."

On his way to the Grand Central he chuckled.

"She's a snappy one. Darned if she didn't put it across that time."

In the meanwhile Lucy resumed her singing. She had saved the cost of giving the Finn a week's notice. She moved about the house cheerfully, making little exclamations that expressed varying sorts of emotion. An observer would have decided that on the whole she was pretty contented.

This being Saturday the office closed at noon. Sam stayed at his desk long enough to bolt his sandwiches. There was no train until one forty-five, which was too late to get him home for luncheon.

Darn it, eating à la wop-in-the-subway wasn't going to be any fun! He liked to go with the bunch to some good restaurant. A chap was entitled to a decent lunch. He wondered what the fellows would think. Sam was fated soon to learn that wondering what people would think caused a good deal of silly extravagance.

When he dropped off the train at Rosefields he marched stiffly up the slope from the station, ignoring the club. It had been his habit to stop in at the club on Saturday afternoons, sometimes to play tennis, sometimes to remain indoors and shoot a few games of Kelly. Sam was not an accomplished pool player, but he could sign checks with consummate skill. His house charges were thirty-five or forty dollars a month.

"We have to have some relaxation," he explained. "We don't keep a motor, which would cost us twice as much."

This was Sam's idea of saving money. If he saved thirty dollars in this way he ought to have belonged to ten clubs and saved three hundred—as John James took occasion to point out during a subsequent discussion of the Bostwick family finances.

On this particular Saturday Sam found his wife swathed in an apron and with a cloth bound round her hair. She was equipped with the implements of house cleaning and had a large spot of smut on the side of her nose.

"What in the world?" demanded Sam. "Fanna out?"

"Gone!"

"Really? Say, Luce, you don't mean to say you discharged her!"

"No, I was going to, but she resigned on the ground that she wouldn't work in a house where she got no pay and the head of the family took his lunch to work in his pocket."

"But how about her back wages?"

"I followed directions and sent her to John James."

"Let him worry!" said Sam. "But, honey, you'll have to get another maid right away. You can't keep house without one, and take care of the duke and everything."

"Is that so? There are twenty-one million of us. I'm as smart as most of the twenty million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ——"

"But your health—you'll break down. You're not strong enough."

"You'll see! And goodness gracious, this is the dirtiest house! Every maid we've had has been worse than the others, and I must confess I've let things go terribly. Now I'm going to have a regular orgy of cleaning."

Sam looked doubtful; loafed about half an hour trying to read a magazine; obviously felt more and more dissatisfied with himself. At length he disappeared upstairs, but returned after a few minutes in his oldest clothes and sheepishly offered Lucy his assistance. In less than five minutes he was cleaning rugs in the back yard. He hoped Bill Morrison wouldn't see him.

Morrison lived next door. He had recently bought a new car costing eighteen hundred dollars. The Morrisons kept a girl and belonged to the club. Of course Bill got ten thousand a year, but he didn't know that Sam was only a sixty-dollar-a-week man, and Sam had no intention that he should.

Nevertheless Sam had by this time realized much of the truth of John James' arguments. That twenty-one million families made an impression on him. Why, as James had said, comparatively few in his own place of employment got more than thirty-five a week and of course a great many drew much less. Yet the office had registered one hundred per cent on three out of five of the big loans.

If they could do it he and Lucy could do it. Lucy was so dog-gone cheerful too, rattling about and singing little snatches of song, stopping every few minutes to jolly along the duke, who played contentedly in his baby yard in the living room.

"Aw, Luce, whatta you want to be so jovial for?" asked Sam. "I guess you don't realize we've got to grub like this for the next ten years."

"Fiddlesticks! Mr. James says ——"

She checked herself in midspeech.

"Go on, go on! What did that nut say?"

"Nothing. At least nothing I can repeat. He's a wonderful man."

"Wonderful grandmother! He must have talked to you a whole lot different from the way he threw the prong into me."

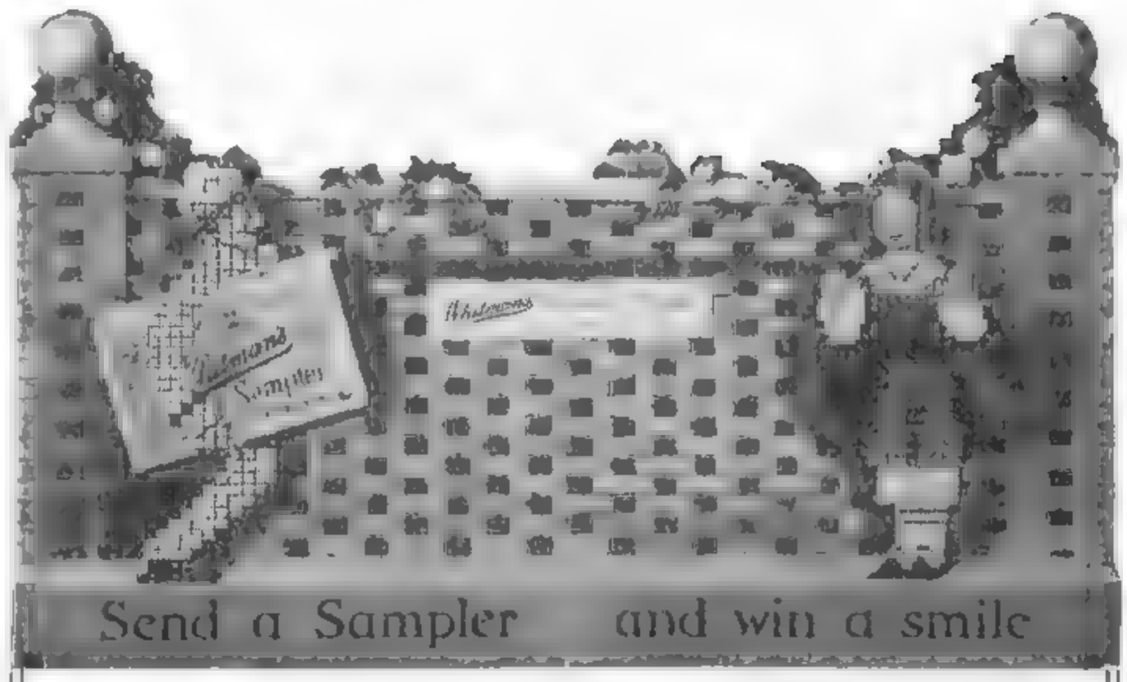
Presently Sam shook his grouch, peeled the potatoes for dinner, made his particular kind of salad dressing and played with the duke. When dinner was ready his appetite was quite as good as if he had exercised with a racket instead of a carpet beater.

"You look terrible sweet," he told his wife. Her cheeks were flushed, her brown eyes shining.

"I think it's fun—just like camping out. Now we can have some privacy—without a girl constantly at our elbows. And when there's something you especially like you don't have to divide it with the maid."

"Guess I've been dividing about everything with her. There ought to be a big difference in our provision bills."

"A girl like Fanna costs a family about a thousand dollars a year, counting wages, food, breakage and—worst of all—wastage. They waste food, coal, gas, electricity and everything else. They destroy dishes and smash furniture, wear out the rugs, lose



Men buy the Sampler because they want their gift to be of known excellence, protected by a trade mark that has stood for quality over three quarters of a century.

Men buy the Sampler when they buy candy to eat because in *good* chocolates and confections they find food, pleasure and a wholesome stimulant to activity.

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—and on the bottom of every leg put Domes of Silence—today's way of protecting rugs and floors and insuring quiet, easy-moving, better-looking furniture. A few taps of the hammer and these rounded, highly polished steel "slides that glide" are on.

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Those delicious bits of goodness, Planters Peanuts, remain firm and fresh in the airless jars and blue tin boxes. They are a tempting delicacy, clean, free from skins. Whole, roasted and properly salted. Eat as many as you like, for they are wholesome and digestible.

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small things like napkins, handkerchiefs and towels and dump the silverware into the garbage can."

"Some indictment, honey! It's a wonder this house has any roof."

"I'm not going to deal with old Silas Brown any more than I can help," announced Lucy. "His prices are outrageous and we've been letting him rob us right and left just because we could run a bill with him."

"Kind of tough on old Si—to use him as long as he gave us credit and shake him when we begin paying cash."

"Why, Sam Bostwick, how silly! We've paid that old cheat hundreds and hundreds of dollars. Now I'm going over to the markets myself and see what I get before I buy it. No more telephone orders for me. And thank goodness a little money on hand makes me free of Si Brown's clutches at last!"

"What'll you do with the duke when you go shopping?"

"Take him with me in his gocart and bring back my packages that way."

"Fine! I can see the duke's little old bean sticking out of a pile of green corn and breakfast food and legs of mutton and things. Hey, duke, mother's going to keep a pig and a goat in the back yard and save milk bills!"

Sam wasn't so jovial late that night after trying to budget the family expenses on the new basis. They cut and pruned, but the budget simply wouldn't budge below twenty-seven hundred.

"Good Lord! We've got to keep up a semblance of decency. We can't go round looking like scarecrows. Folks won't respect us if we act as if we were down and out."

"They respect us still less when we owe everyone. Besides, Mr. James says anyone who can't live inside a small income won't do any better with a larger one."

"What's he talking about? Couldn't we live well and save money if I was getting a hundred a week? We could—and keep a car too."

"Don't you think I'd better get his advice about the budget?"

"Yes, if he thinks he knows so much about what it costs to live let him point out how we can do any better. He makes me think of an old maid telling a married neighbor how to bring up her kids."

Sunday morning Sam put on his old clothes again and cleaned the cellar.

"There's three dollars Angelo won't get," he exulted. He was as proud as he was dirty.

"Aren't you tired?" asked his wife solicitously. "Never mind, he's going upstairs and take a nice bath and get all slicked up and Lucy'll have something he likes for lunch."

"Bill Morrison invited me to play golf to-day," grieved Sam, hungry for sympathy. "I think I deserve something good to eat. I'm considerable martyr—if anyone should ask you."

He trudged off upstairs to bathe and dress. Standing in front of his mirror he suddenly frowned and muttered: "What the ——"

From the Sunday paper Lucy had cut the following succinct expression of a great man's opinion:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or a failure in life you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out! You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.

"JAMES J. HILL."

This sentiment, printed in ornamental type, was flanked by a picture of the rugged old railroad man, and Lucy had pasted it firmly on the glass, where Sam was bound to see it every time he brushed his hair or adjusted his tie.

"That bird didn't get his money by saving it," grumbled Sam. "He made it faster than he could spend it."

Nevertheless it wasn't more than a day or two before Sam knew the words by heart and their almost brutal directness made a deeper dent in his consciousness than he cared to confess.

Now he pawed in his drawer for a tie. He needed some new ones—by the looks. He'd seen some beauties in a Fifth Avenue window the day before marked two-seventy-five each—rather reasonable for Disbrow & Disbrow. He'd drop in and ——

No, he owed Disbrow & Disbrow thirty-two dollars, now long overdue. Besides, he'd stopped buying on credit. He had a steel engraving of Lucy letting him have eight and a quarter for three ties.

A distinct feeling of resentment possessed him, as if she had already refused.

"All right, old girl," he murmured. "Just for that you can dry-clean and press these old ones."

Nevertheless he went downstairs in a good humor.

"I guess I made all of six dollars this morning," he chortled, "counting what I don't have to pay the guinea and about three dollars' worth of junk I piled one side for the rags-and-bot' man."

"Fine, honey!"

"I saw some awfully good-looking ties at Disbrow & Disbrow's marked to two-seventy-five."

"But there's a sale of men's furnishings at Steess Brothers; you can get very nice ties for sixty-nine cents."

Just as he had thought. By George, for the first time since his marriage Lucy held the family purse strings! It was annoying not to buy what he wanted when it was his money—only, darn it, why not be a sport and give the girl a show? She couldn't muddle things any worse than he had done.

But the idea of going to Steess' department store for ties was odious. None of his intimates would think of such a thing.

So he said: "I guess maybe I don't really need any. I ought to get along with what I've got."

"Poor old Sammy boy! Did he work offle hard and did his mean old scrungey wife treat him like a stepchild? Well, never mind! Lucy'll fix up his ties and bimeby he'll be so rich he can have all he wants—grea' big hundred-dollar ones 'n' ever'fing."

"Chump!" remarked Sam, but he grinned.

VI

THE things John James did to the Bostwick budget made Sam and Lucy squirm—especially Sam. Somehow, now that the die was cast, Lucy seemed the more philosophic.

"But, John," protested Sam, "we can't possibly get along without a telephone. You might as well ask us to do without a chimney."

"Even chimneys are not absolutely essential to life. However, I won't ask you to dispense with yours. As for a telephone, in an emergency there's the drug store."

"But, John, what will our friends think?"

"That you don't feel you can afford a telephone. Let 'em think so. Sam, can't I beat it into that impervious dome that you're up against it? Your situation is critical. Your whole future depends upon the way you handle yourself now. You're more than thirty, therefore not young any more. You may think you are, but your habits are formed—crystallized.

"Unless you realize that, there is no hope for you, and when you do realize it my work will be two-thirds done. You must get out of debt by your own efforts and Lucy's and become a man in the process. There is no possible sacrifice too great, and it seems to me—when I consider what is at stake your pride ought to count for very little."

The abandonment of a telephone was only one example of the lawyer's radical revision of the Bostwick budget. Two-thirds of the family clothing allowance went by the board.

"Buy cheaper things and take care of them," said the lawyer. "Shop carefully and select for utility rather than style. Never mind if you don't look quite so prosperous. I've heard a good deal of bunk about the advantage of stacking up like a million dollars; but remember, people don't expect so much of you when your clothes are merely respectable rather than smart. I know it'll hurt, but you won't suffer a fraction compared to the agony of ultimate failure and abject poverty."

Afterward when Sam and Lucy took the frail ghost of what now seemed to have been a luxurious and opulent budget back to Rosefields Mr. Bostwick stated that he was blamed if he would stand it. But Mrs. Bostwick bore up quite well and attempted a feeble joke or two—which failed utterly to amuse Sam.

"You're too all-fired chipper for a pauper," he grumbled.

Lucy's cheerfulness was nevertheless easily explained. Carrying the financial responsibility for the family suited her to a T. She was naturally capable and managing. Her husband had heretofore expected

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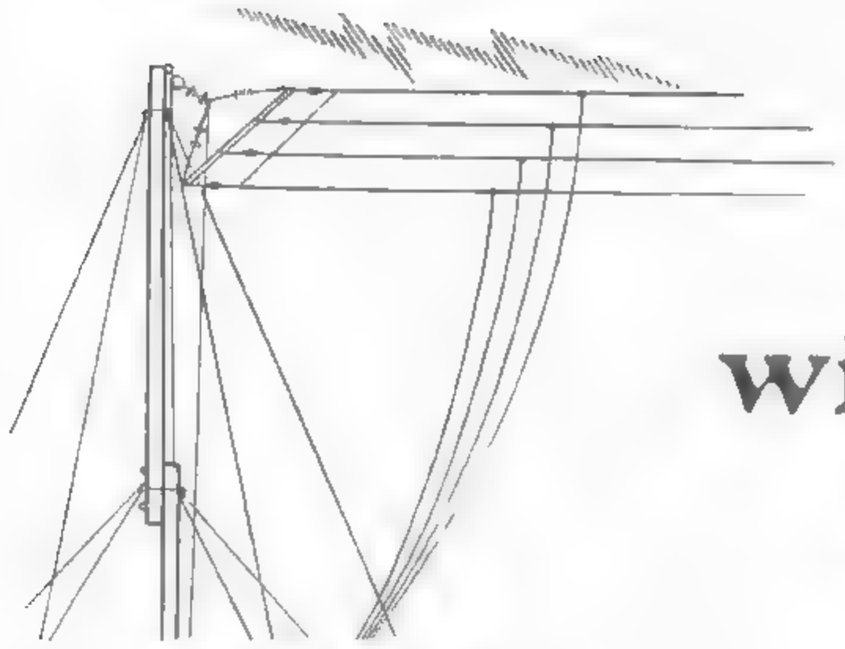

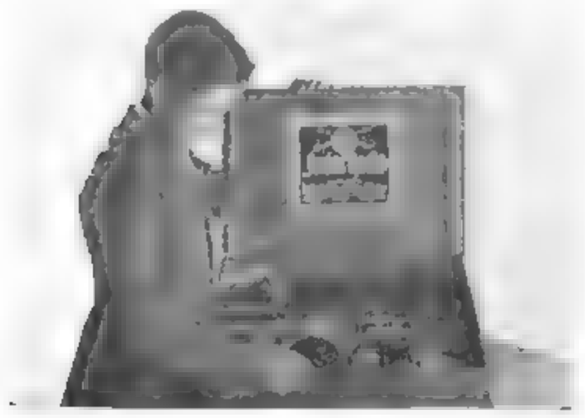

TO MERCHANTS—We require the assistance of farsighted merchants throughout the country to help us distribute K-C Junior Radio. Our proposition will be found very interesting. Wire or write us today.

Joy for Boys with K-C Junior Radio

Thoroughly practical apparatus with a two to four-mile range—made by the world's largest manufacturer of Commercial Radio—No parent should deny a boy this great mind and genius developer

Unequaled Fun

From boys of today will be recruited the Radio experts of tomorrow. They will be the heroes of a thousand world dramas. They will save ships, lives, businesses, and perhaps nations. Many of their names will go down in history. No wonder every vigorous boy is interested in Radio! No wonder every boy wants a *thoroughly practical* set so he can send and receive real messages! Radio development is one of the wonders of the age. Nothing else is so fascinating to experiment with and study. Nothing else offers so much wholesome, instructive, wonderful fun.

Leading the World

We operate the largest plant in the world for the manufacture of Commercial Radio. Ships on all seven seas carry Kilbourne & Clark sets. Land stations equipped with them dot the earth. Now, instead of investing larger sums in experimental work, we propose to invest it in the boys of America. At prices that do not permit a normal manufacturing margin, we will supply K-C Junior Radio for boys—to quicken their intellects—to develop latent faculties. For nothing else will so occupy any boy—keep him interested and away from bad influences. No boy, even if it entails a sacrifice of other things, should be denied a set.

Not a Toy

K-C Junior Radio is NO toy. It is *thoroughly practical* apparatus with a two- to four-mile range. A boy may start with a receiving set and later add to it. K-C Junior Radio is made in unit style to accommodate boys who desire this. And the prices—through our broad educational plan—have been held down to a level which permits any ambitious boy soon to possess a completely equipped station.

Tell Your Parents

Boys, show this announcement to your parents. For Radio practice is just in its infancy. The next few decades are sure to bring developments that will astound the world. And among the present generation of boys are the engineers and inventors who will father many of these accomplishments—who will carry on and extend the great work. However, for boys to learn the principles of Radio practice, a *thoroughly practical* set must be had. No toy will do. K-C Junior Radio is designed especially to serve them. It must be put together and set up—just like the big commercial sets. You can do it—any bright boy can. In principle, it is the same—must be handled like Commercial Radio. Think of the fine mental practice in this! No father or mother should require much urging to get K-C Junior Radio for a boy. If immediate purchase is not possible, he surely should receive a set for Christmas.

Catalog Free

Only a limited amount of K-C Junior Radio can be produced. Only part of our facilities can be devoted to making it. Just one boy in five who wants a set, so we estimate, can be supplied. Many leading stores are co-operating with us—distributing sets. If there is not one in your town, and your order is received early enough, we will supply you direct. Our catalog, showing the different K-C Junior sets, is free. Get your copy at once. Mail the coupon now.

Boys—Mail This Coupon Today

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I am greatly interested in K-C Junior Radio. Please send me a copy of your free catalog, so I may show Father the set I want.

Name_____

Address_____

Give name of store you would like to see handle our sets.

KILBOURNE & CLARK

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DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

For precisely the same reason that the tallow-dip has been replaced by the Mazda lamp and the hand-crank by the electric starter on your motor car—the irresistible march of Progress—Disteel Wheels around the world have been adopted as the most sightly, the most efficient, the most economical wheel-equipment for high-grade motor cars.

It is much to have your Car made distinctive, a reflection of your own taste and personality. It is even more to have a wheel (of steel) so LIGHT, that it makes wheel-changing and tire-changing quick and easy; a wheel that saves tires and eliminates the old crudities of squeaking and rattling and loose parts; that is easily cleaned and enables you to banish wheel-worries in the greater comfort, safety and luxury of modern motoring.

That is what Disteel Wheels have done for the discriminating motorists of the world. The Disteel Wheel Book will tell you the details of the ideal equipment for Quality Motor Cars. Send for it.

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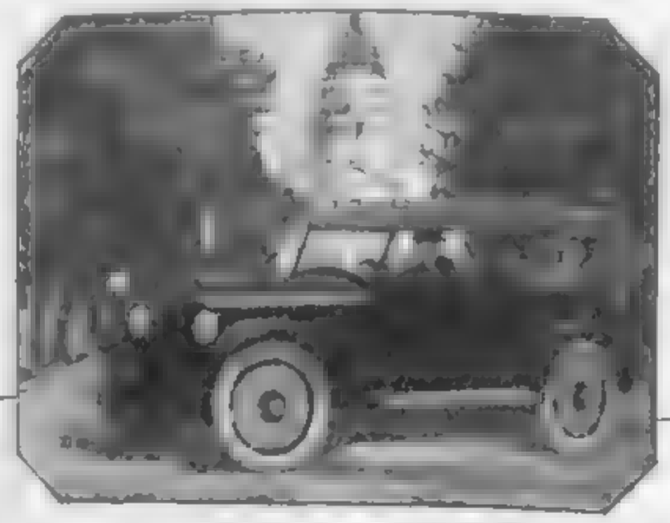


Denver

Continued from Page 78

her to depend upon him, accept his judgment and not worry about a few bills. He said everyone owed bills—more or less. Any merchant would tell you the richer people were the longer they took to settle their accounts. The only way to keep out of debt is to make more money than you need.

By the time Lucy had awakened to the sophistry of Sam's reasoning her hands were fettered by obligations. The lower-priced stores dealt only for cash. Lucy knew she paid a big premium for her credit, yet she never had money enough on hand to gain the advantage of cash purchases.

In the matter of groceries, for example, there were many kinds of canned foods, bottled goods, soaps and other supplies that she could buy by the dozen or case at a discount. Instead she was obliged to buy a can of peas, a package of washing powder at a time. She was always reminded of the old woman who stated the unalterable law of economics: "Them as has, gits."

Sam's slipshod improvidence was bound to taint his wife's reactions. She loved him and approved of him. He was like a telescope through which she viewed life—but with her eye applied to the wrong end. The day of reckoning always looked three or four times as far off as it really was. To her husband the simplest solution of the problem of debt was to borrow enough from one source to pay everyone else and then let the loan run until he should strike his gait as an earner, when, of course, he would pay it. The time of this delectable settlement was visualized but hazily in his dreams as a thing which the future was holding gratuitously in store for him. Lucy willy-nilly had come to accept these views, discredited though they were by sensible people and long since cast out from the curriculum of the school of experience.

Now all this was changed, first through the lucidity of John James' explanation of a few fundamental economic principles and second by Lucy's control of the exchequer.

Lucy owned a substantial equity in the Bostwick home, which she and Sam had bought with the proceeds of Lucy's legacy from her mother—about six thousand dollars. The interest on the mortgage and the taxes amounted to considerably less than it would have cost them to rent an equally desirable dwelling. This, James told them, was lucky, though if they'd had sense they would have put the house into a building and loan association and started to pay off the encumbrance as soon as they bought the property. Lucy now cherished an ambition to adopt some such plan.

The handling of that thirty-five dollars a week was tremendously stimulating, and she became rigidly systematic. Every Monday she knew to within a dollar or two just what she was going to do with her money all that week. Frequently she consulted the debt doctor, whose advice she regarded in the light of permission. First making up her mind what she ought to do, she submitted her procedure for his decision. When he vindicated her judgment she was jubilant, when he disapproved she was satisfied with his reasons. And her constant inspiration was found in progress made.

Sam sulked a good deal for some time, but he was sport enough to stand the gaff. He paid his tailor five dollars on account and went round the corner to a clothing shop, where he bought a ready-made suit for about a third the price of the tailor-made. Sam imagined he looked like a hick in it, though it really fitted very well. There was a certain satisfaction in its being paid for, and Sam hung up the coat and waistcoat scrupulously each night and pressed the trousers himself. He told Lucy he couldn't afford to let the blooming thing lose what little shape it did have.

The Bostwicks now rose half an hour earlier and prepared breakfast together. Lucy found she burned less than half the amount of gas each month that Fanna and Bridget and Mina had used. The couple conspired still further to cut down costs. They studied tables of food values and applied the knowledge in daily practice. This experimentation they found rather good fun, as Sam was willing to admit, but all the features of their economic system were not so pleasant.

Imagine his feelings when having awakened one morning to a sense of aloneness he slipped on gown and slippers and after a brief search discovered his spouse bent over a steaming tub, her face pink, her plump shoulders moving briskly up and down as she maltreated one of his nightshirts against the corrugated surface of a washboard.

Horror-stricken, Sam stood and stared.

"Lucy!" he cried. "Are you plumb noodly? Has poverty driven you out of your mind? What are you doing?"

"Can't you see, silly? I'm playing tennis for the championship of the Sahara Desert. Go away! Go back to bed! You need your sleep."

"Gimme that thing!" demanded Sam, indicating the sudsy nightshirt.

"I won't!"

Sam took forcible possession of the garment and began rubbing it on the board.

"Say, Luce, that's not half bad. My waistband's been getting sort of tight lately. Wouldn't wonder if this would keep me from developing a bay window."

"One thing's sure," rejoined Lucy. "I'm all through paying Mrs. O'Brien two dollars and a half every week for doing our washing and ironing."

"But, honey, that's absurd. You've got to draw the line somewhere. It really isn't done, you know."

"It's going to be done in the Bostwick family. I'm strong and well."

Sam sighed.

"All right," he said. "I'll get up and help you."

Together they completed the washing, rinsed and blued it, and Sam turned the wringer. Lucy refused to permit Sam to help her hang it on the line in the back yard.

"You carry the basket out for me and I'll have 'em up in a jiffy—and it's not six o'clock yet. None of the neighbors are about. But if anyone happened to see Mr. Samuel T. Bostwick hanging out the family washing we'd be ruined."

Sam allowed himself to be thus persuaded without much difficulty. He got a good start for the office, accomplished a big day's work and came home to help Lucy with the ironing—a thing he did rather awkwardly. By eleven o'clock it was finished and the triumphant economists were so tired they could scarcely get upstairs. Next morning Sam groaned from lameness.

"Oh, why didn't we drift along comfortably and owe people? I don't see the advantage of getting out of debt into a wheel chair or a home for aged couples. I'm too valuable a man to offer up on the altar of Mammon at my age. Say, a race that could produce as many laundrymen as the Chinese must be pretty hardy. If they ever get going let the white man beware. Yellow peril is right."

Deep inside he was proud of his spunk. It wasn't a thing to brag about of course—but by golly! It took sand to pile out of bed at four o'clock every Monday morning, especially when the days were short and the dawns cheerlessly cold. Sam and Lucy continued the practice for a long time, though it was the first thing they discontinued when—but that is another story.

Lucy, distributing each week among their creditors the appropriation set aside for the purpose, watched the sum total of their indebtedness dwindle slowly, slowly—but systematically. In fifteen weeks she gained one hundred and sixty-five dollars, having managed to cut the family budget another three dollars. Uncle Marcus Freedom had had his first quarter's interest too. Sam Bostwick had taken out a two-thousand-dollar straight life policy.

By John James' advice Lucy took care of the smaller bills first.

"If a man sues you for ten dollars," he said, "he can make you as much trouble as someone to whom you owe three hundred. Clean up the little ones and refer the big ones to me."

But the thing that brought the Bostwicks the greatest encouragement was the constant accumulation in the savings bank, now more than two hundred dollars, and growing.

Often after a hard day Lucy would get her bank book and add up the neat entries just for the fun of the thing. It was always fifteen dollars more each week. Money, real money—and theirs! It had never happened before in that family.

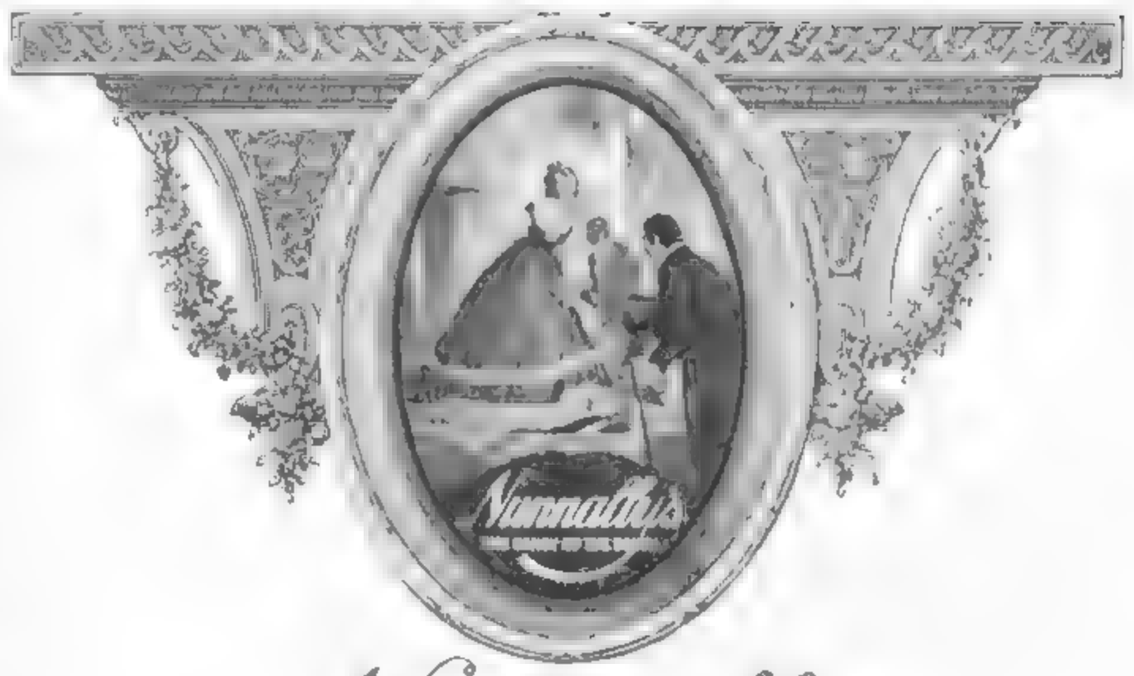
"Sammy," said Lucy, "do you realize that at the end of the year the interest on our first six months' savings will amount to half a week's payment to the bank?"

"By George, that's so!"

"And the second year's interest on the first year's savings amounts to more than two weekly payments?"

"You don't say!"

There were so many enticing ways to visualize the accruement of interest. They



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Nunnally's are the sort of candies your friends prefer—even those who are accustomed to what are best.

Dipped Brazil
A rich, meaty Brazil nut jacketed in smoothest chocolate

Caramel Cream Walnut
A velvety chocolate coat; a delicious filling of caramel cream, tempting little islands of walnut—*but two of the delights of the "Box Bountiful."*

NUNNALLY'S may be bought at the better drug and candy stores everywhere. To lovers of fine candies, however, who have not yet had the fortune of making the acquaintance of NUNNALLY'S a 2 lb. "Box Bountiful" (as illustrated here) will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of $2.50

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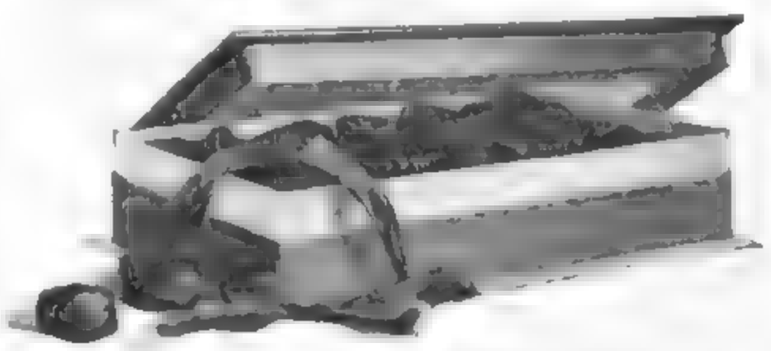

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COFFEE

is the highest grade of pure coffee: It is *not* a substitute. It is absolutely pure. That is the explanation of its delicate aroma. Makes delicious iced coffee.

Ready when you pour on the water—hot or cold.

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Let 'er Rain!

It looks like another storm! But what's it matter, when a man's a *man*, and his Coat's a Pelter? He knows his coat looks right to start with, and he knows it's built to stay so.

"Gabardine and Leather—There's a side for any weather—and both sides are all that they should be in well-tailored set and swing. That's why Pelters are appropriate for every wear every where. And it's why the type of man whose taste you can depend on, wears them in town and country, for business and pleasure.

Your enjoyment of the Winter is measured by the way you dress for it. Pelters are simply the ideal Winter overcoat.

Pelters are made as well as leather coats can be made—carefully tailored out of finest, softest, most durable leather, to fit well, look well and wear well.

For men, women and children, $30.00 up. Look for the name on every "Pelter".

Go pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality, write us.

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THE "Grip-Sure" is a very durable, good looking canvas shoe. Its patented suction-capped sole [illegible] wearer sure-footed and is full of life, spring and speed.

The "Grip-Sure" laces snugly, giving great support to the ankle muscles. Has black leather trimmings and ankle patch. Made in two styles—regular and athletic—the latter lacing to the toe-cap. [illegible] name of the "Grip-Sure" dealer in your city.

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BOHN

Refrigerators

Conserve food perfectly

would sit with pencil and paper and figure out what would happen under varying conditions in five, seven, ten years. They would calculate to a penny how much they would have when the duke was old enough for college.

Sam learned with a gasp of surprise that in ten years the fifteen dollars a week would amount to between nine and ten thousand dollars, compounding the interest at the low rate of four per cent.

"So," supplemented Lucy, "if we can live within any fixed weekly amount we choose to name we can always control our relation of savings to expense. That's the thing that will enable us to get the full advantage of your next raise in salary."

"If I ever get one."

"The best part of it," went on Lucy, "is in doing it together."

This remark revealed unmistakably that Lucy—the practical—was not the less feminine and sentimental withal. She was looking well; not quite so plump as formerly perhaps, but very fit.

Sam, eating his frugal lunch of sandwiches day after day, ceased to worry about the tightness of his waistband. He was no longer the office Beau Brummell. Of course he was in a measure ashamed, and more or less avoided the bunch. They were always matching quarters or pulling off impromptu poker games. Sam was a rotten poker player, but in the past that had not prevented his sitting in for an occasional evening. Now he ducked all games of chance.

"Old Sam's gone and sewed fishhooks in his pockets," was the comment. "'S matter, Sam? Gettin' ready for a hard winter?"

But the bunch were not the only ones who noticed the change in Bostwick. The chief of his division, in discussing with one of the higher-ups the various men in the organization who could be relied upon, said:

"There's Bostwick. He's sobered down a lot in the last few months—doesn't try to pull so much of that Fifth Avenue stuff. Thrifty bird too. Brings his lunch to the office instead of loafing an hour or so round a pool table. That boy's feet are on the ground. His work interests him more than it does most of the bunch."

This was true for two reasons. First, Sam had come to realize what more pay would mean; and second, he wasn't worried to death about debts, so he could keep his mind on his work. From sifting ashes and doing odd jobs round the house, cleaning the walks and scrubbing the family linen he got a considerable amount of exercise. This he supplemented with daily sessions with a pair of light dumb-bells.

Consequently his brain functioned better and faster. He now discovered new fascinations in his business and two or three nights a week took home reports or technical books to study. He wanted that raise. Formerly he had felt it to be his inherent right, not because he was worth so much more to the company but just in the nature of things. Seniority was enough, he had believed.

Now he knew it wasn't enough. More than a year had passed since his last raise. Had he been lying down on the job? Looking back, he felt that he had approached his work each day listlessly—as if it were a burden. It dawned on him that he had been lucky not to be dismissed.

He was sure he was worth more than sixty a week now. No doubt he'd get it in time—if not in his present position, somewhere else. By George, how he did need more money! He wanted to see that fund in the bank swell faster; and more than that, he wanted to please Lucy.

VII

THE Bostwicks had no very clear idea of what John James was doing to keep troublesome creditors pacified. The lawyer insisted on an accounting every week, and got it. He looked with approval on Sam's ready-made suit. He also approved unreservedly of Lucy, whom he regarded as the brains of the firm. This indorsement he expressed in a letter to Sam's Uncle Marcus Freedom, in which he expounded at some length his views of the system of retail credits by which it was possible for unthinking young persons to lay the firm foundations of disgrace and failure.

"It isn't altogether the fault of a boy brought up like Sam. I'm applying heroic treatment and he's really showing a lot of sand. But so long as retailers will trust almost anyone for anything, from a package of pins to an automobile, people like Sam and their wives are going to be ruined; and where Sam has been lucky enough to have someone take hold and yank him neck and heels out of the mud thousands are allowed to go merrily to the devil who might with a little judicious handling become successful citizens. But, of course, every boy hasn't the good fortune to pick a wife like Lucy."

Such of the Bostwicks' creditors as were disposed to make trouble found themselves up against rather a clever worker when they tackled John James. Old Silas Brown, the Rosefields grocer, called personally as soon as Lucy notified him that he'd better see Mr. James.

"I don't intend to stand no nonsense from Bostwick," he threatened. "Hirin' a slick lawyer to help him dodge his just debts won't benefit him in a court of law."

"You're mistaken, Mr. Brown. Bostwick isn't trying to dodge, and I'm working quite as much in the interests of his creditors as of my client. He's already made you some small payments and these will go on. No reasonable judge is going to help you force into bankruptcy a young man who shows the disposition to pay up."

"We'll see! Where'd he get money to hire a high-priced attorney?"

"That's none of your affair. He came to me penniless, and I give you my word if he has to go through bankruptcy his assets won't yield a mill on the dollar. You'd better be patient and let him take his time—in which case you'll probably be paid ultimately in full. That is his intention."

"It's an outrage!" fumed the grocer. "Why, I've trusted that feller ever since he moved to Rosefields!"

"Quite so. The minute you saw his furniture going in you sent your order man to his door. You didn't ask for references or make terms. You let his wife have whatever she wanted without question. Many times when she telephoned an order you supplied the most expensive brands you carried. Your clerk called up every morning and urged her to buy. You allowed the account to grow without checking it at a point where they could easily pay it.

"As a result you have furnished the Bostwicks with practically everything in the grocery line for four years. You sold them hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of goods, and they've paid you all but a hundred dollars or so. If you never got another penny of this debt their trade would still show you a good profit."

"Now they're payin' cash, Mis' Bostwick don't come to my store. Do you call that right?"

"Certainly, because you overcharge. I know what you're going to say. You have so many bad bills you have to mark up your prices to break even. The customers who pay support the dead beats.

"You happen to have a monopoly in the neighborhood, and that's another reason why you profiteer. And you get sore when prudent housewives turn their backs on you and hop a trolley or walk to some neighborhood where they find cash stores and markets doing business on a competitive basis.

"However, your methods are not my affair. But if you sue Bostwick I shall use such machinery as the law provides to defend him. I'm rather an old bird at this game, and allow me to say that though the law is kind to creditors it also supplies the debtor his remedy. Those who show the intent to deal fairly with their creditors will be treated squarely in the courts. Now what do you propose to do?"

Brown guessed there wasn't anything much he could do, but he hoped Mr. James would see that Bostwick paid up as fast as possible, and departed unhappily.

Two or three creditors were even more disagreeable than Brown, but James was too good a lawyer for them to risk defeat. One by one they all subsided into a state of watchful waiting. Week by week Lucy reported payments made, small but steady, and she was always optimistically cheerful.

At length reward came to the doctor of debtors in the shape of good news, borne by Mrs. Bostwick. She had left the duke in the care of a neighbor's daughter.

"Oh, Mr. James, I'm so excited!" cried Lucy.

"It's very becoming," said the attorney.

"It's wonderful! Please don't make fun of me. This is an important moment. Sam has been raised to eighty-five dollars a week and been given charge of a department."

"H'm! That's very nice. Now I suppose he'll want my guardianship vacated, and buy a house on Fifth Avenue. Doubtless he has engaged a valet already."

"Mr. James, aren't you horrid! Sam and I want to know how we're to allot the extra money."

"Increase your budget five dollars a week, I should say; save another ten and set aside ten more for your old bills."

"That's about what we thought, only we weren't going to increase the budget. We had about decided to set aside fifteen for the old bills and ten for the bank, making it fifty-fifty—twenty-five a week each. We get along very nicely on thirty-five."

"And work yourselves—or at least you—to death. I don't approve of it. You ought to have a maid."

"Nonsense, Mr. James! Some day perhaps I'll have a houseful. Sam's going to be a millionaire, you know."

"I have no doubt of it. Any man who couldn't get to be a millionaire with a wife like you would be an idiot. By the way, if I show you something very confidential will you promise not to tell that thick-skulled husband of yours?"

"No!" said Lucy. "But you'd better show it to me anyhow."

"It's from your uncle-in-law, Mr. Marcus Freedom. Listen:

"'*Dear John:* Your report of my nephew's progress is quite encouraging. He ought to make a successful man, though I was beginning to think he would never amount to anything. I'd like to do something for him, but I don't want to hamper you or undo the good work already done. Let him have his period of discipline according to your best judgment. But at the end of two years from now, if he keeps up his payments to his creditors at not less than the present rate I will not only settle the unpaid balance but cancel his note to me. I trust you will understand that in making this offer I am expressing no meager appreciation of the young man's efforts to regain his self-respect and rehabilitate his character.'"

"Oh, Mr. James, how splendid of Uncle Marcus! But bless his heart, there won't be any unpaid balance two years from now, and we'll have enough in the savings bank to take up his note, and leave us a thousand dollars clear."

"Great Scott!" cried the attorney. "I believe you're right."

"The Pullin'est Belt"

The men in a certain munitions shop were on piecework.

There always was a "howl" when a new belt was put on. They claimed no new belt would pull like an old one.

As an experiment SparOak Belting was installed. Immediately the "howl" ceased and, because production increased, of course, the operators received more pay.

Today there is never a complaint from these men when a new belt is installed, providing it is one of the "pullin'" kind, as they call SparOak. In fact, they will have no other. They state that SparOak is "the most pullin'est belt" they ever saw.

SparOak Belting

SparOak Belts grip from the start. A two-ply belt, the pulley side is G & K Spartan, a leather with the greatest pulley-gripping power ever attained in a belting material; the outer side is the finest quality G & K oak-tanned stock.

The oak-tanned outer ply gives rugged endurance to withstand the severest service conditions, such as belts encounter on shifting drives, step cones, flange pulleys, and the like. The Spartan leather next the pulley insures a firm grip even with high speeds, fluctuating loads, and small pulleys.

If you have a drive that is troubling you, write us about it. Let us advise you what belt to use. Many a bothersome belt problem has been settled by SparOak, and in any event the Graton & Knight Standardized Series includes belts for every kind of drive. Our booklet on Standardization in Belting describes all of them. It is sent free on request.

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Graton & Knight
Standardized Series
Leather Belting
Tanned by us for belting use

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

Continued from Page 27

hoping that the ill luck that had pursued us at St. Louis would not continue

Now in the early part of this narrative I said something about the touts who infested the race tracks of the old days, and as they were versatile gentry in the pursuit of their somewhat precarious calling and without whom a story of the turf as it was would be dull and colorless, I will try to tell you about them and their activities.

In the early nineties and along up until the time that drastic legislation was taken against racing it might not be drawing the long bow to assert that sometimes five per cent of the regular attendants at the tracks were touts.

Racing was continuous in those days. When the big Eastern tracks closed in the fall of the year the winter tracks opened. Right in the vicinity of New York City two or three were usually in operation. There was the Gloucester track outside of Philadelphia, running practically all the year round; two tracks racing at San Francisco; one at Los Angeles and the regular winter meeting at New Orleans—with an outlaw track operating part of the time. Then outside Washington a winter track was in full bloom and at one time even it had opposition. Chicago had Garfield Park and Hawthorne and St. Louis had its West Side and electric-light tracks.

Added to all this nearly every city in the Union was dotted with pool rooms. The tout did not even have to attend the race tracks, because every pool room had an army of clients the majority of whom had never seen the inside of a race track in their lives. It was a golden age of gambling—too good or too bad, whichever way you like to put it, to last. Is it any wonder that racing received a terrible setback or that those in authority were finally forced to act, because the salvation of racing will always depend upon its being conducted within bounds?

As Everybody Knows, it is Much Easier to Pick a Horse to Lose Than One That Will Win

But don't think for a moment that you can ever put an end to gambling. It doesn't matter whether it is on horse races or prize fights or baseball or fly loo. My master says he never could see the difference between betting on the speed of a horse and on the trend of the spareribs market, except that one is filed away in the pigeonhole called business and the other is stuck under the heading of sport. No matter how the Wousers fix it, red-blooded men and women will always back their opinion about something or somebody. So the only thing you can do is so to regulate it that it does not become a national disease and that the temptation to gamble is not right before the public on every street corner.

But I was speaking about the tout himself, and many a good story is told concerning his ups and downs.

Some of them had the most elaborate schemes for rounding up gullible persons. One of them used to specialize on jumping races. When he got a good-looking prospect in tow he would invite him to his house. This tout claimed to control all the steeplechase jockeys and he would introduce the come-on person to four or five boys whom he had schooled to impersonate the real riders. Then before the very eyes of the sucker they would fix up the winner for the next day. Of course if they happened to pick the right one, why the boob naturally thought he had met the real jockey and that the race had been actually fixed up. If some other horse won than the one expected they would tell him that a mistake had been made or that they had been double-crossed by one of the riders that is, of course, if they thought they could get him to bet more money at some future time. If they didn't they simply laughed at him. He couldn't say anything, because he had been one of the parties to a steal himself.

The professional tout discovered very early in the game that it would not do simply to tell a man that he believed a certain horse would win. He was a psychologist in a way and sensed the weakness of human nature. Nine times out of ten the tout who went after a big-money better told him that a race was going to be fixed up and it is a matter of record that many men who could not have been separated from their coin with a crowbar have fallen for the tout's story of how he was in the confidence of two or three of the leading jockeys and how easy it was to get a sure thing on the races. Men have been betting on what they thought were sure things since racing was racing, because a certain percentage of our beloved citizens always want a shade the best of it. The race track and its surroundings formed a facile vehicle for the activities of the tout.

But it remained for an old colored man, who had been round the track longer than the memory of most folks ran, to get the original sure-thing dope on the horse races.

Before he went to the track each day he used to arm himself with eight or nine pieces of different colored chalks. These were the only tools he worked with.

If there were eight horses in a race he would pick out some man and beg him to bet on the first one listed on the program. He would tell him how he had seen this horse work and what a sure winner he was bound to be. To another man he would give the second horse, telling him the same story, and so on down to the end of the program. After he had hooked a victim and seen him bet his money he used to mark his coat with one of the pieces of chalk he carried in his pocket and so he kept track of the horses he had told each man to bet on. Then when the race was over and it was won—let us say, by Number Two on the program—he looked round for the customer with the blue chalk on his coat, helped him to cash his bet and divided the winnings. It was a unique scheme. And whenever the old colored brother really did a hard day's work he collected on every race.

Another tout was a big impressive-looking man, looking very much like the owner of one of the big racing stables who was a Pittsburgh millionaire. This tout had a negro confederate who played the part of an old stable hand and who would approach any stranger who looked like money and was consequently and more than likely anxious to acquire a little information. The negro used to tell such that he was attached to the big man's stable. He would say something like this:

"Now, boss, Ise only a poor colored man, but dis yeah filly we're startin' to-day is de bes' we got in de barn. I rubs her. Ob course I doan know whether de captain will want her to win her fust out. If I thought you wanted to bet on her real bad I'd take a chance an' ask him. Dar he is now—up in de gran' stan'."

Like as not the affluent stranger who had come to spend an afternoon at the races would be more than anxious to put down a good bet on a tip so direct from a famous owner, and he would immediately declare his intention of doing so if the negro could get the desired information.

They would climb up into the grand stand and, hat in hand, the old negro would approach the bogus captain.

"Captain," he would say, "dis white gentleman here is one ob my home folks. I jest met him an' he would like to bet on de filly to-day if you thought she was just ready and you was a-goin' to send her out fur de money. I wouldn't ask yo, captain, but he's one ob my home folks."

It would then be the captain's cue to storm a little at the impertinence of the negro stable hand. How dare a negro to ask about the running of the stable? But finally he would cool down and somewhat reluctantly give the information. He would tell them that the filly was the best he ever had in his life, but cautioned them not to bet too much on her, because he intended putting down a swell bet himself and did not want the price spoiled.

That was enough. Avarice did the rest The confiding stranger in his eagerness to get aboard such a good thing usually bet his bank roll, and as the real captain had a first-class stable and was in winning form at that particular time, many a stranger who visited the race track for a day's outing cashed a good-sized bet and divided his winnings with his negro guide and counselor, going back home fully satisfied that he had received direct information.

Then there was the tout who did most of his work with bogus, or phony, tickets.

Previous to the legal elimination of bookmaking the pencilers, as they were called, used to give their customers pasteboard tickets on which were recorded the amount bet, the odds laid and the horse's name on which the bet was made. This naturally gave the old-time tout a grand opening and an easy vehicle, because most of them carried a pocketful of blank tickets, which were easy enough to procure, because uncashed tickets could be gathered by the bushel on the quarter stretch of any race track at the close of the day's proceedings After that it was easy enough to erase the original pencil marks and put the tickets to other uses.

This brand of tout invariably handled whatever amount he had persuaded his client to bet. His system was to pick some horse which did not have a possible chance to win. Then he would take the money and tell his man to wait somewhere in the grand stand until he came back from the betting ring. He always argued that he could get a better price from some bookmaker he claimed as a friend of his and so allayed the stranger's fears.

As a matter of fact, he simply put the money in his pocket and came back in a few moments handing his customer a bogus ticket on which meantime he had inscribed the name of the horse he had chosen and the legitimate price the bookmakers were laying in the ring.

It is to the credit of these enterprising gentry and a tribute to their superior acumen that they hardly ever made a mistake. As everybody knows, and in the natural course of events, it is much easier to pick a horse to lose than one that will win, but occasionally even these canny gentlemen slipped a cog.

They used to tell the story of a tout called Endless Motion Mickey, so named from the manner and celerity in which he moved from place to place, who operated in the days when Rome was young.

Mickey took the phony-ticket route for his, but one day down at the race track he met an affluent Cuban from Havana who had a yen on to bet them high and hard. Mickey, who was somewhat of a hypnotist and could deal out language as easy as a ton of coal falls into the cellar, persuaded the Cuban plunger to let him take a thousand dollars to bet on a forty-to-one shot.

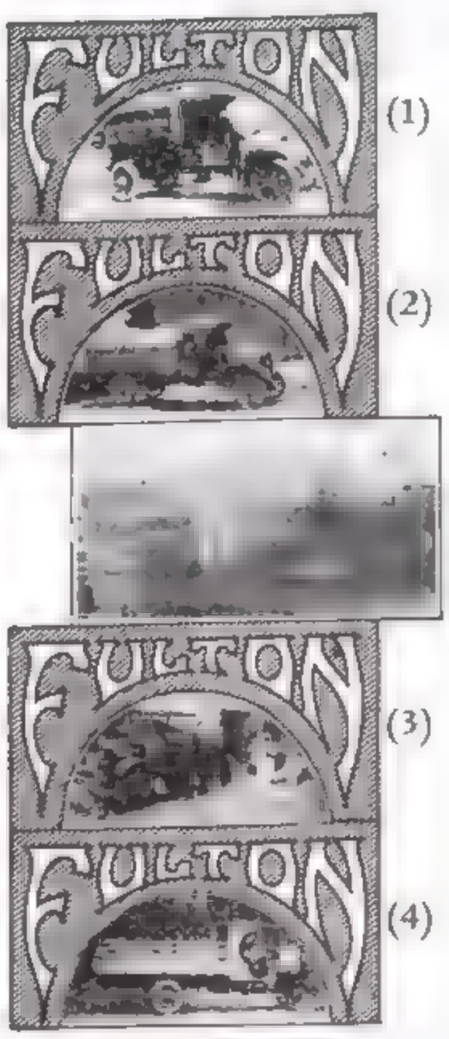
It is needless to say that Mickey never bet the money at all but simply pretended to go down to the betting ring and came back in a little while and handed the Cuban sport a bunch of bogus tickets that

(Continued on Page 87

7 Out of Every 10 Delivery Problems

Solved by

FULTON TRUCKS



7 out of every 10 motor trucks—or 70% of the total—have a capacity of 1, 1½ or 2 tons, according to the War Industries Board report on Truck Manufacture for 1919

Fulton 2 ton Trucks exactly meet these universal transportation requirements The powerful Fulton Motor insures both speed and economy even on occasions where the hauling does not exceed 1 ton, and as a guarantee of its ability to meet the gruelling demands of heavier tonnage its sturdy 6-inch steel frame with double wrapped springs is subjected to road tests of twice its rated 2-ton capacity

Fulton Trucks solved the transportation problems of the owners whose trucks are shown in the accompanying illustrations *first*, by offering a high-grade truck at from $300 to $400 lower than the average cost of trucks of equal capacity—*second*, by the evidence of other large truck operators—which includes a sworn statement from the Standard Oil Company—showing that Fulton Trucks average 14 miles to the gallon of gasoline—and *third*, by the Fulton Economy-Records which prove the astonishingly low upkeep cost of Fulton Trucks

The Fulton Truck's adaptability, its worthwhile economy and its all-year serviceability have made it the choice of leaders in every field—The Standard Oil Company, John Wanamaker, National Biscuit Company, Borden Farm Products Company, Jones-Laughlin Steel Company, Allis-Chalmers Company—and many other nationally known businesses have added Fultons to their fleets

The price of the new Model C Fulton Chassis, which includes the De Luxe Steel Cab, is $2,350, F O B Farmingdale, N. Y. Ask your dealer to show it to you today. Meanwhile, write us for a copy of "Ultimate Transportation." It will help you solve many of your trucking problems

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FULTON TRUCKS
are sturdy, speedy
and economical

FULTON TRUCKS
are used in over
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"The Repeat Order TRUCK"

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Vigor—The Flame of Life

In ancient Athens, lithe youths ran races and performed wondrous feats in the arena for pure joy in their abounding vigor. Today, vigor is the force that vitalizes life. Bodily vigor builds bridges and great dwellings; mental vigor plans and directs these mighty achievements.

Without health vigor is not possible. When the strength of the body is sapped, vigor dwindles and is lost. To be vigorous—keen—alert—you must keep your physical health on a high level of efficiency.

Doctors have discovered that ailments of many kinds come from diseased teeth and mouths. Therefore it is necessary, as a first step toward health, to make sure that your teeth are in sound condition. Visit your dentist regularly and use S. S. White Tooth Paste.

S. S. White Tooth Paste is known to and approved by the dental profession the world over. It was in 1862—at the request of the dentists of America—that S. S. White's was first made. During all these years it has upheld the high standard of quality set by the House of White.

Remember this—*there is only one thing a dentifrice can do—thoroughly cleanse the teeth.* If your teeth and mouth need special treatment—go to your dentist. No dentifrice can do his work.

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S.S.WHITE

(Continued from Page 84)

looked like a miniature pinochle deck. If the horse won they called for something over forty thousand dollars.

It was a stake race with a lot of good horses carded to start and Mickey in his innocence had rated the horse he was supposed to bet on as a cheap selling-plater. Unfortunately, however, the horse belonged to the Texas delegation. He had been under cover in all his previous starts and when the flag fell he made every post a winning post and won all by his lonely, as they say, beating the rest of the field in the commonest kind of a gallop.

As the horses neared the finishing line and it was quite evident that this nag would win unless he broke a leg, the Cuban plunger climbed on a chair and yelled himself hoarse. He thought he was winning a fortune. It was the event of a lifetime and in his imagination he heard them playing Conquering Hero.

But not so Endless Motion Mickey. It was too much even for a rhinoceros hide and a stout heart like his. Mickey had been through many an adventure by flood and field, but someone had told him that these Cubans were natural-born killers and whenever they thought they had the worst of it they went after their enemy with a butcher knife in one hand and a meat ax in the other. So Mickey did the graceful thing. He fainted dead away and subsequently was carried out and taken to the hospital.

Some people say that he never recovered, but others allege that in one of our best-patronized asylums one may meet a nervous little man who insists on handing each visitor an old race-track program and whispers mysteriously that he has a sure thing in the next race which will be quoted in the betting at least as good as forty to one.

That's what the knowing ones say. But be that as it may, the race track never saw hide or hair of Endless Motion Mickey again.

There was another tout who always claimed to own a big racing stable. His dope was to take his clients over and show them the horses, at the same time airing himself as the real owner.

He was enabled to do this because he had fixed it up with the colored stable boy who was usually left in charge of the stable while the rest of the folks connected with it went over to the races. So this tout would bring the victim over and show him the horses. Needless to say, it made quite an impression and the gullible one took the elastic off his bank roll much more readily when he thought he was doing business direct with the owner of several good-looking race horses.

But the guesser was handed a solar plexus one day when he took a new subscriber over to show him his horses. As they came in under the shed he noticed that all the stall doors were closed and the negro he did business with was nowhere in sight; but, of course, that did not faze him, because he halted in front of one of the stall doors and, as he unhooked it, said:

"Now, here's the good old mare herself. She has won me many a stake race and I'm gettin' her ready for a killin' here. When we start you an' me will cut seventeen kinds of a watermelon."

Then having duly staged the climax, he threw open the door with a flourish. Imagine his consternation when an old gray mule, used to harrow the track, stuck his head out of the door. The good stable had moved out during the night and headed south. The tout hadn't been round for a couple of days and so had lost track of the man who had always kept him posted on their movements.

Another tout was so successful that he went into the race-horse business on his own account. He purchased a few cheap selling-platers and used them more as tools to work with than anything else. He discovered among other things that a little money could be made by sticking a cheap horse in one of the selling races and then claiming some other good horse in the race for his entered price plus the first money of the purse, as was then allowed by the rules of racing.

He found this quite a lucrative business for a while, because he often procured a good horse cheap and original owners were only too glad to get them back at a profit. The horse he used to run in these races was called Lake Friday. He got to be quite a joke after a while, because he always was in with a bunch that could beat him easily and the bookmakers used to lay all kinds of prices against his chances.

One day this tout started to get even with a client who, he thought, had not given him enough money after a lucky win. So he told him to bet on Lake Friday related a long story about how he had made him a race-track joke on purpose and that he had been pulling him all the time. This was going to be the day. This tout could handle language and he convinced the man he intended to victimize that they would break up racing with the amount of money they would win. He chuckled to himself when the client agreed to bet two hundred dollars, which, as he was a man of moderate means, was a big bet for him to make. But the tout didn't care; he wanted to sting him if he could.

And then the race came off and the wonderful thing happened, because it was old Lake Friday's day out and he stepped to town faster than a frog going to a frolic. He had them all hollering for help at the head of the stretch. He just happened to do what any race horse is liable to do in his career. He had one good run in him and this was the day he gave a manifestation. The Turf Guide shows that he won easily by ten lengths and that he was quoted in the betting ring at odds of three hundred to one. The result of this race carries with it the story of the finish of one of the wisest gentlemen who ever borrowed a pencil or, as they said in the vernacular, "laid a lobster."

In the early days many of the touts traveled with a badge horse. The latter was usually some animal who couldn't win—as they say—a fixed race, but his owner carried him from track to track, because when he applied for stabling he was entitled to an owner's badge and when he hung this on his buttonhole it was a declaration to all the world that he belonged and was directly interested in the ownership of horses.

A tout who owned one of these old broken-down horses once wanted to raise some money and dug up a little tailor for whom he had won a few small bets. The knight of shears was a little skeptical and refused to loan any money on the horse until he saw him work. So the tout took him down to the race track early in the morning, put a little colored boy he found round one of the stables aboard the nag and instructed him to start about fifty yards beyond the half-mile pole and work to the stand.

He figured that with a fifty-yard advantage and the tailor at an angle where he could not tell whether the boy broke from the pole or not the horse would be bound to show a fast half mile.

The little tailor had borrowed a stop watch. They weren't going to give him the worst of it—if he knew it. The horse broke away as per instructions and showed some speed to the head of the stretch. Then he commenced to die the death of a dog and the tout knew that unless something happened or he got a fresh lease of speed life there would be nothing doing in the way of a loan. So he commenced to wave his handkerchief frantically and yell at the top of his voice. In stentorian tones he importuned the little negro to "come on with that horse," punctuating his remarks in swift asides for the benefit of the tailor to the effect that the little black imp was pulling him.

By the time the unfortunate nag got to the grand stand he had almost slowed down to a walk. He hadn't been out of the stable for weeks and the first quarter stood him on his head and made him want to call for refreshments. It was up to the tout to forge an alibi.

"You infernal little scoundrel!" he stormed as the boy rode his trembling mount back. "You blithering piece of stove polish! Why didn't you come on as I told you to? Why didn't you come on faster? Tell me that!"

The little negro rider looked down at the belligerent one.

"Boss," he drawled quietly, "did yo' want me to get off an' walk?"

As a general rule few people in any line of life could think faster or act quicker than the dyed-in-the-wool tout. The exigencies of his profession all tended to sharpen his wits. On one occasion a tout named Happy Casey borrowed five dollars from a good-natured bookmaker, promising to pay it back on Friday.

Several Fridays came and went, but the money was not returned. One day the lender met the borrower.

"Casey," said the former, "didn't I loan you five dollars a couple of weeks ago?"

"That's what you did," confirmed Casey.

"And you promised to pay me back Friday, now didn't you?"

"Right you are!" responded the debtor affably. "No mistake about that. 'Twas Friday all right. But I meant Good Friday."

Another gentleman borrowed fifty dollars from a horse owner. The latter had a keen sense of humor and as he passed over the money he said:

"Now, Bill, you're always looking for a good thing to bet on and I'll give it to you. You say you'll pay back this money Tuesday. Am I right?"

"Sure, I'll pay you back Tuesday!" replied the other.

"Well, that being the case," responded the owner, "I'll lay you five to one that you don't return this money Tuesday."

"Piker!" retorted the tout scornfully. "You've just got to be a common ordinary piker. Why, any bookmaker in the ring will lay fifty to one that I won't pay you back at all."

Then, of course, we must not forget the original get-rich-quick scheme. Thousands of gullible people fell for this. It was a company ostensibly formed for the ownership of horses and betting on them. Deftly worded prospectuses were scattered broadcast through the country and the first subscribers to the syndicate received checks calling for enormous profits on their original investments. The self-advertising, which is the best form of publicity, did the rest. The head offices of the current organization were fairly swamped with money. They did a land-office business running into the millions until Uncle Sam woke up and seized several wagonloads of mail; and it was afterward said that nine out of every ten letters opened by the authorities contained money.

Some of these men fled the country, others stuck it out and have been credited ever since as having acquired a comfortable competence.

But getting back to my story, we arrived at New Orleans without a mishap or accident of any kind and settled down there to wait for the opening of the winter meeting, which was a few weeks distant. Grassy's foot was getting all right and my master expected to race him the first week if we found a favorable spot. I was beginning to round into shape myself.

We were very comfortable in our new quarters, because my master had a great friend who lived near New Orleans and whom we will call the major. This gentleman loaned him money enough to tide him over until the meeting started. As I understood it, he was not a man of very considerable means but was a very lovable character and deeply versed in the pedigree of race horses and other branches of high-class sport. Added to this he was a man of wide knowledge on various matters and highly educated. He was of the kind who did not care much about appearance or display. He just wanted a few friends—the kind he could hold to. He always said that no man should lay up more money in this world than would pay his living expenses, purchase a toddy or two and keep him in hunting dogs. After that, he argued, there would be no one to reckon with but the undertaker—and that gentleman could look out for himself.

My master and he used to talk a great deal concerning the philosophy of life. I think they agreed on most phases of it, because both were what you might call realists. They saw things as they actually were without any of the gilding or make-believe or hypocrisy, which after all only tend to make people dissatisfied and uncharitable.

Grassy won his first race at New Orleans. It was the inaugural dash—five-eighths of a mile. My, but he did look pretty going to the post! And all the ladies in the grand stand applauded him. He won very easily. The major had scraped together some money and the odds were twelve to one, so he and my master had a few thousand dollars to divide after the race was over. This put an end to our financial troubles for the time being. I congratulated Grassy on his success, but as usual he took it just as a matter of course. He had the same old answer that it was his job and that it was a mighty poor horse or man for that matter who could not earn his keep and a little more besides.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 23

"Dick Hoover. But you leave it alone."

"Rats! Tell Dick I'll be there. Or I'll tell him myself."

Routt lifted his hands in surrender. "Oh—I'll tell him," he agreed. "But you're a darned fool, Wint."

"Rats!" Wint grinned. He was unaccountably elated, as though he had shaken off restraining bonds. "Rats!" And he went out to the street with his head high.

Routt picked up the telephone and called Hoover. He was smiling.

XVI

WINTHROP CHASE, SENIOR, was thrown, by his son's election to the office he had counted as his own, into a passion where rage and humiliation were equally commingled.

He was a man fed fat with vanity. He took himself very seriously. He lived a decent and respectable life in the eyes of all men, and he felt himself justly entitled to the respect of all men. He had before this seen the smiles of those few who dared mock him; but he had believed them a small minority. When three-quarters of the town united in the jest at his expense he was outraged inexpressibly. And when the city papers took up the story and for a time the whole state tittered over it Chase trembled and shuddered with his own agony.

His first reaction had been anger at his son; and when he heard how Wint had been found, sodden and stupid, in that room at the Weaver House he cast the boy out of his life, hiding his own honest grief and sorrow under a mantle of resentment and accusation. For he loved Wint and had wished to be proud of him.

In the beginning his chief resentment centered on Wint, and he had toward Amos Caretall only that anger which one feels toward a treacherously victorious opponent. But about the time Wint sent him that money order and stood on his own feet before the world Chase's heart softened in spite of himself. He sought to make excuses for his son, and in this effort he found Caretall a convenient scapegoat. By degrees he convinced himself that Caretall had led Wint astray, playing on the boy's vanity and pride; and after that came the half conviction that when Wint denied all knowledge of the coup the boy had told the truth. Then all Chase's anger centered on Amos; and as the first sting of his disgrace passed by he began to look about him and seek to rebuild the shattered structure of his plans.

He had encountered Amos more than once upon the street since the election; but neither had carried greetings further than a nod or word. But there came a day when Chase met the congressman face to face in the post office at a moment when there were no others there; and when Chase nodded Caretall stopped and tilted his head on one side and squinted in a friendly way at Chase.

"No hard feelings, is there, Senior?" he asked.

Chase looked at him, started to speak, flushed, checked himself; and at last said huskily: "Congressman, I want to talk with you."

Caretall nodded. "That's fair."

"Where can we talk?"

Amos scratched his head. "Tell you," he suggested. "I'll go along up to Pete Gergue's office. You go down t'your place 'nd then come in the back way. Guess we don't want it known we're gettin' t'gether."

"Very well," Chase said stiffly. "I'll be there in half an hour."

When he climbed the stairs Amos had sent Gergue away and was sitting at the oilcloth-covered table slowly whittling a charge for his pipe. He got up bulkily at Chase's entrance, and motioned the other man to a chair across the table from his own.

Chase sat down and Amos, lighting his pipe between his sentences, said slowly: "Chase"—a scratch of the match—"you don't want to hold this against me." A succession of deep puffs. "It's politics. All in the game." A puff. "You was getting too strong for me. I had t'lick you." Puff, puff, puff!

Chase struck his fist with quiet vehemence on the table: "It was a dirty trick, Amos."

Amos shook his head, vastly pained. "Now, Senior," he protested, "don't go to talking that way. 'Twas all in the game. All in the game."

"It was a dirty trick," Chase insisted. "You played on my good feelings; you pretended to agree to an alliance with me; you got me off my guard ——"

Amos held up a heavy hand. "Wait a minute," he protested. "Wait a minute, Senior. Let me get this here straight. You come to me with a prop'sition. Wanted to get together. Said you had me licked. I told you if you was elected mayor we'd hitch up. Ain't that right now, Senior?"

Chase moved angrily. "Strictly true," he confessed. "Strictly true. That's why I call it tricky. You came to my own meeting and said you were going to vote for me ——"

"Guess I said I was going t'vote for a Chase, didn't I? Guess I did. And that's the way I voted."

"The town thought you meant me."

"Not long, they didn't. Word went round what I meant, all in good time."

Chase got to his feet, his head back, his face flushed. He leaned down to face Amos and he slapped his right fist into his left palm. "I tell you it was a trick!" he insisted. "You know it. It was unworthy. And I give you due warning, Caretall—I'm out for your scalp now. I propose to get it. Take your measures accordingly."

Amos puffed hard at his pipe. He too rose, tilted his head thoughtfully on one side and squinted at Chase. "I don't like t'hear you talk that way, Senior," he said slowly. "You come to me and talked to me till you rightly showed me we ought to get together. I'm ready—even if you did get ——"

Chase flung up his hand. "Stop!" he cried. The self-control he had imposed upon himself was gone. "Stop! Man, man! D'you think I'm one to lick the hand that stabs me? You lie to me, trick me, make a fool of me and a joke of me before the state; and to cap it all you steal my own son out of my house!"

"Heard you was the one to throw him out," Amos interjected.

But Chase went hotly on: "You steal my own son, take him into your own home, turn him against me, persuade him to help destroy me." His voice broke with his own rage and grief. "I tell you, Amos," he said again, leaning steadily forward, "I'm going to get you. Fair warning. Take your measures accordingly."

Amos looked out of the window; he puffed at his pipe; and at last he faced the other man again and smiled.

"Well, Senior," he said slowly, "if the land lies so—thanks for the word. As for them measures—I'll take them like you say."

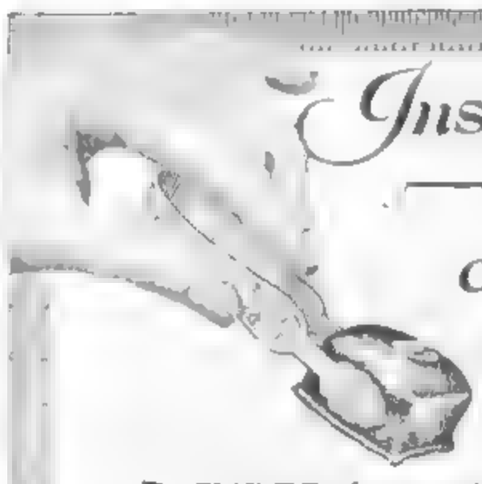
For a moment longer the eyes of the two men held each other. Then Chase turned stiffly on his heel and stalked to the door and went out.

As he disappeared Amos called "G'd day!" But Chase made no answer; and Amos, left alone, grinned slowly to himself and shook his head.

After that interview with Amos, Chase began to emerge from the turmoil of anger and shame in which he had been fighting since the election. His head cleared and his brain cooled, and he began to plan, with a certain newly acquired shrewdness, his next steps against Caretall. In many matters heretofore the elder Chase had been as simple as a boy. Now he was becoming crafty. In the past he had honestly believed that the life of self-conscious rectitude that he had led was of a sort to inspire respect and affection. Now he knew that he was wrong, knew that he must always have been disliked or despised by half the town. He had always been benignly courteous; and this courtesy, which was more than half condescension, had made more enemies than friends. He had played a straightforward game—and he had lost.

Like other men before him, in the determination to change his tactics he went too far. He threw himself into the fight to injure Caretall with an utter disregard for the conventions he had once observed; he sought allies where he might find them; and for the first time in his life he tried to put himself in another man's place and guess what the other man would do.

The man into whose place he sought to put himself was Amos Caretall; and the result of his considerations of Amos' possible future plans threw Chase into the



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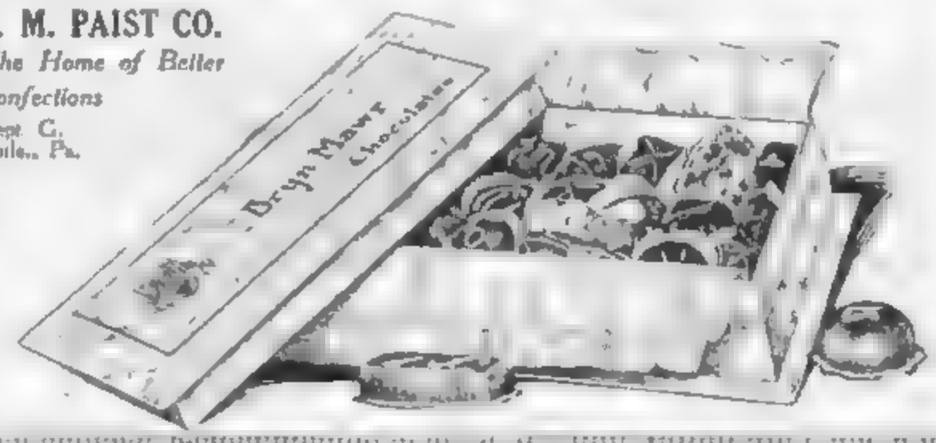

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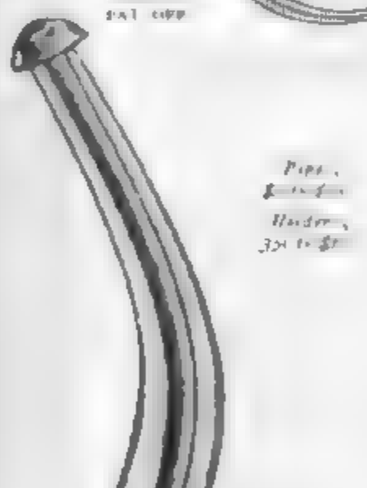

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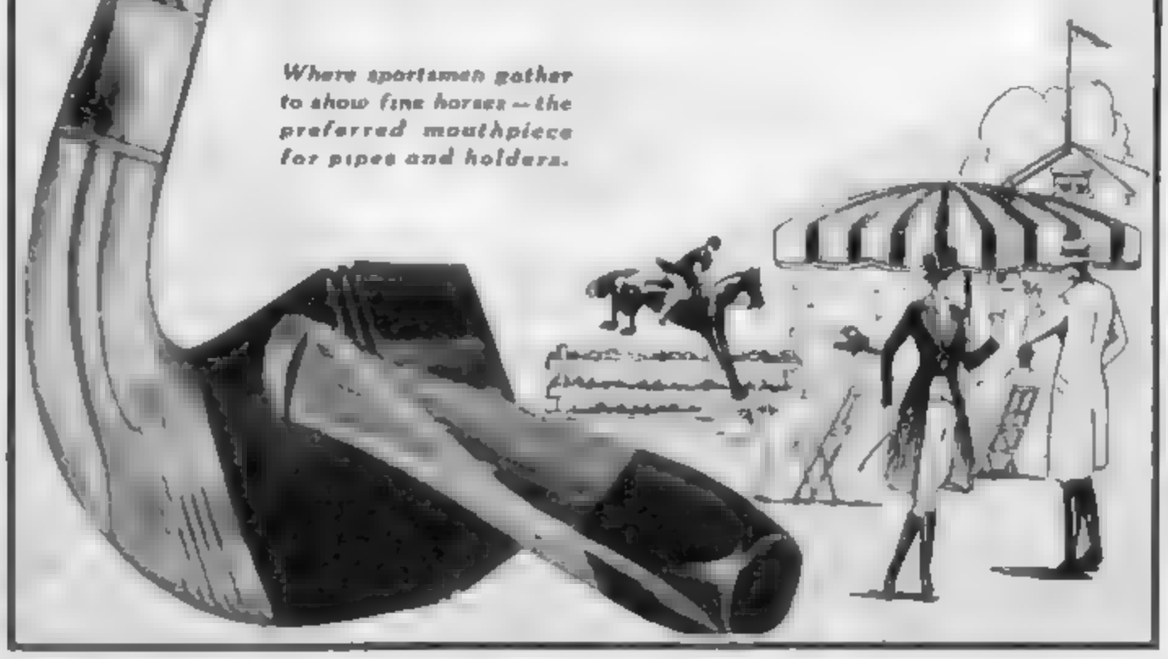


arms of his ancient enemy, into the shrunken arms of V. R. Kite.

The feud between Kite and Chase had never been a concrete thing. It was based upon a thousand minor incidents, none of them important in itself.

Kite, as the leader of the wet forces in the town, and as the proprietor of half the liquor-peddling establishments, was a man very quick to resent dry activities. Chase had always been actively dry. And Kite, curiously enough for one of his vocation, was a very thin-skinned man. He found offenses in words that were meant for kindness; he found a sneer in an honest smile.

It was a part of the manner of the elder Chase to smile and nod benevolently upon those whom he encountered. This was automatic with him; and he smiled at Kite with the rest. Kite, a man of fierce and violent temperament, knew that Chase had no kindly feeling toward him; and so he saw in those smiles only sneers. He had complained to Amos Caretall: "He's always grinning at me," when Amos asked why he hated Chase; and this was an old grievance with the liquor man.

Kite had been one of those who rejoiced most highly in Chase's humiliation; and for a week or two after the election he went out of his way to meet Chase upon the street. On such occasions he paid back with interest those grins he had resented; he spoke to Chase with exaggerated courtesy and extreme solicitude. He inquired after the other's health and spirits; he sympathized with Chase in his defeat.

These sports palled upon him only when he perceived the growing change in Chase. For Wint's father was in many ways, at this time, like a child that has been punished for a fault it does not understand. The elder Chase was groping for friendliness; he sought it wherever it could be found; and he took some of Kite's satiric inquiries in good faith and responded to them with such honest confidence that Kite was touched and faintly uneasy.

A few days after Chase's talk with Amos he sought out Kite in the little bazaar which the latter conducted. It was an institution like a five-and-ten-cent store, and did a flourishing business. Next door to it was a restaurant, also owned by Kite, reached by a communicating passage. In a room behind this restaurant knowing ones might be served with anything in reason. But Kite went there only for his meals, and most of the hours of business found him at his desk in the rear of the bazaar.

Chase frankly sought him there. He drew a chair up to face the wrinkled little man. Kite was surprised, and cocked his head on his thin neck and tugged at his drooping side whiskers until he looked more like a doubtful turkey than ever.

"How-do, Chase," he said.

Chase nodded. "Kite," he began frankly, "I want to talk to you."

Kite tried to grin derisively; he tried to reawaken the old enmity in his breast. But there was something appealing about Chase, and so he said nothing—only waited.

"Kite," said Chase, "Amos Caretall played a good trick on me."

Kite looked startled; then he grinned. "Yes, Chase, he did that," he said.

"You helped him."

Kite frankly admitted it.

"You helped him," said Chase, "because you thought with Wint in as mayor the town would stay as wet as you want it."

Kite hesitated, then he nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "Yes, that's so, Chase. What about it?"

Chase leaned back. "Amos made a fool of you," he said. "He's going to turn this town dry with the man you helped elect."

Kite flushed; he leaned toward Chase with narrowed eyes peering out from an ambush of wrinkles; and then suddenly he threw back his head with his long turkey neck rising raw and red from his collar, and he laughed cacklingly, so that customers in the front of the store looked that way to share the joke. Chase frowned angrily. "Well," he snapped, "what's funny about that?"

Kite dropped a dry old hand on Chase's arm. "Oh, Chase!" he choked through his mirth. "The notion of Wint making this town dry!"

Chase flushed. He started to speak. Kite interrupted. "Now don't get mad. Course he's your son, but he does like his drop now and then, Chase."

"I tell you Amos is planning to do it."

There was something so deadly sure in Chase's tone that Kite sobered and looked toward him. "Say, what makes you say that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"Amos has sense. He sees this question is the big one in this state. He's out for Congress again. He's not going to have it thrown at him that his man let this town soak itself illegally."

For the first time Kite began to look worried. "Amos wouldn't do that. He told me ——"

"Told you? He told me many things too. But none of them were true."

Kite suddenly burst into flames like an oily rag. He threw up a clenched fist. "Chase, he don't dare try it!"

"Dare? He'll dare anything."

Kite stammered with the heat of his own anger. "He don't dare!" he insisted. "Why, Chase—if he tries that—I'll—I'll ——" With no sense that his words had been said before he exclaimed: "I won't live in the town, Chase. I'll get out! I'll shoot him! Or myself!"

Chase leaned forward. "I tell you he's aiming to do it," he said steadily. "So sit down."

Kite gripped his arm. "Chase, you got to drill some sense into that son of yours. You got to tell him ——"

"He's not my son now; he's Amos'. Living with Amos, doing what Amos says. Don't forget that."

There was a bitterness in Chase's voice that silenced Kite for a moment. Then the little man touched Chase on the arm.

"See here," he said softly. "You don't like Amos any better'n I do."

Chase smiled mirthlessly. "I'm out for his hide," he declared.

Kite nodded, chuckling grimly. "He thinks he's a big man," he said. "He thinks he can run over us, play with us, use us and then give us the brad. But I tell you right now, Chase"—he lifted his open hand as one who takes an oath—"I tell you right now, Chase, if he tries that little trick—you and me'll get together, and we'll hang his old hide in the sun to dry."

"He'll try it," said Chase steadily.

Kite stuck out his hand. "Then we'll skin him."

"That's a bargain," Chase declared, and gripped the other's dry and skinny fingers.

It was in this fashion that these two enemies joined hands against the common foe.

XVII

THE festivities in Wint's honor on the night before his inaugural were a great success from every point of view.

There was nothing formal about them. They occurred in an upper room in one of the newer business blocks on Main Street. Only half a dozen young fellows attended them; but these were all chosen spirits, and congenial.

At half past nine they were all pleasantly illuminated by their libations and the general good cheer of the occasion. At eleven two of them were asleep quite peacefully in each other's arms upon a couch at one side of the room. These two snored as they slept. The others were playing cards, and the refreshments that had been provided were in easy reach. Wint and Jack Routt were among those playing cards. Routt never passed a certain stage of intoxication, no matter how much he drank. He reached this stage with the first swallow.

With Wint it was otherwise. In such matters he progressed steadily toward a dismal end. As eleven o'clock struck he had just passed the quarrelsome stage and was beginning to pity himself. He opened a hand with three queens, but when Routt raised his bet Wint threw down his cards and put his head on his arms and wept because he could not win. Then he took another drink.

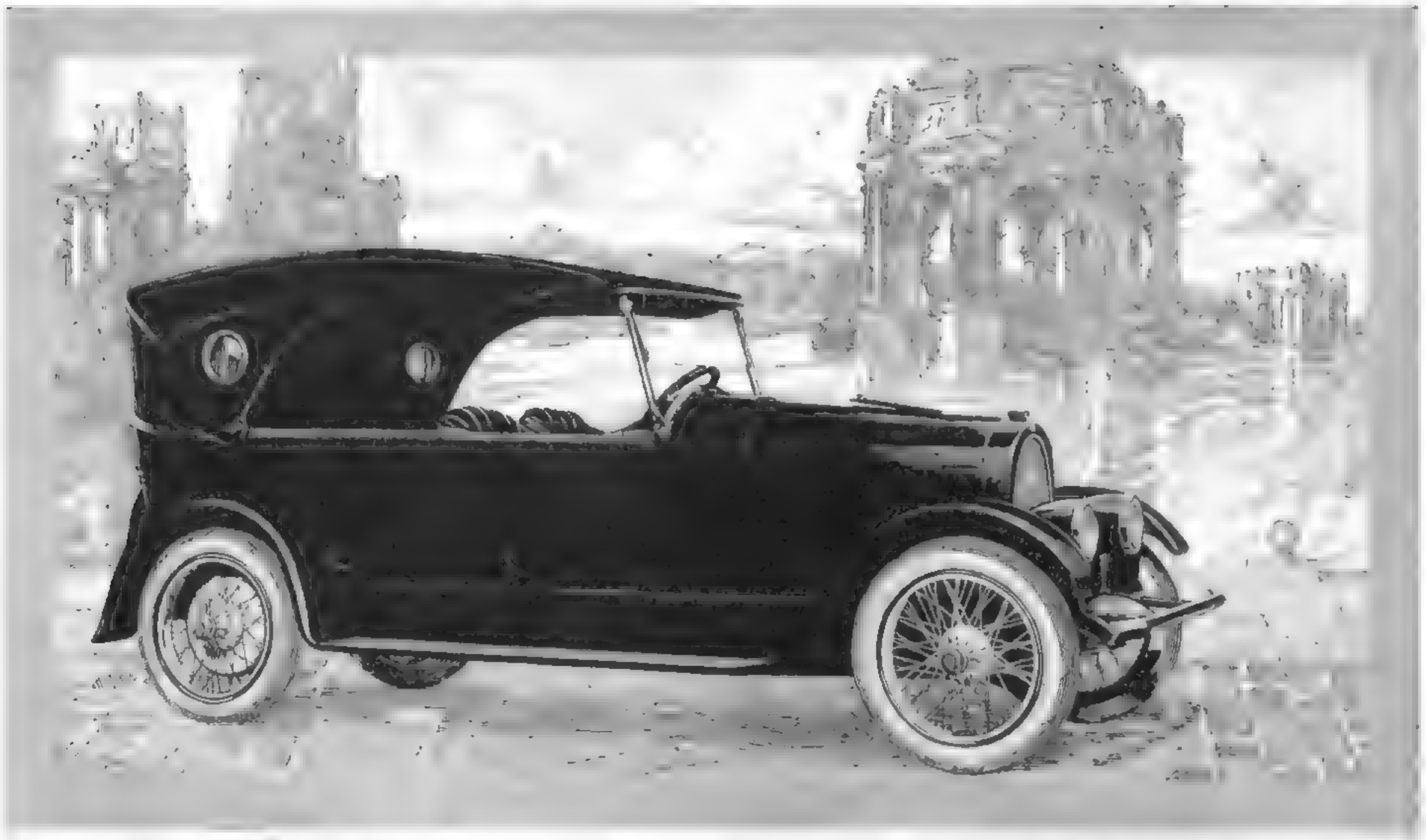
After a little he cried himself to sleep.

Toward one o'clock Routt and Hoover took Wint home to Amos Caretall's. The streets at that hour of the night were utterly deserted. There was a moon, and the street lamps were unlighted as an economical consequence of this heavenly illumination. Wint was between Routt and Hoover. At times he took a sodden step or two; at other times he dragged to his knees upon the ground, wagging his head from side to side, and singing huskily.

Hoover was almost as badly off as Wint, and now and then he joined in this song. Jack Routt was cold sober, and coldly exultant. His eyes shone in the moonlight; and he handled Wint with rough tenderness.

When they were about a block from the Caretall home Wint became very sick; and

(Continued on Page 93)



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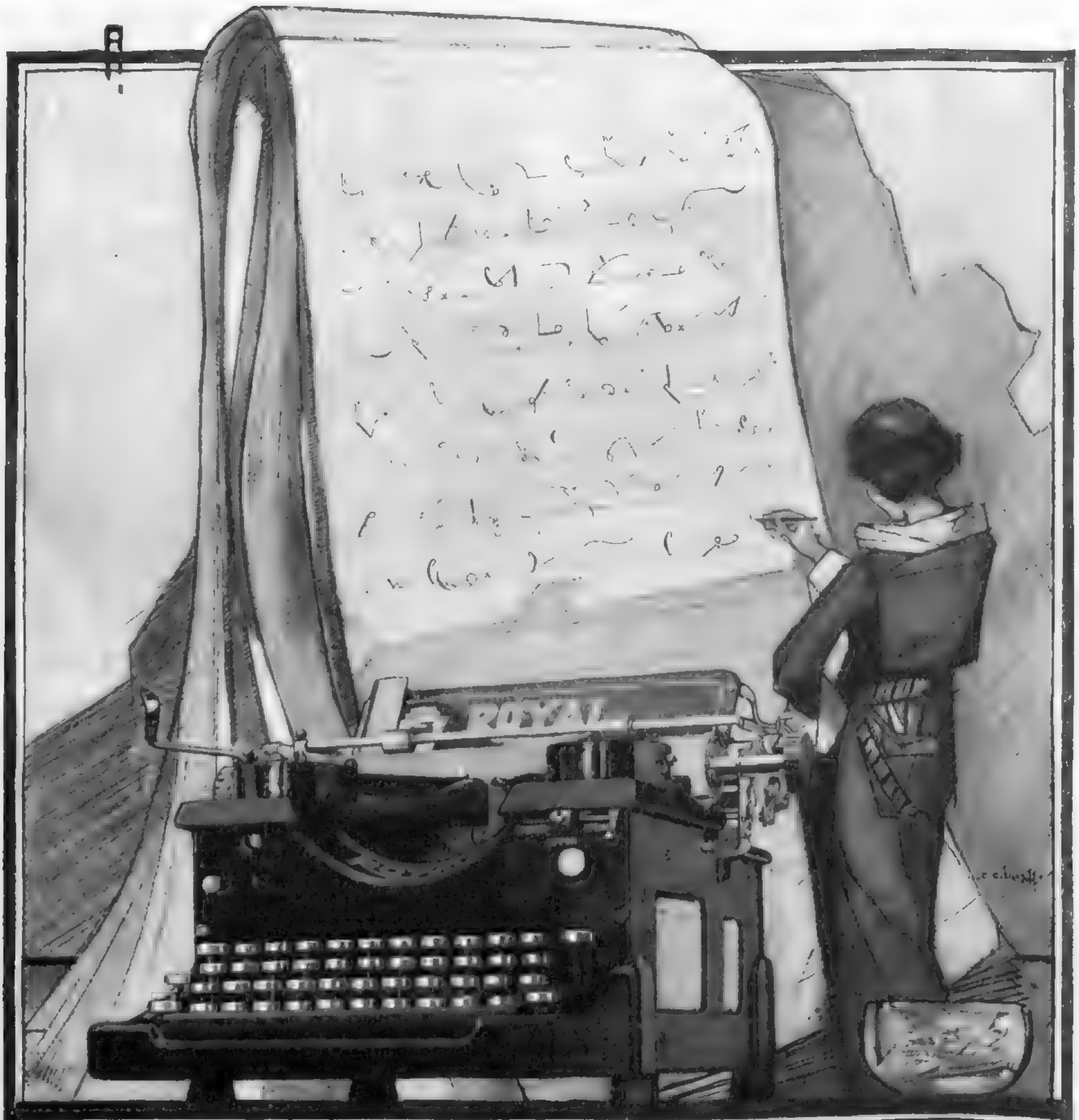

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ROYAL

(Continued from Page 90)

Hoover sat down in the middle of the sidewalk and giggled at him, while Routt, leaning against a tree above the sprawling body of his friend, waited until the paroxysms were past and then caught Wint's shoulders again and dragged him to his feet.

Wint had thrown off some of the poison; he was able now to help himself a little more than before; and they got him to their destination. There Routt propped him against a tree before the house and shook him and tried to impress upon him the necessity of silence.

"Dont you sing now, Wint!" he warned. "Brace up. Have some sense. Keep quiet."

Wint pettishly protested that he liked to sing, and that he was a good singer; and he tried to prove it on the spot, but Routt gagged him with the flat of his hand until Wint surrendered.

"Cut it out, Wint!" he insisted. "You've got to be quiet while we get you to bed."

Then Routt felt a hand on his shoulder, and someone drawled: "You've done your share, Routt. Go along. I'll tuck him in."

He turned and saw Amos Caretall. Amos was in a bathrobe of rough toweling over his nightshirt, and his feet were in carpet slippers. Routt was tongue-tied for a moment; then he found his voice.

"I'm mighty sorry about this, sir," he said. "I tried to keep him from drinking too much. But you can't stop him, he's such a darned fool."

Amos grinned at him in a way that somehow frightened Routt.

"He sure is the darndest fool I ever see," he agreed. "But don't you mind, Jack. Boys will be boys. You and—who is it? Oh Hoover. You and Hoover run along home. I'll 'tend to him."

"Don't you want me to help get him in the house?"

"I'll get him in. I've handled 'em before."

Routt hesitated: but there was nothing to do but obey, and he obeyed. Congressman Amos Caretall, in carpet slippers, nightshirt and faded bathrobe, watched them go; and then he turned to where Wint had slouched down against the tree and said kindly:

"Well, Wint—come on in."

Wint wagged his head and began to sing. The congressman bent over him and slapped him expertly upon the cheeks with his open hands, one hand and then the other. The sting and smart of the blows seemed to dispel some of the clouds that fuddled Wint, and he grinned sheepishly and got to his feet. Amos put his arm round him.

"Come on, Wint," he said again.

They went thus slowly up the walk and into the house. Amos shut the front door behind them and led Wint to the stairs and up them. In the upper hall one electric bulb was burning; and as they came into its light Agnes came out of her room. Her soft fair hair was down her back; her eyes were dewy with sleep; and a flaming silken garment was drawn close about her.

"What is it, dad?" she asked; and then saw Wint lurching along on her father's arm with nodding head and dull and drunken eyes, and she laughed softly and stepped toward him and shook her finger in his face. "Oh, you Wint! Naughty boy!" she chided.

Her father said sharply: "Get into your room, Agnes!"

The girl looked at him, and at the anger in his eyes she turned a little pale and slipped silently away.

Amos took Wint to his room, where Wint fell helplessly across his bed and began instantly to snore. The congressman looked down at him for an instant with a grim sort of pity mingled with the anger in his eyes. Then he bent and loosened Wint's shoes and drew them off; and afterward he took off the boy's collar and unbuttoned his garments at the throat, and unbuckled his belt so that his sodden body should nowhere be constricted.

"I guess that'll do, Wint," he said slowly then. "You're too heavy for me to handle. Besides, Wint—you ain't right clean."

He stood for a moment longer, then turned toward the door. At the door he looked back once, snapped out the light, and so was gone.

Wint's snores were unbroken.

XVIII

THE Caretall home stood in that end of town where the largest of the furnaces is located. A railroad siding passes this furnace, and a switching engine is busy here twenty-four hours of the day. The engine occasionally finds occasion to whistle: and the furnace itself has a whistle of enormous proportions—a siren whose blast carries for miles across the hills. This siren blows at every change of shift, it blows at casting time, and it blows at the whim of the engineer, who may wish to startle some casual visitor or friend.

Persons who have lived long in this part of Hardiston grow accustomed to this great whistle. They sleep undisturbed when it rouses the night echoes; and they talk undisturbed when it shatters the peace of the day. It is even told of some of them that when the furnace went out of blast and its whistle was stilled they used to be wakened in the middle of the night by the failure of the siren to sound at the accustomed time.

Wint's own home was in the other end of town. He had not lived long enough near the furnace to accustom himself to its noises; and they disturbed him. They penetrated his stupefied sleep on the night of this debauch. The steady roar of the great fires, which could be heard three or four miles on a still night, played on his worn nerves and tortured them; the sharp toots of the switching engine made him jump and quiver in his sleep like a dreaming child; and when he awoke in the morning, to find Amos shaking him by the shoulder, he was miserable and sick and his head throbbed with the beat of a thousand drums, and seemed like to split with agony. He wished weakly that it would split and be done.

When he opened his bloodshot eyes Amos laughed and jerked him upright and shook some of the slumber out of him.

"Come, Wint," he commanded heartily. "I've got a cold tub all ready. Jump in it. Got to get in shape, y' know. Inaugurated t'-day."

Wint groaned and held his head in both hands. "Hell with it!" he scowled. "Inaugural. Whole damn business. I'm not goin' do it. Goin' sleep."

He tried to drop back on the bed, but Amos laughed and caught him and dragged him to his feet. "Come out of it," he enjoined. "You'll be all right."

Wint shook his head stubbornly; then cried out with pain at the shaking. The fumes of the liquor were gone out of him; he was only dreadfully sleepy and dreadfully sick. He felt as though he were pulled and tortured by pricking wires that tore his flesh, and his eyelids were as heavy as lead and as hot as coals upon his bloodshot eyes.

But he opened them and said heavily: "No, Congressman Caretall. It's off. I won't do it. I'm through."

It was as Amos groped for a next word that the siren began to blow. This was the signal for the morning's casting. The engineer must have been in good spirits that morning, for he gave more than full measure on the blast. The whistle shrieked and roared till the very windows rattled and shivered in their places; and Wint at the first sound whipped up his hands to shield his agonized ears, and dropped on the bed and held his head and groaned until his groan became almost a shriek with the pain.

Then, when the siren died into silence, he got dully to his feet and glared at Amos and said huskily: "I'd like t' kill man that did that. Like to dynamite that whistle. Anything—make it keep quiet."

Amos suddenly smiled; then he chuckled. "Well, Wint," he said quickly, "there's ways to make it keep quiet."

Wint looked at him with torpid interest. "I'll bite," he said. "Tell me one."

Amos waved his hands: "Why, f'r instance, the mayor has power to force the abatement of a nuisance. Make them shut off that whistle, if it's a nuisance. Anything like that."

Wint swayed on his feet, and steadied himself with a hand on the foot of the bed.

"Can the mayor do a thing like that—on the square?"

"Why, sure!" said Amos.

Wint grinned—a cracked and painful grin, but mirthful too; and he took a step forward. "Then, say," he exclaimed "Then, say! There's something in this mayor job, after all."

"Sure there is!"

Wint gripped Amos' arm. "Lead me to that cold, cold tub," he enjoined.

XIX

THE inauguration of a small-town mayor is no great matter for excitement. But Hardiston was interested in

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Wint and wanted to have a look at him, so everybody came to see him step into his new responsibilities.

The Hardiston council chamber was on the second floor of the fire house. This was a three-story building of red brick, and a place of awe and wonder for the small boys of the town. The fire engine and the hose cart were kept on the ground floor in front. Behind them were the stalls for the four sleek horses; behind the stalls, again, a number of iron-barred stalls for human beings. Here were housed the minor criminals arrested by Marshal Jim Radabaugh for petty peculations or disorders, and waiting for their hearings before the mayor. These little cells were not designed to house prisoners for any length of time, and for the most part they were furnished simply with heaps of straw pilfered from the supply that was kept for the fire horses.

The town drunkard, when the marshal got him, was treated as well as the fire horses; and this is more than may be said in larger towns than Hardiston.

At the left-hand side of the building there was an entrance hall, through which one passed to reach the stairs that led up to the council chamber. In the middle of this square hallway hung a rope, with a knot on the end. This rope disappeared through a hole in the ceiling. If you pulled it in the proper fashion the bell in the steeple began a chattering staccato beat like the clanging of a gong. This was the fire bell; and when it rang the fire chief came from his feed store across the street, and the firemen came from the bakery and the hardware store and the blacksmith shop where they worked; and the fat fire horses—they doubled in the street-cleaning department—came on the gallop from their abandoned wagons in the streets. Then everybody got into harness of one kind or another and went to the fire.

Every boy in town wanted to ring that fire bell. Anyone who discovered a fire and reached the fire house with the news was privileged to do it. There was a tradition that a boy once tried to ring the bell and was jerked clear off the floor by the rebound after his first tug at the rope. This added to the wonder and the mystery of it. The boys used to hang round the doorway watching this rope, and occasionally fingering it in a gingerly way, and wishing a fire would start somewhere so that they might see the bell rung.

It was through this hall where the rope hung that the people of Hardiston crowded to see Wint inaugurated. They went up the worn wooden stairs into the council chamber, and they packed themselves in on the benches in the rear of the room. This was not only the council chamber; it was the seat of the mayor's court. There was an inclosure, surrounded by a railing. When some of the bigger or perhaps it was only the braver men of the town came in they sat inside this railing, tilting their chairs back against it, with a spittoon drawn within easy range.

The crowd came early; and they talked in cheerfully loud tones while they waited. One by one the aldermen drifted in, the new ones and the old. And Marshal Jim Radabaugh was there; and the clerk and the other officials arrived and took their places within the inclosure. They were carelessly matter-of-fact, as though the inauguration of a new mayor were an everyday matter. The boys perched on the window sills whistled and giggled, and then subsided into frightened silence to watch with staring eyes.

Amos Caretall had let Wint sleep as late as possible this morning. Wint needed the sleep, and Congressman Caretall made it his business to study the needs of his fellow men. His congressional creed, which he summarized upon occasion, was as simple as that. "If a bill's aimed to make you folks at home here more comfo'table I'm for it," he would say. "If it ain't I'm against it; and that's all the way of it with me." So he let Wint sleep this morning until the last minute, then shook him into wakefulness.

Even then Wint might have thrown the whole thing over but for that whistle. He was sick and sore, his head hurt, and his eyes could not bear even the dim light of his bedroom. He had told Amos he would not go through with it, that he would not be inaugurated. Then the whistle had blown, and when Amos said it would be a part of his powers as mayor to stop that plagued whistle if he wanted to the idea struck Wint's sense of humor. He had grinned, and decided there was something in being mayor after all.

After the tub of cold water which Amos had waiting for him he felt better. After old Maria Hale's breakfast—fried eggs and country-cured ham, and three cups of strong coffee—he felt better still. But he was not yet himself. Physically he was acutely comfortable, blissfully comfortable. His legs and his arms felt warm; they tingled. His head did not hurt; it was merely numb. It was true that his tongue was furry and thick, so that he had to talk very carefully when he talked at all; but save for this precision of speech there was no mark on him of the night before. He was young enough to recover quickly, his cheeks were red, his eyes were lazily clear.

But it was not to be denied that his head was numb. He was in something like a daze when he went out with Amos and started toward the fire-engine house. The day was bright, and warm for the season, and the sun was cheerful. Wint enjoyed the walk. But he had to keep his eyes shut much of the time. The light hurt them. When he heard Amos speak to someone they passed he also spoke. When Amos talked to him he answered. But his answers were idle and unconsidered; he was too comfortable to think.

They went up some stairs after a while and Wint understood that they had arrived. He heard people talking, all together, and then one at a time. Men said things, and Amos nudged him, and he made replies. He could not hear what others said to him. They mumbled hurriedly, as though over some too-familiar formula. There was nothing particularly impressive or dignified in the proceedings. The light from the windows at the back of the room hurt Wint's eyes, so he still kept them half shut. The people before him were merely black shadows, silhouetted against this glare. He could not see who any of them were.

After a time someone—it sounded like a small boy—yelled "Speech!" Others took up the cry, and Amos nudged Wint. So Wint stood up again and said with that careful precision which the condition of his tongue demanded: "I've nothing to say. I'll let what I do do the talking for me."

That seemed to be satisfactory. Everyone cheered, so that the noise hurt his ears. Then he sat down. A moment later everyone got up, and he got up, and they all began to crowd round him, and to crowd toward the door. Somebody came up and shook hands with Wint, and he recognized the voice of V. R. Kite. He had never liked Kite; the man was like a foul bird—a buzzard. The idea pleased Wint.

He said cheerfully: "To hell with you, you old buzzard."

He heard Amos chuckle somewhere near him. Everyone else stood very still. Wint strode past Kite to the stairs, and Amos followed him, and Peter Gergue followed Amos. They went back home, to Amos' house.

Once, on the way, Wint asked: "That all there is to it?"

Amos said: "Land, no! That's just the beginning."

Wint chuckled. He was beginning to enjoy himself. But he was very sleepy. When they got home he went to bed and slept till dinner was ready, and he slept all the afternoon, and he went to bed for the night as soon as supper was done.

Amos had been thinking he ought to get back to Washington. He was glad Wint went off to bed, because there were two or three matters he wanted to attend to. One of these matters had to do with Jack Routt. Amos was not sure of his ground in that direction, but he had his suspicions. He sent for Peter Gergue after supper, and Gergue came quickly at the summons. They sat down before the coal fire and Peter filled his pipe in careful imitation of Amos and the two men smoked together in silence for a space while Amos considered what to say.

Peter was one of those unfortunate men who do not like silences. This put him at a disadvantage before Amos, who could be silent indefinitely. It was Amos' chief superiority over Peter, and it gave the congressman his mastery over the man. This night, as always, it was Peter who spoke first.

He puffed at his pipe and he said: "Well, Amos, you'll be gittin' back t' Washin'ton."

Amos turned his head, tilted it on one side and squinted at Peter. "I guess so," he agreed.

"Thought you'd be going," said Peter. "Wint'll miss you."

"Do you think he'll know he misses me?" Amos asked.

"If he did," said Peter, "he wouldn't admit it."

The congressman nodded. "Wint's a cur'ous cuss, Peter."

"Yeah."

"He's a nice boy—give him a chance."

"We-ell, he's got his chance."

"What's he going to do with it, Peter?"

Gergue rummaged through his back hair thoughtfully. "Guess that depends on what he's let do with it. Somebody come along and tell him he ought to make a good mayor, and he'll make a bad one—just to show he can't be bossed."

"That's right," Amos agreed. He considered, grinned to himself. "You know, Pete, if we could get Kite to sign on as Wint's guide, philosopher and friend Wint'd do all right."

Gergue considered, and he chuckled. "Sure! If he went contrary to what Kite said. And he would. Wint's always on the contrary-minded side of a thing."

"Now why is that?" Caretall asked.

"That's because he's who he is, I sh'd say."

Amos puffed deep at his black pipe. "Trouble is," he commented, "Kite wouldn't take the job. Not after what Wint handed him to-day. You heard that?"

Gergue grinned widely. "Yeah. The old buzzard. Say, that surely does hit Kite. The way he holds his head. I'd always thought of a turkey, but I guess a buzzard does it too. Like he was always looking over a wall."

"What I'd like to see," said Amos, "is someone that would guarantee to give Wint bad advice."

"We-ell," Peter told him, "I can do some of that."

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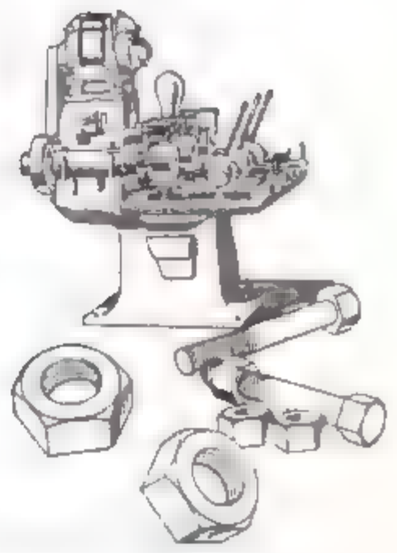

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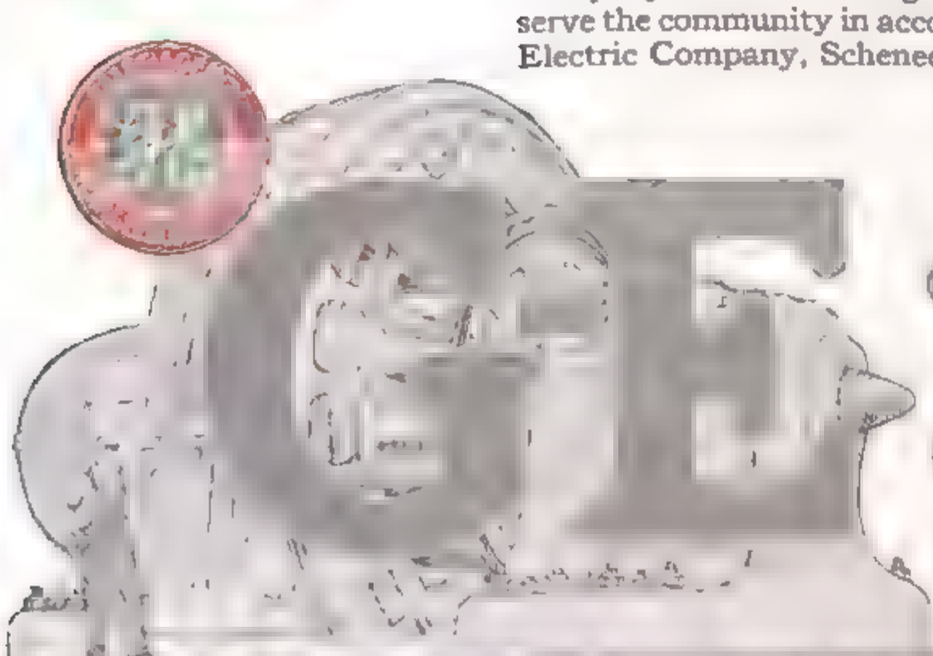

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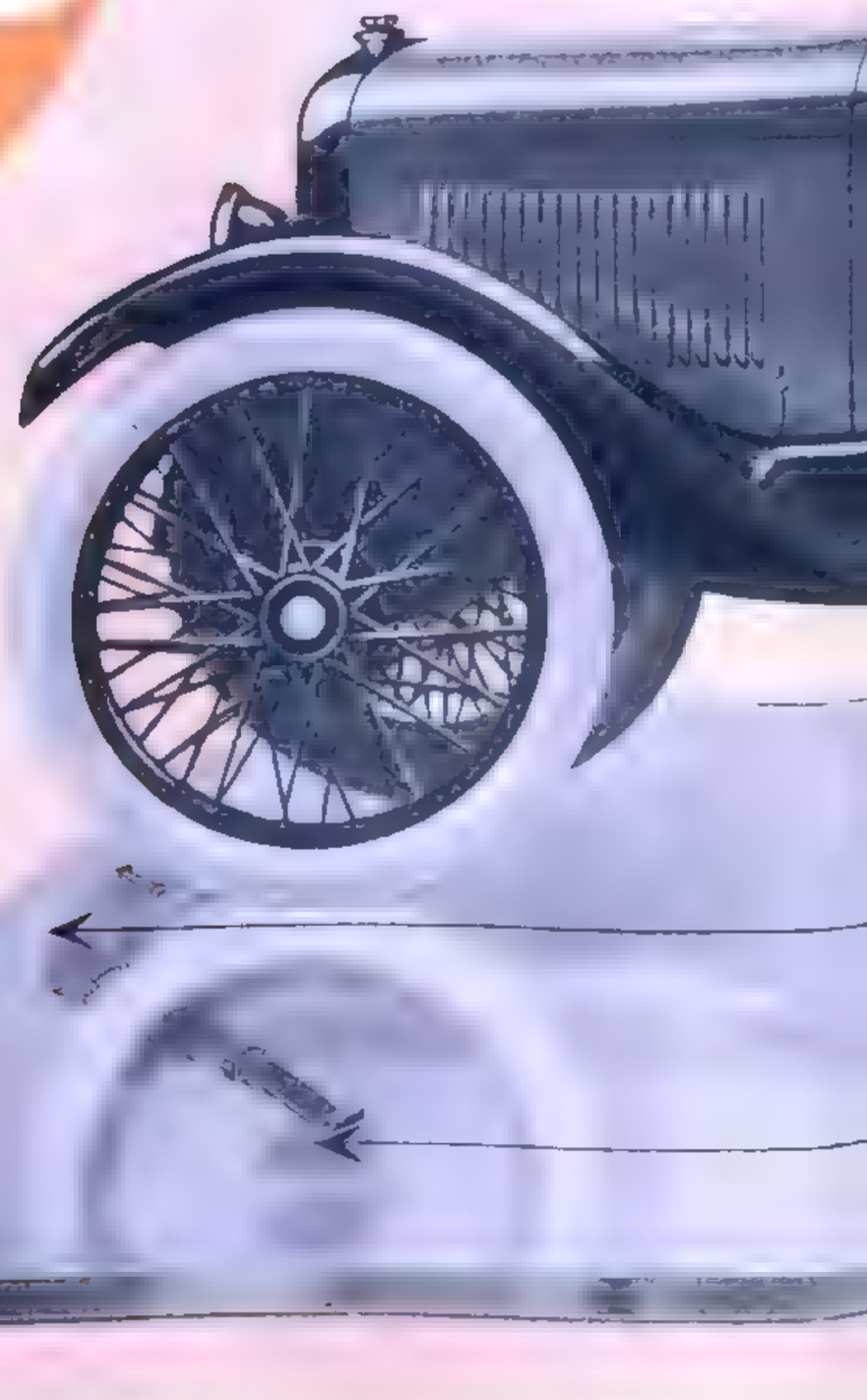

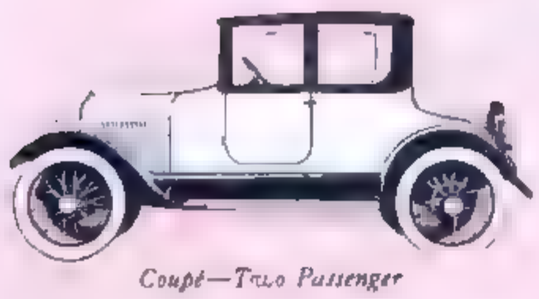

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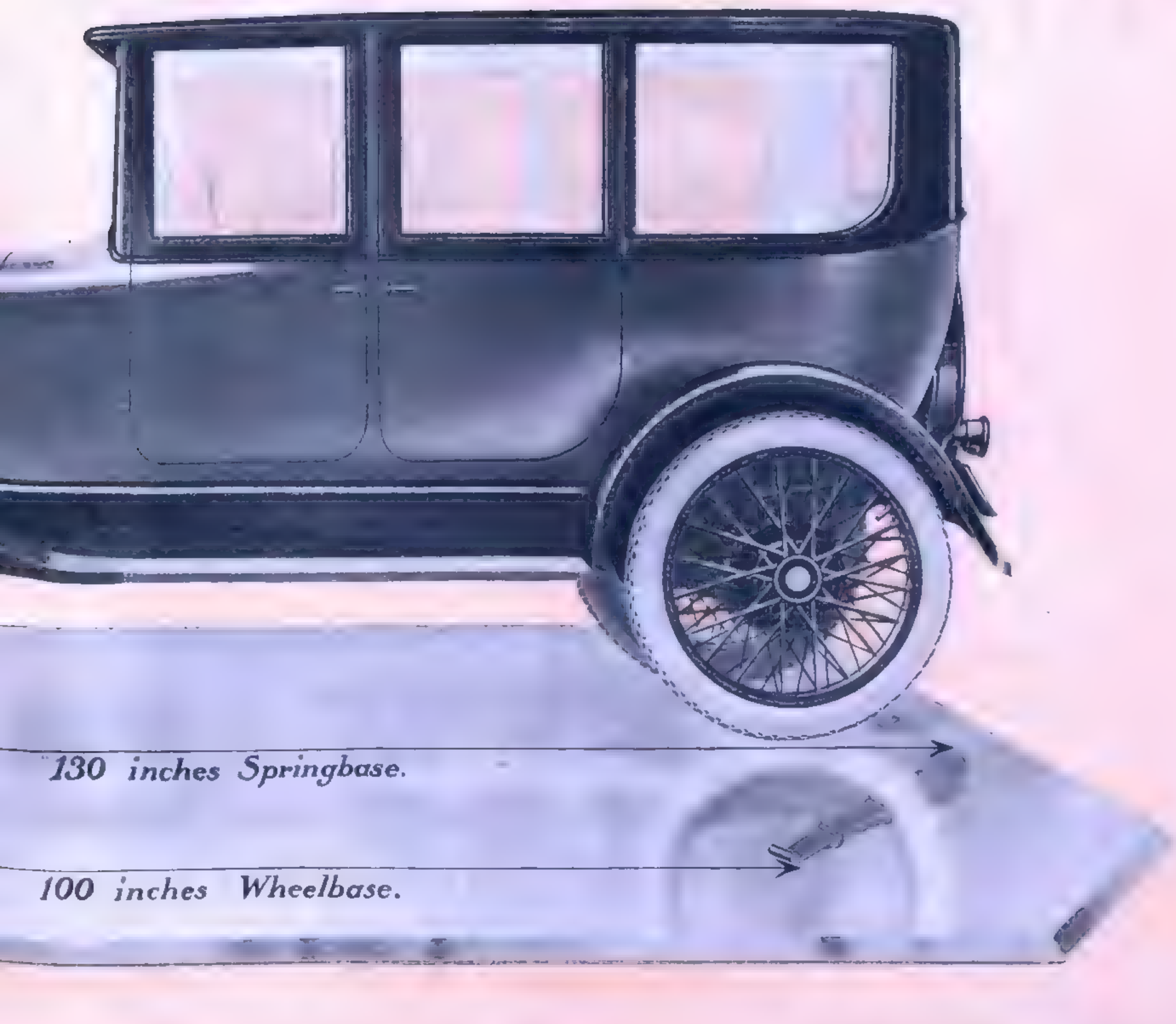

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As they say down at Dogtail Corners *"what's the idea of raising a smokeappetite crop if you don't harvest it!"*

(Continued from Page 94)

"Trouble is, there's others will tell him to do the right thing."

"You talk like James T. Hollow," said Gergue. "Always trying to do what's right."

"I wonder," said Amos casually, "whether them that tell him to keep straight figure he'll do what they say."

Peter understood that there was something back of the question; he studied Amos' impassive face. Then he thought for a minute, and nodded his head.

"You mean Jack Routt," he said.

"Yes," the congressman agreed.

Peter considered. "I don't quite know about Jack," he said. "He lets on to be Wint's friend. But he don't help Wint any. Jack's got a way of telling Wint to do a thing that works—the opposite—every darned time."

"I've a notion," said Caretall, "that if Routt was to tell Wint to take care of his health, say, Wint'd go shoot himself, just to do different."

"That's right," Gergue agreed; and the two men sat for a time without speaking, their pipes bubbling, the smoke drifting upward lazily.

"Question is," said Caretall at last, "what are we going to do about it?" Gergue made no comment, and Amos asked: "What do you think, Peter?"

"I don't see through Routt," said Gergue. "I don't see what he's got on his mind."

"Looks to me that he's plain ornery," Amos suggested.

"I guess that's right."

"But that don't get us anywhere. I'd like to have him let Wint alone."

"He'd ought to."

"How can we make him let Wint alone?"

Peter considered that, fingers rummaging about the back of his head. "Routt's looking for something," he said. "Maybe he wants to be prosecuting attorney or something. I don't know."

"He never will be," said Amos.

"I guess that's right."

"Not as long as I can swing any votes here."

"Question is," said Peter, "whether he knows you feel that way?"

"No," Amos told him. "He don't know."

Peter looked sidewise at Amos. "He might be bought," he suggested. "Or he might be scared. I don't know. He may be yellow. If he is you could scare him."

Amos' pipe went out, and he rapped it into his palm and treasured the charred crumbs to prime his next smoke.

"Peter," he said thoughtfully, "I'd like to see Jack—to-night."

Gergue was a good servant. He got up at once. "All right, Amos," he said.

Caretall went with him to the door.

"I'm taking the noon train, to-morrow," he told Gergue.

"I'll be there," said Peter.

Amos shut the door behind him and went back to the fire. He sat there for a while, considering. Then he went out into the hall and called Agnes. She was in her room; and she came running down, very gay and pretty in a blue-flowered kimono, her hair down her back in a golden braid. Amos looked at her thoughtfully. There was always a wistful question in his eyes when he looked at Agnes.

He met her at the foot of the stairs, and he asked: "Agnes, how'd you like to go to Washington?"

Now the girl had gone to Washington one winter with Amos. And she had not liked it. Amos was just a small-town congressman, one of hundreds. And his daughter was just a pretty girl, and nothing more. Amos was a small toad in that big puddle; Agnes had found herself not even a tadpole. And—that did not please Agnes. Here in Hardiston she was the daughter of the biggest man in town; and she was the prettiest girl in town, some said. At least they told her so—Jack Routt, and some of the other boys.

"I wouldn't like it at all, dad," she told Amos laughingly. "Washington is a dead old place beside Hardiston."

"I'm thinking of taking you," Amos said, watching her with something like sorrow in his eyes.

"I haven't any clothes," she protested. "I'd rather not go, dad."

"I'd rather you would," he repeated gently.

She pouted. "Why? You're always away. I'd never see you I'd have nothing to do at all. I "

"I'd rather not leave you and Wint alone here. Wouldn't be just the thing," her father insisted gently.

She laughed. "You funny old daddy. We'd have Maria for chaperon."

"Wouldn't be just the thing," Amos said again.

"I'm not going to eat Wint," she protested, half angry. "We get along beautifully."

"Guess you'd better go along with me," Amos told her.

She stamped her foot. "Dad, I don't want to."

Amos jerked a forefinger up the stairs, head on one side, eyes steady. "Run along and pack, Agnes," he said. "Won't be much time in the morning "

Agnes began to cry. Amos watched her for a moment, watched her bowed head, and a load seemed to settle on the man's big shoulders. He turned back to the sitting room without a word. After a while he heard her run up the stairs, every pound of her little feet scolding him, as a bird scolds. Amos filled his pipe and began to smoke again.

Jack Routt came late. While he waited Amos had smoked two pipes to the last bubble. When Jack knocked he got up lumberingly and went to the door and let the young man in.

"Come in," he said curtly. "Hang up your things."

He went back and sat down before the fire, and Jack Routt joined him there. Amos looked up at him sidewise.

"Sit down, Routt," he said. "Take a chair. Any chair."

Routt sat down. "Gergue said you wanted to see me," he reminded Amos.

"Yes," Amos agreed. "I told him to tell you."

"Came as soon as I could," said Routt.

"That's all right," said Amos. "I wasn't in a hurry. I'm hardly ever in any hurry. Things come, give them time." The colloquialisms had fallen from his speech. Amos talked as well as anyone when he chose; when he was with Hardiston folks he talked as they talked. Routt was a college man.

Routt fidgeted in his chair. He had always been somewhat afraid of Amos. He wondered what the congressman wanted now, but Amos did not tell him. He just sat staring at the fire, smoking. Like Gergue, Routt was driven to break the silence.

"What did you want with me, Amos?" he asked.

Amos spat into the fire. "Wanted to talk things over, Jack," he said. "I'm going to Washington to-morrow."

"I've been expecting you'd go back."

"Well, I'm going."

Another silence, while Routt moved uneasily. At last he said: "You put Wint over, all right."

"Yes," Amos agreed. "I put him over." He looked at Routt then, with eyes unexpectedly keen. "Think he'll make a good mayor, do you?"

"Well," said Routt slowly, "he'll be all right if he lets the booze alone."

Amos caught Routt's eyes and held them commandingly. "Jack," he said, "I want you to let Wint alone."

Routt asked angrily: "Me? What do you mean?"

"I don't want you giving him any advice and I don't want you getting him drunk. I want you to let him alone. Is that clear?"

Routt protested: "I'm the best friend Wint's got."

"You're the worst enemy he's got," said Amos. "And you know it."

"You can't say that," Routt pleaded.

Amos did not let go the other man's eyes. "You got Wint drunk day before election," he said. "You got him drunk last night. Routt, don't you do that again."

"I got him drunk? Good Lord, congressman, Wint's a grown man! I'm not his keeper"

"I made you his keeper, before election," said Amos. "I told you to keep him straight. You didn't do it. You got him drunk. Now I tell you, let him alone!"

"I tried to keep him from drinking," Routt urged.

"You said to him: 'Don't you drink, Wint. It ain't good for you. You can't stand it.' So he drank, to show you he could stand it. Just as you knew he would." Amos got up with a swiftness surprising in that slow-moving man. He said harshly: "Routt, get your hat and get out! And mind what I say: You let Wint alone!"

Some men would have sworn at Amos, some would have defied him. Routt was the sort to promise anything.

He said with an assumption of straightforward frankness: "Why, of course. If you say so I'll keep away from him."

"See that you do," said Amos. "Now—good night."

When the door closed behind Routt Amos stood for a minute in the hall, thinking.

"Now I wonder," he asked himself. "Will he do it? Was he scared enough to keep his hands off? I wonder, now."

Routt, half a block away, was grinning without mirth. "Damn him!" he said to himself. "Him and Wint too. I'll ——"

He wondered just what he had best do; and before he reached home he had decided to go and see V. R. Kite.

Congressman Caretall and Agnes took the noon train next day. Wint went with them to the station, and Amos had a last word for him.

"Don't you get the idea I've left you on your own, Wint," he said. "You'll need help. Things'll come up. When they do don't you try to stand on your own feet. Just write me—or telegraph. And I'll come or tell you what to do. You'll run into trouble. Don't you try to fight it alone. Just you call on me."

Then the train pulled out. Wint watched it go; and when it rounded the curve and disappeared beyond the electric-light plant he grinned.

"Run to you when I need help, will I, Amos?" he asked good-naturedly, under his breath. "I guess not! You've left me alone. And I'm going to stand on my own hind legs."

He turned and went swiftly back uptown.

"You Can't Smash Amos," Said Routt. "But You Can Hurt Him"

XX

THE months of that winter passed quietly in Hardiston. The excitement of the election was forgotten; the drama of Wint's choice as mayor became one of the stories to be told about the stoves on cold days. But Wint himself was no longer an object of curious interest; he was just the mayor—an inconsiderable figure in the town. There had been mayors in the past, and there would be again; never amounted to much, one way or another. Hardiston went along just the same—the winters were just as cold, the summers just as hot, the rains just as wet, the sun just as warm

Hardiston is infamous for its winters and for its summers. In the spring or in

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GOODYEAR

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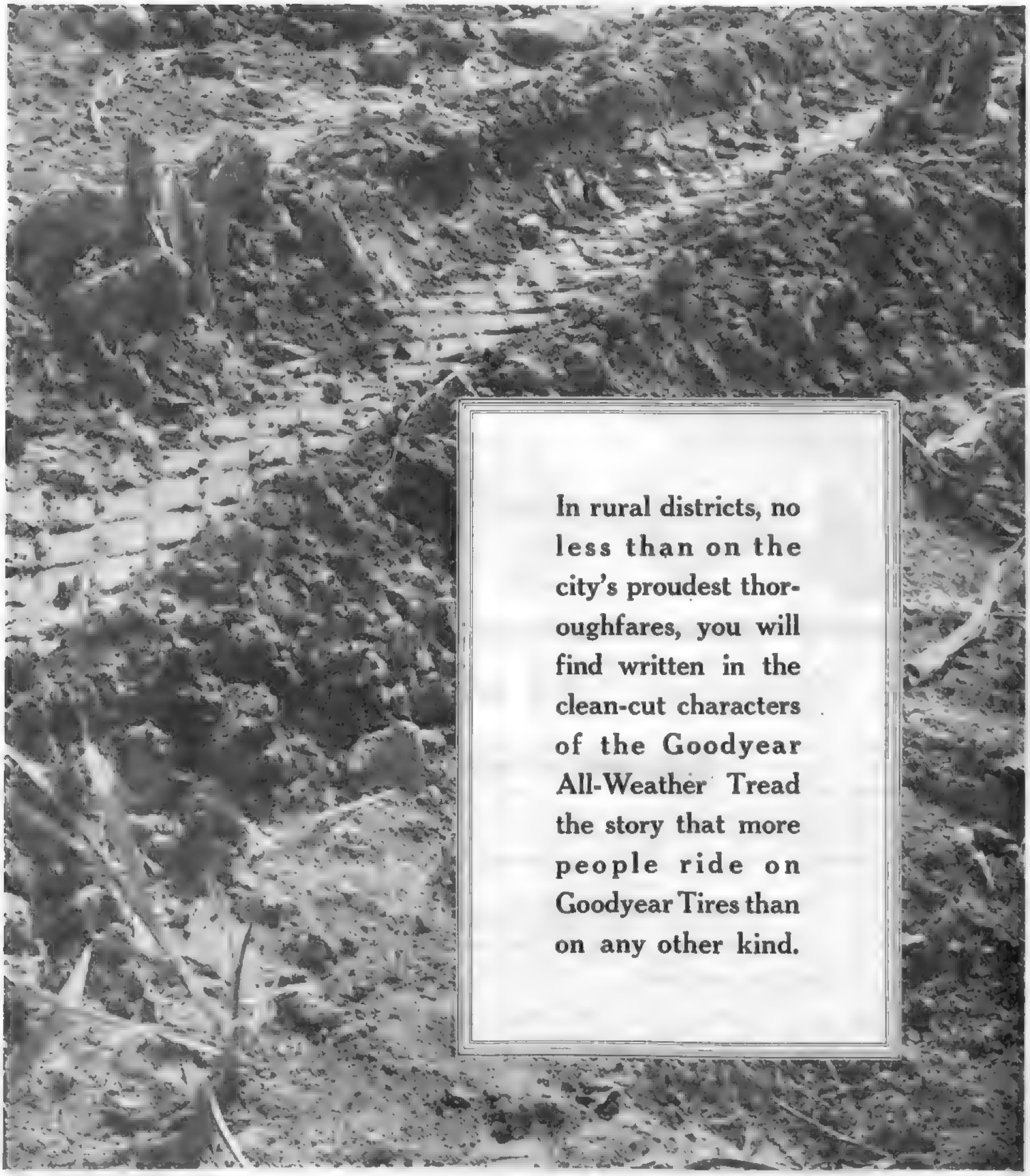
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And this standardization adds just as much to the greater efficiency of the Star Blade as its fast cutting.

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(Continued from Page 99)

the fall there is no lovelier spot. In the spring apple blossoms clothe the hills; in the fall the woods are great splashes of flame against the dull green of the fields. But in winter the mercury drops far below zero and climbs forty degrees in half a day. The snow comes tempestuously—eight, ten, twelve inches of it; and it melts as quickly as it comes. The roads turn into mud at the first snow; they remain mud till the increasing heat of the northing sun bakes them to dust. On Monday every water pipe in town freezes tight; on Tuesday violets bloom in sheltered corners about the houses. On a cold morning adventurous boys skate on the film of ice that forms on streams and ponds; but by noon the ice is unsafe and someone has broken through, and by mid-afternoon it is freezing hard again.

This winter in Hardiston was like all others. The new mayor stuck strictly to business. Jack Routt let him alone. When boys were arrested for misdemeanors or children of a larger growth for more pretentious wrongs they were brought before Wint; and he passed sentence upon them, marveling that he, Wint Chase, should be passing judgment on his fellow men. At first this feature of his work shamed him; later it awed him and made him look into his own heart and ask whether he was fit for such a rôle. He tried to make himself fit.

To act as judge of the mayor's court and to preside at the council meetings comprised the bulk of Wint's official duties. They took only a fraction of his time. When the electric-light plant went out of commission with a broken cylinder head Wint had to do the explaining; when a sewer became stopped up he had to see that it was opened; when the old project for a sewage-disposal plant came up on its annual burst of life he had to consider it. When Ned Howell filed his regular yearly suit for damages done to his pasture by overflow from the sewage-filled creek Wint had to attend court and testify. But—there was time on his hands and to spare. He did not know what to do with himself.

He did not undertake any crusades. A certain diffidence in these first months restrained him. He was not sure of his ground; he was not sure of himself. V. R. Kite's underlings continued to peddle their wares; the mayor's court had to deal now and then with one of Kite's bibulous customers. Wint dealt with them, but he did not dig for the root of the evil, to tear it out. Matters in Hardiston went on much as they had in the past. Men rose, did their day's work, ate, and went to bed again. Women likewise. The annual Chautauqua lecture course began and was finished; number-four theatrical companies came to town with Broadway attractions, played one-night stands, and departed as they had come. The moving-picture houses had new films every day, and the same audiences day after day. The dramatic teacher in the high school organized a pageant, and it was presented to the eyes of admiring parents in the Rink. The high school played basket ball, the women played bridge, the men played poker of a night. Now and then the Masons or the Knights of Pythias gave a dance. The preachers preached sermons in which they tried to prove there was nothing the matter with the churches. The schools developed their annual scandal over the discharge of a school-teacher. There were the regular rumors of a new factory that was to come to town; and the rumors fell through in the regular way. Now and then a baby was born, now and then there was a wedding, now and then there was a funeral.

Wint stuck to his guns, and the world rolled majestically and interminably on.

When Wint took hold of his job he wondered what there was for him to do. Dick Hoover told him. Dick was a lawyer, in with his father, who had the biggest practice in town. He showed Wint where to look in the statute books for the duties of a mayor. Wint was surprised to discover that laws were simple everyday things having to do with life as it was lived. One day when he went to Dick's office to look up a statute the book he sought was in use. To kill time he took down a volume of Blackstone and peered into it curiously. He discovered that Blackstone said water was a "movable, wandering thing," and the description fascinated him. He read on.

The more law he read the more interested he became. In January he asked Dick Hoover if it was possible to study law in leisure hours. Hoover told him it was not only possible, it was easy. The end of January saw Wint putting in his spare time on calfskin-bound volumes of which each page was one-third reading matter and two-thirds footnotes. The first day he picked up a book of cases was marked with a red letter on his mental calendar. He found these cases as interesting as fiction.

He began to read law systematically. Dick Hoover's father was interested, helped him.

The elder Hoover said to Wint's father one day:

"Chase, your boy is going to make a lawyer one of these days."

The senior Chase looked at Hoover, half minded to resent the fact that his son had been mentioned in his presence. But—the old wound was healing. Men no longer took occasion to remind him of last fall's election with a jeer in their eyes. His conditional alliance with Kite had languished, because Wint had made no move to make the town dry. Chase hated Amos Caretall as ardently as ever; but he could not hate his son. That is not the way of fathers. He loved Wint; he had been, for some time, secretly proud of him.

He said to Hoover: "He's smart enough—if he sticks to it."

"He's sticking," Hoover told Wint's father.

Winthrop Chase, Senior, nodded indifferently, hiding the light in his eyes. "He never stuck to anything before," he said, and turned away.

He thought of telling Wint's mother that night, but did not do so. When he spoke of Wint to her it precipitated one of her endless remarks. They wearied him. But he had to tell someone, so he told Hetty Morfee when he went to the kitchen for a drink of water.

Hetty was washing dishes at the time, and she stopped with a plate in one hand and a dish rag in the other, and listened and said with a cheerful wistfulness in her voice: "Wint's smart, sir. You'll be proud of him."

Chase was proud of him, but he would not admit it to himself, much less to Hetty.

"He's smart enough," he told her. "But he's—he's ——"

He turned abruptly and went out of the kitchen without saying what Wint was, and Hetty looked after him with understanding in her smile. Then her face became still and somber again. There was growing in Hetty's eyes a certain unhappy light—a desperate fashion of unhappiness, which no one was sufficiently interested in to notice. She was not so cheerful as she used to be. And there was a helplessness about her.

Word of Wint's new industry spread slowly through Hardiston. It was Dick Hoover himself who told Joan of it. Dick was a Mason, and he took Joan to a Masonic dance one night. She spoke of Wint.

"I have heard that he is studying law," she said. "Is it true?"

So Dick told her. "True as gospel," he said. "And he's darned quick to pick it up too. The principles. Of course it will take time. But I'd just as soon have him try a case for me now as some of these ——"

He went on enthusiastically. Hoover was always enthusiastic about things. He was an extremist. His friends were the finest chaps in the world, his enemies were the least of created things. But he had few enemies. People liked him, and he liked people. Joan liked him; liked him particularly this evening because he talked to her of Wint.

Joan Arnold was, in a way of speaking, a girl to tie to. There was a peculiar steadfastness in her. She was a little taller than Wint, and she was habitually grave and quiet, especially when she was with him. In his presence she had always been faintly abashed and reticent, as a girl is apt to be in the presence of a man she cares for. Joan had always cared for Wint. In spite of the fact that she was a year or two his junior they had played together as children; and they had grown up together. When they were little children they fought as only good friends can fight. When they were a little older Wint scorned her because she was a girl. A year or so later she scorned Wint because she was at the age when girls resolve to have a career and never marry at all. But in their late teens they were devoted to each other, so that the mothers of the town smiled when they passed by, and nodded to each other and whispered, with the delight women take in such matters, that they were a nice-looking couple together. Wint's short sturdy strength matched well the girl's slightly larger stature and her quiet poise.

The first passages of affection between them had come when she was eighteen, when he went away to college. Before that they had been much together, but none save the most casual words had passed between them.

The night before Wint went away he went to see her. He was feeling adventurous and heroic and important, as a boy does feel when he leaves home for the first time. He talked vastly, of big things he meant to do, of his dreams. She thrilled to his dreams with the half of her that was still child; she smiled at his enthusiasm with the half that was already woman. They were sitting on the porch of her home. There were locust trees about the veranda. They sat in a two-seated swing, facing each other, Wint leaning toward her earnestly.

He became melancholy, and she comforted him softly. He did not want to go away, he said. She told him he would be happy. The movement of the swing made him lean toward her. There was a moon and the September evening was warm, and the very air seemed trembling in a rhythm that beat upon them both.

When he got up to go she got up at the same time, and the swing lurched and threw them together. Ineptly he kissed her, fumblingly, on the cheek. She did not move, she trembled where she stood. He took her awkwardly in his arms, as though afraid she would break, and kissed her cheek again. He rubbed his cheek against hers. She looked at him with wide eyes, lips a little parted, and he kissed her lips. They were cool, unused to kisses.

The months thereafter, till Wint was expelled from college, passed smoothly with them. Too smoothly, too placidly. They wrote short broken letters; they saw each other when Wint came home. They thought they were very happy; yet each was conscious of a lack in their happiness. There was no fire in it, none of the exquisite anguish of love. They missed this, without knowing what they missed. All went too well with them.

Joan wept on her pillow when he was expelled, but she did not let him see her weep. She reassured him. There was an unsuspected strength in her. Women are full of these surprises. There are indescribably dainty creatures, habitually clad in fabrics like gossamer, seeming light as air and fit to vanish at a breath, who reveal—in a bathing suit, for instance—a surprising physical solidity. It was so, spiritually, with Joan. She was so quiet and so still that Wint if he had thought at all would have supposed she was a simple girl and nothing more; but in the revelation of his disaster she showed a poise and a power which heartened him immensely and made him a little afraid of her. She was a tower of strength for him to lean upon, a miracle of understanding and of sympathy.

He had expected her to be shocked and revolted at the shame of his expulsion; she was simply sorry for him, and loved him none the less. Wint knew then how much he loved her. There is nothing that so inspires love in a man as to find himself beloved. This is the conceit of the creature!

Joan had told Wint she was done with him when the story of his drunken sleep in the Weaver House went abroad through Hardiston. But—she had done it for his sake. She thought there was good in him. How could she love him else? She thought it might come out if he had to fight; she thought his very stubbornness might save him. Joan had no illusions about Wint. She knew he was prideful and stubborn. But—she loved him, and so had told him she would have no more of him—with a reservation in her heart.

Thus what Dick Hoover told her made Joan happy; happier than Hoover could possibly guess. Another girl would have cried herself to sleep with happiness that night, but Joan was not given to tears. She lay awake for a long time, thinking.

Three or four days later she met Wint on the street. They had met thus, often, for Hardiston is a small place. But heretofore they had passed with a word, unsmiling. This time Wint would have passed her in that fashion; but Joan stopped and spoke to him.

"Wint," she said.

He had been sick with hunger for a word from her for weeks. He stopped as though she had struck him, and his cheeks burned red as fire. He could not have spoken, for his life. He stood, hat in hand, face crimson, staring at her.

Joan knew what she wished to say. "I want you to know that I am proud of you, Wint," she said.

His impulse was to laugh, to reject her friendliness. The old Wint, stiff with pride, would have done this. But the old Wint was gone; or at least he was going.

This Wint who stood before Joan tried to find something to say, but all he found to say to her was "Oh!"

Joan smiled at him. "There was a time when I wouldn't have dared say this, Wint," she said. "But I do dare now. Stick to the fight, Wint. That is what I want to say."

He said, sullen in his embarrassment, "I'm going to."

"There was a time when you would have said you were not going to - just because I your friends told you to stick."

Wint looked away from her. "Well, that's all right," he told her uncomfortably.

"There's never any harm in having friends, Wint, and taking their advice," she said.

The old impatience burst out for a moment. "Don't preach!" he said rather harshly.

"I'm not going to preach." She was afraid she had spoiled it all. But he reassured her, hot with shame at his own indecency.

"It's all right, Joan," he said. "I know you mean to help. I'll try."

"Do try," she echoed softly.

He nodded, and she watched him and at last added: "I'd like to have you come to see me sometime."

He hesitated, then he said swiftly: "All right. Sometime. Good-by!"

He jerked his head in farewell and hurried away as though he were afraid of her. Joan watched him go, and she pressed her hand to her lips as though to still them.

XXI

WHEN Wint left Joan after their encounter on the street he was walking in a daze. He stumbled, his head was down, his eyes were blank. He was stunned and numbed, and after he had left her he began to feel defiant. He thought of words with which he could have crushed her and silenced her. Presuming to forgive him, to praise him! What right had she to do that anyway? He ought to have laughed at her.

Not that Wint did not love Joan. He did; but he was still, at this time, a boy and nothing more. And he had rather more than a boy's usual measure of stubborn contrariness in him. When his father and his mother and Joan and everyone else he cared for had bade him mend his ways he had refused to mend them, and the thing had been a scandal on every tongue in Hardiston. When, in like fashion, father and mother and Joan bade him go to the dogs, whither he seemed surely bound, he had braced himself, fought a good fight, begun to make good. Now Joan was telling him he had made good, that he was all right. He had a reckless desire to go to the devil forthwith, to prove her wrong.

He had met Joan at the corner by the Star Company's furniture store, an institution that was always holding fire sales and closing-out sales without either fires before or actual closings after. Their talk there together had not gone unremarked. Everyone in town would know of it within the day. When they separated Joan went away from town, toward her home, and Wint went up Broadway toward the court house. Not that he knew where he was going. But he had to go somewhere.

There were only one or two places in Hardiston to go to when you did not know where to go. You might go to the Smoke House and shake dice for a cigar or drop a nickel in the slot machine and see how your luck was running. Or you might drop in at the post office in the idle hope that a special train had come along with a letter for you since the last regular mail was sorted into the boxes. Or you might

(Continued on Page 107)

"They're here again!"

Skookum

America's Supreme Apples

NEW SEASON Skookum apples are now at your store—the Pacific Northwest's grandest offering to the home-life of America. Indeed Skookum apples are so good they naturally suggest that every family should have them in the home, every day, *all winter long*. *Good* apples are very important in family life—so truly wholesome for young and old alike.

Dealers! Early Skookum varieties are now shipping. Do not disappoint your customers. Order now.

-M-LEONG-
BRACKER
-1919-
Skookum Apples!"
FRESH FROM the mountain plateaus of Nature's Chosen Orchard Land! Exquisite flavor, *dependable* quality, juices rich in health minerals. Although 704 apple varieties are grown, only twelve select varieties, of highest "content value," are *permitted* under the Skookum label. They are a healthful, robust, truly economical food. (Send 4c stamps for Deluxe Recipe book)
NORTHWESTERN FRUIT EXCHANGE, SEATTLE, U. S. A.
World's Largest Distributors of Boxed Apples
TRADEMARK
skookum
from the Pacific Northwest

BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire

(Continued from Page 103)

stop at one of the newspaper offices. The editors were always willing to talk, and there were usually two or three others there before you.

Wint headed somewhat aimlessly for the post office. But when he passed down Main Street B. B. Beecham, editor of the Journal, called Wint in to look at proofs of some city printing. Wint always got on well with B. B. The editor never preached, he never seemed to have any particular interest in the wrongdoings of other people, he attended to his own business and let you attend to yours. A square-built man, with a big barrel of a chest and stocky shoulders, and a strong amiable countenance. Wint went in at his hail; and B. B. got the proofs for him and Wint began to look them over.

B. B. chunked up the fire in the little round iron stove that had seen so many years of service that it was disintegrating. It was bound with wire to hold it together; and there were holes in the front of it through which the fire could be seen. The stovepipe went up at an angle like that of the leaning tower at Pisa, then made a back-handed elbow turn and ran in a hammock of wire braces to disappear into the wall. B. B. thrust a bit of wood in through the door down into the fire, and twisted it upward, breaking up the clotted coals and ashes. Then he put on more coal and shut the door, and the fire roared up the chimney. Wint was going over the proofs, figure by figure. They had to do with bids on a sewer contract. B. B. sat down at his desk with his back to Wint and busied himself.

B. B.'s desk was a roll top, its pigeonholes frazzly with letters and papers jammed into them to the bursting point. The desk itself was littered with newspapers and notes and notebooks and scratch pads made out of old order blanks. There was an old iron inkwell, a tin box full of pins, a pencil or two. In a little hexagonal glass bottle at one side a newly hatched humming bird that had fallen from the nest and been killed was preserved in alcohol. Not so large as a bumble bee, and not nearly so impressive. For paperweight B. B. used a witch ball, taken from the stomach of a steer that Ned Howell had butchered. A round, smooth, yellowish thing, with a hole picked in it to show the hair inside. It was as big as a small orange and looked not unlike one, save that the yellow was dull and muddy. On top of the desk were books, a big hornet's nest, an ear of corn. There was a squash curiously marked by the vines, on the open iron safe in the corner; and in the rear of the office a stand-up desk and a smaller one at which a person might sit, were littered with the miscellany of B. B.'s business.

While Wint was looking over the proofs an old darky came in from the street—a ragged old man. Wint knew him. He lived down the creek in a log cabin, and caught catfish, and farmed a plot of ground. His hat was battered, his coat was too big for him, his trousers slumped about his slumping shoes. His name was John Marshum. He took off his hat and looked round the ceiling of the office uneasily, as though he expected it to fall.

Wint and B. B. said hello to him, and he said: "Howdy."

B. B. asked: "Is there something I can do for you?"

The old negro gulped and said: "I'd like to borry a paper and a pencil, ef you please."

B. B. gave him what he asked for, and the old man sat down at the desk in the back of the room, and bit his tongue and gnawed the pencil and began to write with infinite pains, slowly, the sweat bursting out of him with the effort. Wint and B. B. went on with their affairs.

After a while the old fellow got up and crossed to B. B. and held out the product of his effort. "Heah's a paper for you, suh," he said.

When B. B. took it the old man hurried awkwardly out of the door and disappeared.

B. B. read the paper and chuckled, and Wint asked: "What is it?" The editor handed it to him and he read the scrawl aloud:

"'John Marshum was a very plesint vister at this office Thursdy.'"

Wint laughed good-naturedly. "The poor old clown. Wants his name in the paper. You ought to put it in, just to make him feel good."

"I'm going to," said B. B. "Old John's one of my best friends in the county. He's been a subscriber twelve years and always paid up. You'd be surprised to know how many don't pay up. And you'd be surprised how many people come in, just as he did, to get their names in the paper. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

Wint passed the corrected proofs over to B. B. "One or two mistakes," he said, and the editor sent the proofs up for correction. "What do you do with the darned fools?" Wint asked. "Tell them advertising space costs money?"

B. B. looked surprised. "No; I print their names. That's what the paper's for—to print people's names. It makes them feel proud of themselves, and that's good for them. It's one way of helping them along, doing them good."

Wint grinned. "Never did me any particular good to see my name in print," he said. "Usually made me mad."

"It wasn't the fact that they printed your name that made you mad. It was what they printed about you."

"Maybe so," Wint admitted. "I didn't see that it was any of their business."

"That's the way the city dailies are run," B. B. agreed. "But a country weekly is a different proposition. I never print anything that will make anyone mad. Not if I can help it. Not even a joke. A joke on a man's no good unless he can appreciate it himself."

Wint eyed B. B. and remarked thoughtfully: "I remember, when they stuck me in as mayor, you didn't print the fact that my father was a candidate."

"No," B. B. agreed.

"I supposed that was because you and my father are—allies in politics and such things."

"No," said B. B. "I try not to print things that will hurt people. Mr. Chase felt badly about that."

"I don't blame him," said Wint slowly. "You know I had nothing to do with it." He never talked so freely to anyone as he was accustomed to talk to B. B. There was some strain in the editor that invited confidences. He knew as many secrets as a doctor.

"Yes, I know," he said.

"You know," Wint went on abruptly, "people are funny, B. B."

"Yes."

"I'm funny, myself."

B. B. laughed in a friendly way. "Like the old Quaker who said to his wife: 'All the world is a little queer save thee and me, my dear; and even thee are at times a little queer.'"

"No," said Wint, smiling. "I include myself. I'm queer."

B. B. said nothing. Wint started to go on, but the words were not in him. He had a curious, sudden impulse to ask B. B. about his father; this impulse was like homesickness. But he fought it back. His jaw set stubbornly. His father had thrown him out. That was enough; he didn't ask to be kicked twice.

When B. B. saw that Wint was not going on he spoke of something else. Then Ed Howe, one of Caretall's men, dropped in and cut a slice from a plug and filled his pipe in the Caretall fashion; and Wint listened to Ed and B. B. talk for a while before he got up and took himself away. He had found some measure of reassurance in his talk with B. B., not because of anything that had been said but simply because B. B. was a reassuring man. A strong man, and a wise man, with open eyes. And an optimist. Not all men who seem to see clearly are optimists.

In front of the post office Wint ran into Jack Routt. Routt had been out of town for a month or so on a business trip, and Wint had seen little of him since Amos went away. He was glad to see Jack, and said so. They shook hands, and Wint bought Routt a cigar. Routt stirred Wint curiously. He wondered if it was true that Wint was keeping straight and doing well.

And to find out he asked laughingly: "Been over to see Mrs. Moody lately?"

Mrs. Moody was that virago who managed the Weaver House, that woman of the hideously beautiful false teeth. Wint flushed uncomfortably at mention of her.

"No-o," he said hesitantly.

"That's the boy!" said Routt. "You keep away from her. You let the stuff alone. You can't monkey with it, the way some fellows can, old man."

And he watched Wint. There had been a time when this word would have acted as a challenge, when Wint would have snapped at the bait.

But Wint hesitated, he considered, he shook himself a little and said quietly: "I guess you're right, Jack."

"You bet I'm right!" said Routt.

Wint nodded. "Yes," he agreed.

When they separated Routt went to his office and sat down with his feet on his desk to consider. And—he scowled. Matters were not going well with him. It did not suit him for Wint to keep straight. It did not suit him to lie supine under Amos Caretall's injunction to let Wint alone. The congressman's command had irked him more than once, and more than once he had thought of V. R. Kite in that connection, and thought of going to Kite. He had a fairly definite idea that Amos would never help him along politically; and Kite might be able to. And—he remembered the word Wint had fastened on Kite on the day of his inauguration. He had called Kite a buzzard, and others had taken it up. The name seemed to fit; it tickled the sense of humor of Hardiston folks. But it did not tickle V. R. Kite. Kite ought to be ready to take means to crush Wint. And—that would please Routt. He had held off thus long in the belief that Wint would be his own ruin. He began to doubt this now. It might be necessary to do something.

Routt was of mean stuff, small and tawdry. He had been what Hardiston called a mean boy—a trouble maker. He had an infinite capacity for hate, a curious shrewdness that enabled him to fasten on another's weakest point. As boys he and Wint had fought, once. They fought over Joan, because Routt teased her till she cried. Wint had whipped him, though Routt was the taller and the heavier of the two. Routt had never forgotten that; but Wint forgot it as soon as the incident was over. Wint forgot, and Routt remembered; a fact that characterizes each of them. Circumstance threw them much together; they grew up as friends; Routt behaved himself; people decided that he had outgrown his meanness. Wint liked him, did not distrust him, accepted him for what he seemed—a friend.

But Jack Routt was nobody's friend. Sometimes when he was alone you might have seen this in his face. It was so now as he thought of Wint; his countenance was twisted and distorted and malignant. In later years it was to bear the marks of these secret and rancorous moments for any eye to see, indelible and unmistakable. But just now Routt knew how to smile, how to be a good fellow.

He brought his feet down from the desk with a bang. He got up and reached for his hat. He had made up his mind; he would go and see Kite.

Kite was in town. Routt knew he would find the man in the bazaar, the town's five-and-ten-cent store. He went that way, but as he reached the place Peter Gergue came along the street, and Routt went past without entering. Just as well Gergue should not know that he was seeing Kite. Gergue would tell Amos. When Gergue had disappeared Routt went back and turned into the bazaar. Kite's desk was in the back of the store, but Kite was not in sight. The little man might be hidden behind the desk. One of the girls who clerked in the store—her name was Mary Dale, and she was a pretty, simple little thing—asked Routt what he wanted, and he stopped to talk to her for a moment. Routt liked pretty girls. He asked her if Kite was in, and she said he was at his desk, so Routt went back that way. He drew up a chair to face the little man, and Kite cocked his head on his thin neck and tugged at his side whiskers.

"How-do, Routt," he said.

"Morning," Routt rejoined. "How's tricks, Kite?"

"All right." Kite looked suspicious. Routt offered him a cigar, which Kite declined.

Jack lighted it himself, then said idly: "Well, I just got back."

"Been away?"

"Yes. Columbus."

"Oh."

"I see Wint hasn't closed down on you yet," Routt drawled.

Kite flushed angrily. "Of course not! Why should he? He's no fool."

"I said he hadn't shut down on you—yet," Routt repeated; and he emphasized the last word.

"He likes his drop now and then, same as another man."

"Hasn't been taking many drops lately, has he?"

"I'm not his guardian. How do I know? Long as he lets me alone."

Routt grinned. "I heard he didn't let you alone, day he was inaugurated. Called you a buzzard, didn't he?"

"The man was drunk."

"Name's kind of stuck, though. A darned rotten thing like that will stick."

Kite was trying to keep calm, but he was an irascible little man. He snapped at Routt: "What do I care for names! They break no bones."

"Well, that's so," Routt agreed good-naturedly.

"Long as he lets me alone I'm satisfied," Kite said again.

Routt nodded. "How long do you figure he'll let you alone?" he asked.

Kite's temper got away from him. "He'd better let me alone!" He banged a clenched fist on the table.

Routt drawled: "Don't get excited."

"I'm n-not excited," Kite stammered. "But he'll let me alone. He don't dare bother me. Why, Routt, if he tries anything, I'll—I'll get out of town. I won't live in the place. I'll take my money out of the dirty little hole."

"We-ell," said Routt, "you could do that, of course. That would suit him. He'd get his own way then. You could get out. Or you might fight him."

"Fight him?" Kite snapped. "I'll fight him to the last dollar!" He controlled himself with an effort. "But he's not going to start anything. I know him. He's inoffensive. A boy."

"Amos Caretall is no boy," Routt reminded him. "And Amos is backing him."

Kite remembered that Winthrop Chase, Senior, had told him this same thing; had warned him that Amos meant to use Wint to clean up the town. He and Chase had made an alliance on that basis. If Wint tried a crusade they would go after Amos together and hang his hide on the fence. They had sworn that together. Now Routt was saying the same thing. He had been feeling fairly secure; he and Chase had made no move. Chase had wanted him to start a back fire against Amos but Kite had been ready to let well enough alone. Now Routt. Routt was one of Caretall's men. He would be likely to know what the congressman planned.

Kite demanded angrily: "What makes you think Amos is planning anything? He and I understand each other."

Routt laughed. "Amos would double-cross his best friend and call it a joke," he said amiably. "You know that. Didn't he double-cross Chase?"

"Sure! I helped him," said Kite defiantly.

"Next thing," Routt told him, "he'll double-cross you."

Kite leaned across and gripped Routt by the arm. "What makes you say that? You and Amos are together."

"We were," said Routt. "But I told him a few things he didn't like. I'm no particular friend of Amos."

Kite said: "I'm not either. But long as he plays fair with me I'll play fair with him."

"What if he doesn't?"

"I'll smash him."

"You can't smash Amos," said Routt. "But you can hurt him."

"How?"

"Smash young Wint."

Kite snorted. "Pshaw! Wint's a boy."

"He's growing up. One of these days he's going to send for Jim Radabaugh and tell him to clean up the town."

"If he does," Kite declared, "I'll tear him all to pieces!"

Routt got up. "When you start in to do that," he said, "send for me. I might be able to help."

"I won't need any help to rip Wint Chase wide open."

"You send for me," said Routt insistently.

"All right. I'll send for you."

"I'll be here," Routt promised.

When he went out through the store he stopped and told Mary Dale she was the prettiest girl in town. Mary was pleased. She knew he didn't mean it, she was simple enough, if you like; but she knew there were probably other girls just as pretty as she was. Nevertheless she was glad Jack had told her she was pretty. She thought it meant he was pleased with her.

As a matter of fact it only meant that he was pleased with himself. But that was a thing Mary Dale could not be expected to understand.

TO BE CONTINUED

MIDWEST UTILITOR

DEPENDABLE POWER

MIDWEST UTILITOR
Plows Harrows Cultivates
Mows Lawns
Pulls Small Loads
Saws Wood Pumps Water
Grinds Feed
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Dependable Power

The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

MY DEAR AUNT: I am riteing to you quite offen now on account of not being abul to do enny choars or play gaims witch the dockter said to be careful of for quite a wile after the stittches came out and thare is no knead of takeing enny chances dont you think so?

Henry told sevrel of the boys about how careful you have to be for a quite long time after your appendicks comes out and they all came over to our house the Satterday after I came hoam from the hosspittle and sawed and splitt wood for me in the backyard betwene half past one and fore oclock witch made quite a large pile that cuvvered one whole side of the woodshedd when it was all piled up.

Henry let me sit on a log near the woodpile and watch them and I shode them the scaur in the woodshed afterwurds witch was a grate supprize and mutch longer than they exspeckted.

I gess you and Uncle William mite remember the scaur on Henrys stummick ware the boys rolled him on the ranebarrel the time he was nearly drounded according to Page 80 of the Boy Rangers Manuel, but it was nothing alongside of mine Henry said. Henry told the boys if a scaur like that should brake open doing choars or ennything it would be a shame on every boy in our naberhood and so all of the boys said ennytime my muther kneaded enny choars Henry could let them know and I would never knead to wurrey any and my muther could have a pile of wood reddy for the kitchen stove as high as our house enny time she wanted to with complymunts of all the boys witch would be a grate cumfurt to her Henry said and probily let me live to a good old aige by not haveing to wurk too soon.

Henry would have done all my choars for me that Satterday but so menny boys wanted to do sumthing he could not get a chanst exsept to sit on the log with me and give them the ideya of it and it would be done quicker than jack robbison. Some things like cleening out the stabul and weading the garden and wottering the bury bushes and washing off the back poarch were not exackly nessary Henry said but mite as well be done as long as we had plenty of boys and I otto have enugh wood splitt by the time I would be purfeckly well to last me all winter witch would be very pleasunt to look forword to if I mite have a relapps Henry said.

Henry and me wanted to rite and thank you and Uncle William for the screw apart fish poal witch was a grate supprize to Henry and said he never desurved sutch a fine present and could not immagine how you and Uncle William came to think of it becaws it was the verry thing he wanted and he never told ennyone but me. Did you know thare was fore fishlines and a duzzen difrunt size fishhooks with it and all Henry and me had to get was the wurms witch made it verry easey to go fishing and we broght hoam ate fish the furst day we went after the stittches came out.

It would be a verry handey thing to bring down if we should happen to come and mite catch enugh fish for fore or five peopul every few days and help to pay our bored and you and Uncle William would not think of it that way but Henry and me would and mite feal like staying a littul longer if we did dont you think so? Probily Uncle William would know of a good place to get wurms and Henry and me would do the rest and a hot day would not scare us.

Henry wundered about Tige if we should happen to come down and wether we otto bring him along witch we would be willing to leave to you and Uncle William and if you think we otto leave Tige hoam it would be all rite with us. Henry is onley afrade he would be loansum and houl a good deel witch mite have a bad effeck on his muthers hart witch is still quite week and a dog houling would be quite a strane dont you think so? Tige never houls when Henry is with him and would probly be verry peaceful if he came along with Henry and if thare was enny question about Tige Henry would be purfeckly willing to slepe in the barn with him on a cupple old blankets and some hay. You and Uncle William would be verry fond of Tige after you knew him and Henry would be glad to fead Tige out of his share of meels witch is always plennty for him and Tige too. Tige is part Irish Tearyer and part hunting dog with probily a littul bludhound from the way he houls when he is loansum. Henry would like to do sumthing for Tige becaws he was sutch a cumfurt to Henry wile I was in the hosspittle and thare is not mutch you can do for a dog exsept fead him Henry said and it is luckey for a dog he does not get dissapointed about going ennywares becaws he does not know if he is going or not till you start witch is probily a good thing dont you think so?

One reason Henry is ankshus to know about Tige is becaws of still chaseing poletry witch is hard to brake him of and Henry said he was probily not to blame becaws of being part Hunting dog and part Irish Tearyer witch is a grate pair for chaseing poletry. Tige broght hoam another dedd nabers chicken Friday witch was the best rooster they had and cost six dollers Henry hurd afterwurds wile the nabers boys were looking for it but it was down at the bottom of the old well with the turkeys. A grate deel of dedd nabers poletry is down the old well and Henry said if ennybody would look strate down wile the sun was strate over it it would be bad for him and Tige but he would not go back on Tige if the old well was half full of dedd nabers poletry witch is the kind of a boy Henry is but he is verry sorrey for the poletry. If Uncle William knows of enny way to brake a dog of chaseing nabers poletry Henry would be verry glad if he would let him know and Henry would try it. Henry hurd sumwares a dedd chicken hung around his neck for a cupple days will brake them of it but Henry would not want to hang a dedd nabers chicken around his neck on account of being quite susspishus agenst Tige dont you think so? Thare is a cure for flees in the Boy Rangers Manuel but none for chaseing poletry witch was probily left out by mistake. It would be a grate releef to Henry if he could brake Tige of it and he hates to go by the old well becaws it makes him feal gilty but he wants to save Tige till he gets over chaseing them.

Friday was a quite bizzey day for Henry and me and started by Tige bringing hoam the six dollers dedd nabers rooster witch seamed to be a bad sine Henry said. After Henry tide Tige up sose he would not be susspishus in case the nabers boys should come around Henry put the dedd nabers rooster under his cote and dropt it down the old well. It was a fine rooster Henry said with long spurrs and a big come and Henry offen hurd him croweing about fore oclock in the morning verry happey but he never would again. Henry was sure Tige never intended to hurt him but onley playful but a rooster seams to be quite delicut for a dog like Tige Henry said and a few hard shakes will be the end of him.

Henry went back to the barn ware Tige was tide up verry slow and thoghtful and took along a switch to wipp Tige sose he would never forget it but when he saw Tige and how mornfle he lookt and thoght of how Tige was sutch a cumfurt to him when I was in the hosspittle Henry put the switch down and said he would give him anuther chanst but the neckst time Tige better look out.

Henrys muther had fish for dinner that day and Henry got a quite long boan in his throte witch came so soon after the dedd nabers rooster it was a quite sevear shock to Henry and did not go down till after fore or five slices of bredd and sevrel glasses of wotter. Henry tride to kepe it from his muther becaws he knew a fish boan in his throte mite be bad for her hart witch is still quite week but after he ett the forth slice of bredd and cofft up part of the crust she susspeckted the fish boan in his throte witch finelly went down just when she was going to send for the dockter. Henrys muther said she would never have fish again Friday or not becaws thare are too menny boans for six or seven childern and all libul to get boans in thare throte and vejtubul supe would be safer on account of no boans in it but a littul noyesier to eat but she would not mind that but her hart was too weke for fish boans every Friday. Henry said when the fish boan was the wurst he was glad he did not wipp Tige becaws he would hate to have that on his mind the last thing. Henry said the fish boan in his throte was the closdest cawl he had since he went down the thurd time in the crick and the boys rolled him on the ranebarrel but for a fish boan you hit them betwene the sholders or make them eat dry bredd till it is cofft up or swallode.

After dinner Henry let Tige loose and Henry and me went down town and Henry was still quite sollum from the narro escape on account of the fish boan. Henry told me how Tige started it with the six dollers dedd nabers rooster and that and the fish boan made him quite supersusspishus about Friday and he was afrade it was going to be an unluckey day for him and if ennything happend I was to have Tige and always be kind to him witch was his last wish and you and Uncle William would have his best regords and all be verry happey and not care about him.

Henry and me had to have a hare cut that afternoon on account of being too old to cut it with a bole enny more and both of our hare was not cut for a cupple munths and made it quite long and curley. I got in the chare furst becaws Henry said him and Tige would wate for thares and I told the barber to cut mine quite short on account of the hot wether and he put hare clipers on it and it was all off before you could say jack robbison rite tite to my scalp witch was very wite and all the scaurs and bumps shode quite plane and both ears stuck out quite far and did not look like the same boy when it was all clippt off.

Henry could hardley bleave it was me when I got out of the chare and did not mean to have his cut so short when he furst came in but he said to cut his just the same as mine witch is the kind of a boy Henry is and mite make it easeyer for me if both of us were clippt the same way. Henry and me both lookt quite strange when our hare was clippt so short and both of our hats quite loose with all the hare off and we chased them sevrel times that afternoon but our head was mutch cooler.

Concluded on Page 113

MO

R R I S

Supreme Canned Fruits

You'll enjoy the rich flavor of these Morris Supreme peaches; and you'll want to try some of our other canned fruits.

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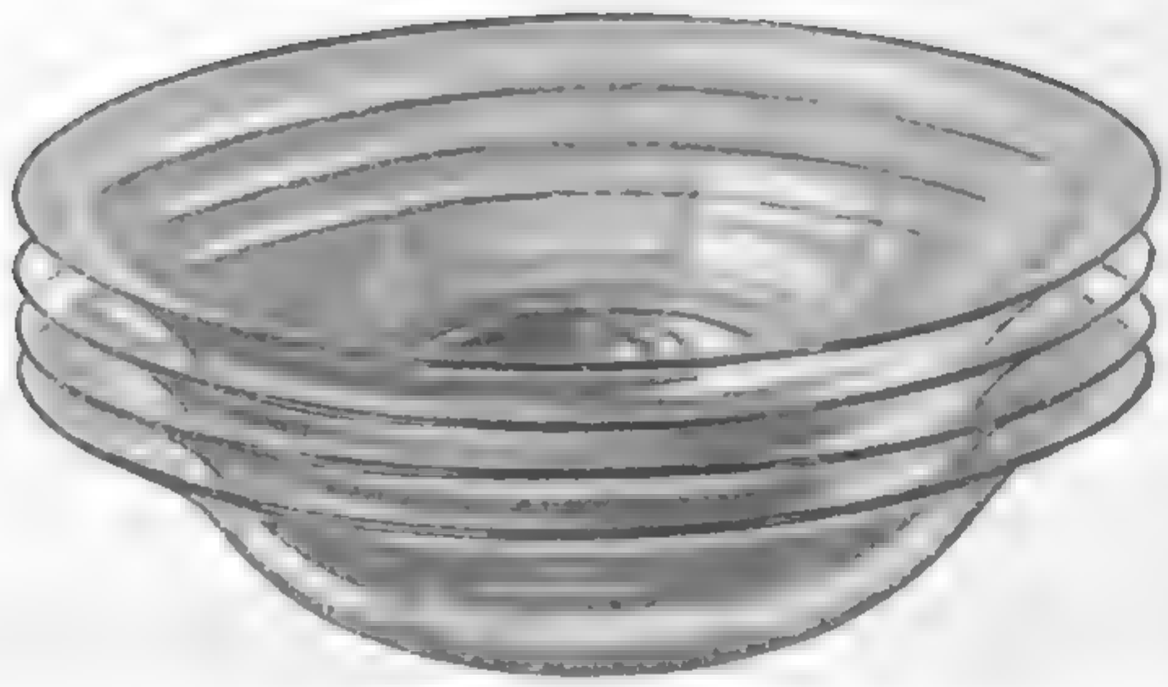
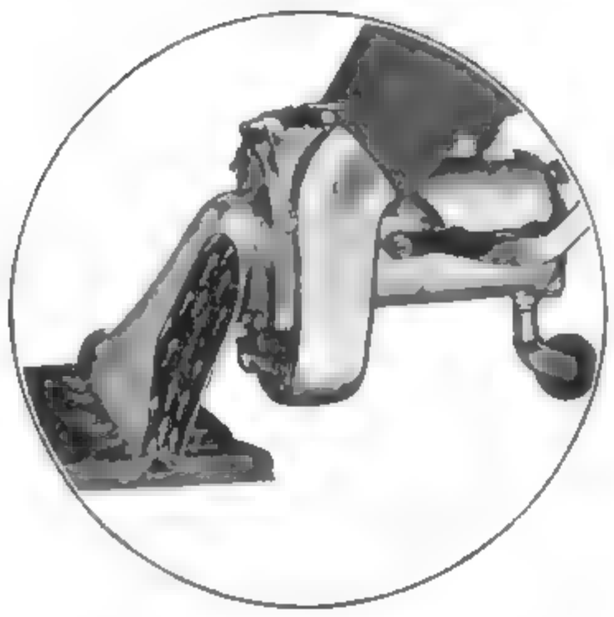




Volume and Velocity

The remarkable cleaning efficiency of the Eureka is the result of its ability to move a great VOLUME of air through all fabrics at a tremendous VELOCITY. Only bonafide electric vacuum cleaners derive their efficiency from this principle. The brush attached to or inserted in the nozzle of this type of cleaner has only one purpose, and that, to remove surface lint, hair and threads—the air gets the dirt, the dirty dirt embedded in the rug or fabric.

"The handle that fits in the hollow of your hand with control switch under your thumb"

EUREKA

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

When you run the Eureka over your carpets or rugs you know that the cleaning job is being done with absolute thoroughness.

Its BRUSH gets the surface dirt—the threads, the lint and hair. The air gets the dirt under the surface—the dirt embedded in the carpet—that ordinary brooms and carpet sweepers can't possibly dislodge or remove.

And it is just as effective with its attachments in cleaning the upholstery, the draperies and the mattresses.

It makes the whole house clean and sanitary.

The Eureka is an AIR cleaner—It depends for its high efficiency upon the great VOLUME of air that rushes through the fabric—and the VELOCITY at which this air travels.

275,000 Eurekas in use today establish it as one of the foremost electric vacuum cleaners on the market. For nine years it has enjoyed a world sale. These two facts, give to every prospective purchaser, a degree of assurance and guarantee that only a standardized article with a world sale can give.

Awarded grand prize Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, in competition with eighteen leading makes of cleaning machines.

If you are interested in knowing more about the Eureka its Simplicity and Ease of Control and the special reasons for its high efficiency—write for the Eureka Book

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, Detroit, U.S.A.

Canadian Branch: Kitchener, Ontario

Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher Street, London, England

GETS THE DIRT—NOT THE CARPET

(Concluded from Page 109)

Henry had to take hoam a pound of butter that afternoon and I had to take a kwort of iskream for cumpany to super and so Henry and me got it and sevrel peopul lafft quite hard when Henry and me and Tige went in the stoar and askt for the iskream and butter with hare clippt off and hats quite loose and hardley staying on wile walking. It was a quite hot day about fore o'clock and Henry and me and Tige started hoam through the park ware we could take our hatt off and let it be cool and shadey on our head and thare was Lilly Purl going hoam through the park with a bewtiful new hatt on quite large of straw and pink bows and dayseys on it and lookt verry fare and swete. Henry and me put our hatt back on when we saw her becaws it would be quite a supprize to her with our hare clippt off so tite and Henry and me both wisht we had a littul moar hare but it was too late.

Henry and me both took off our hatt to her when we met her and we could see our hare was quite a supprize but she said Hello verry swete and polight and made Henry and me forget our hare witch is the kind of a gurl Lilly Purl is and no wunder Henry and me are fond of her dont you think so? By this time the wind came up quite strong and hevvy and Lilly Purls hat was blone off and went in the park lake ware the swonns are and about twenty feat from the shoar before it lit and went floating out toworeds the middul of the lake so quick you hardley knew what happened. The lake was too depe for wadeing and every minnet Lilly Purls hat was floating out toworeds the middul with the bewtiful pink bows and dayseys on it and mite soon be lost for good.

Some swonns were swimming around it by this time kind of cureyus what it was and Lilly Purl did not speke but had a big teer on her cheak and verry sad and swete. Henry and me were neerly dessperit by this time and lade down the butter and iskream on the grass and lookt for a long poal or sumthing but we could not find one. All of a sudden Henry and me hurd a grate splash and thare was Tige in the wotter and swimming out to Lilly Purls hatt witch was sloly sinking and would probily soon be out of site but Tige grabd it just as it was going down for the thurd time and started back to the shoar with it and Henry and me wated for him becaws the hatt mite be dride out and not be spoilt after all but when Tige got there he went betwene Henrys legs hat and all and started hoam with Lilly Purls hatt in his mouth and Henry and me after him and the butter and iskream and Lilly Purl left behind becaws we wanted to catch Tige.

Tige was a quite fast runner and no wunder a dedd nabers chicken had no chanst with him Henry said. After he went about a cupple hunderd yards Tige went under a babey buggey witch was being weeled through the park and uppsett it on the grass witch was a dubble babey buggey with twins in it and half of them rolled out on the grass but was not hurt from being so soft but Tige kept on going strate for hoam. Henry and me stopt and helpt to pick up the twins witch cride quite loud but not enny dammidge done to them exept shakeing up. It was the minnisters twins and Henry and me would have to face him in Sunday school Sunday and Henry said it was a pretty bad Friday for us and the dedd nabers rooster and the fish boan in his throte and the two clippt hare cuts and Lilly Purls hatt and Tige and the uppsett minnisters twins was about enugh for one day and no wunder he was supersusspishus about Friday.

It was no use to chase Tige enny more becaws he got sutch a good start of us wile we were helping to put the uppsett minnisters twins back in the dubble buggey and trying to stop the gurl from hollering that was weeling them when Tige went under and uppsett them. She was crosside gurl with a hairlipp and quite hard for Henry and me to cumfurt her and when she was talking to me she was looking at Henry and neather of me or Henry could make out what she told us on account of the hairlipp and just then Henry happend to think about the forchune teller at the county fare that told him to bewair of a crosside gurl with a hairlipp for twenty five cents witch had gone out of his mind but it all came back to him now. The forchune teller said Friday would be Henrys unluckey day and to ware a graveyard rabits foot for a charm agenst evil spearuts and Henry said no evil spearuts could scare him but it all came out the way she said crosside gurl and hairlipp and everything and he would never make fun of a forchune teller again and what she told him would be cheep for twenty five cents if he had onley knone it and mite have saved a grate deel of trubble if he had boght the graveyard rabits foot for fifteen cents witch she offered him at onley half price and he would not becaws he was not supersusspishus enugh but he would be the neckst time Henry said.

By the time we got back to Lilly Purl she was quite peeceful and not so mutch decomposed. It was after five oclock by this time and the butter and iskream was still laying on the grass in the hot sun and both of them quite soft. Most of the iskream was mellted and running out of the box on the grass and the butter was quite runny and greesy on the rapping paper and both would knead a grate deel of exsplaning when we got hoam. Neather one of them was probily wurth carreying hoam although a littul of the butter mite be saved for frying but the iskream was hoapless and so Henry and me lickt the inside of the box and started hoam to make a cleen brest of both of them.

The new trubble of the butter and the iskream was probily a good thing for takeing our mind off of Lilly Purls hatt witch we finelly gave up for good on account of Tige running cleen hoam with it but Lilly Purl was offle sorrey for the butter and the iskream witch was all her fault she said for letting her hat be blone off and she would go hoam with us and help to exsplane it witch is the kind of a gurl Lilly Purl is and desurves a grate deel of creddit dont you think so?

By the time we got to Henrys house thare was Tige by the woodpile with his both frunt pause holding the last of Lilly Purls hatt betwene them and when he saw Henry he gave a cupple of quite loud barks and broght the hatt to him witch by this time did not look like the same hatt that was blone in the lake. Most of the dayseys were gone and the pink bows pulled out strate and verry rinkuld and dirty and a good deel of the straw quite badly choode ware Tige plade with it. Henry had a big switch and would have wippt Tige sose he would never forget it but Lilly Purl begged Henry not to becaws he was onley a dog and probily did the best he could and Henry said he would not wipp him this time but the neckst time Tige better look out. Lilly Purl said the hatt would probily be no more good exsept for the pink bows witch she took off and the hatt was throne in the old well with the turkeys and the six dollers dedd nabers rooster witch was the last of it.

Lilly Purl exsplaned to Henrys muther about the hatt blone off in the lake and Tige coming hoam with it and Henry and me chaseing Tige witch mellted the butter on the grass in the hot sun and Henry shode his muther the butter witch could not be heilpt his muther said. Henry told Lilly Purl about his muthers week hart so she did not say anything about the uppsett minnisters twins witch mite be too mutch for her Henry said.

Henry forgot all about his hare from so menny uther things to think about and by this time he took off his hatt and his muther saw his head with all the hare clippt off tite and she gave quite a shreek and neerly dropt the masht potatoes for super. Henrys muther was always verry proud of his curley hare but it was all over now and could not be exsplaned as easey as the butter. It was a turrible shock to her to see Henrys head all clippt off down to the scalp and her hart was offle week for sevrel days Henry said and if she got hold of that barber she would scalp him Henry said witch is pretty luckey for him her hart is weke and she does not go down town mutch.

Lilly Purl had to go hoam to super by this time and stop at our house and explane about the iskream and we said goodbye to Henry who was a grate deel wurried by this time and not sure about how his hare would come out and we could see he was verry supersusspishus about Friday witch was about the wurst day both of us ever had espeshully Henry becaws he had the six dollers dedd nabers rooster and the fish boan in his throte witch did not happen to me but uther things about the same for both of us.

Lilly Purl exsplaned to my muther about the iskream witch was a grate hellp to me and the cumpany would have to eat corn storch pudding my muther said becaws of no time to send for more iskream. My muther did not notice my head clippt off clost to my scalp till I came in the parler before super witch was a grate supprize to everybody with all the bumps on my head showing quite plane and my ears sticking out a grate deel on both sides. I was glad when super was over and I could put my hatt on and go outside becaws it was not a parler harecut but more outdores.

Henry told me afterwurds he was not out of trubble yet when his muther almost dropt the masht potatoes over his clippt hare. When he went to milk thare cow after super the fluze botherd a good deel and she finelly kickt him betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk witch hurt him quite bad. While he was holding the place she swiched her tale in Henrys eye makeing a quite sevear pane and wile he was holding the two places with both hands she put her foot in the full pale of milk and uppset it on the hay witch was the last straw for Henry becaws the milk would be spoilt for his littul bruthers and sisters on account of the cows foot in it and Henry said for a cow to go through the trubble of giving a pale of milk and then put her foot in it is about as much sense as a cow has got ennyway.

Henry said being so wite was a grate mistake for milk on account of everything showing so plane and a dark brown culler would be better for a cow to step in and mite be wurth saveing but wite is no use afterwurds. After the cow kickt Henry betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk and swicht her tale in his eye and put her foot in the full pale of milk Henry was so mad he kickt her but he would never have kickt her if she had not kickt him furst Henry said afterwurds and he forgot about haveing onley bare feet when he kickt her and did not seam to hurt the cow at all becaws she never took her head out of the brann pale but Henrys big toe was bent cleen back and almost broak from the cows hard stummick and thare was Henry kickt betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk and his eye all red and wottery ware the cows tale swicht him and the cows foot in the milk pale and his big toe almost broak and Henry said he gesst that would be enugh Friday for him and no wunder he was supersusspishus about it.

About this time Tige came in from smelling the worm milk and thare was Tige and the cow witch was the beginning and the end of all his trubbles that day and so Henry tide Tige up for all nite and went to bed before sumthing else mite happen.

Henrys toe was still quite soar the neckst day and his eye quite redd from the cows tale in it and a big broose ware the cow kickt him betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk but Friday was over and Henry was pretty glad of that. Henry said when it furst happend about the cow he made up his mind if he ever grew up and was a butcher he would send for that cow the furst thing but he is all over it now. Henry said not haveing the graveyard rabits foot for fifteen cents was a grate loss to him witch would have saved the six dollers dedd nabers rooster and Lilly Purls hatt witch must have cost at leest fore dollers more and a pound of butter fifty cents and a kwort of iskream sixty cents witch would be $11.10 altogether besides the fish boan in his throte and the black and bloo place ware the cow kickt him betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk and the cows tale in his eye and his soar toe witch was too paneful to be figgered in munney but wurth saveing.

Our two harecuts are coming out quite slow but a good thing about a clippt harecut is nobody can tell if you have been in swimming by fealing your hare witch is a grate advantidge Henry said witch is the kind of a boy Henry is always looking on the brite side of everything dont you think so? Comeing our hare is quite easey now.

Henry also had a fine letter from Lilly Purl about Tige and her hatt blone off witch was a grate cumfurt to both of us and Henry said it would be all rite to let you see it and onley shode how swete and sensibul she is and we are sending it and thank you again for the screw apart fish poal witch will be the last for the present:

Dear Henry: I thought I would send you a few lines to let you know I am all rite and not to wurrey about my hatt blone in the lake witch Tige ran hoam with becaws my muther said you and William (Green did the best enny two boys could and the butter and the iskream was enugh trubble without putting the hatt on top of them and she washt and prest the pink ribbun and made a new hatt witch is just as good and we all otto be glad the upsett minnisters twins did not get hurt and not wurrey about a hatt choode up by a dog but if it was the minnisters twins it would be quite searyus.

My muther said you must not be mad at Tige on our account becaws you are verry fond of him and she would not want anything of ours to come betwene you and him becaws no gurls hatt would be wurth it and she would not want mine to come betwene a boy and his dog and probily never be the same again. So I thoght I would send you a few lines of how my muther feals about it after we talkt it over and my muther said you and William (Green) would both have a big peace of gelly cake if you were hear rite now and so you will know how she feals about it and Tige too so it would be all rite for you and William (Green) and Tige to come over enny time if you want to and the hatt would never be menshuned to enny of you but would be forgot with the pound of butter and the iskream witch mellted an ran out.

And I am riteing you these few lines becaws it was Tige that did it and we want you to know thare is no bad fealing agenst Tige in case you mite want to come over and bring Tige along if you and William (Green) mite come. My muther ushully bakes gelly cake on Tuesday witch would be fresh then and hopeing you and William (Green) are the same I remane

Yours verry respectively

LILLY PURL.

P.S.—If William (Green) should ask about me you mite let him read this letter witch I have no objeckshuns to and give him my best regords and I would rite him onley on Tige's account witch is your dog and you otto know it for Tige's sake and hopeing I will be quite plane I remane as before.

L. P.

It was a grate releef to both of us and Tige would be if he knew it. Henry sends love and says to ask Uncle William if he was ever supersusspishus about Friday.

Your loving nephew

WILLIAM GREEN

P S.—I bet Uncle William would like a clippt hare cut down in the country in the hot wether and would lagh to see us now but it will all be grone out in a few weaks. Ware my appendicks came out is still quite plane but fadeing a littul. W. G.

What is happening here?

THIS truck is heavily loaded going up a steep incline. The thrust of the worm against the bearing is tremendous.

One wheel has slipped off the incline, bringing an enormous side strain on the axle.

Your truck encounters similar conditions every day to a greater or less degree.

Look for the Worm trade mark cast on the housing of the rear end of the Worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, silent, and economical upkeep.

CONSTRUCTED ON THE

Sheldon AXLE FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

The conditions of unusual strain brought out in this illustration show the practical reasons for Sheldon Ball Thrust Bearings and the Sheldon Principle of Locomotive Axle Construction.

Thrust Bearings

The pressure of the worm against the bearing is the thrust load. In a Sheldon Worm Gear Axle this thrust is taken by a ball bearing because this is the type of bearing that reduces friction to an absolute minimum.

Ball bearings take tremendous pressure without wedging or tightening. All the strain passes through the center of each ball. Any bearing that has a wedging action becomes tighter as the load increases.

Ball bearings are used also to avoid the necessity of adjustment. Sheldon worm bearings are self-adjusting to expansion and wear. The bearing at the front of the worm is free to move backward or forward.

Thus the possibility of improper adjustment and consequent damage is avoided.

Locomotive Axle Principle

Railroads in every part of the world have adopted the principle of the revolving axle and fixed wheels, commonly known as a semi-floating axle, to give them the advantage of wide spread of bearings and long leverage against side shocks.

This is the Sheldon Principle, which is employed in transporting the Freight Tonnage of the World.

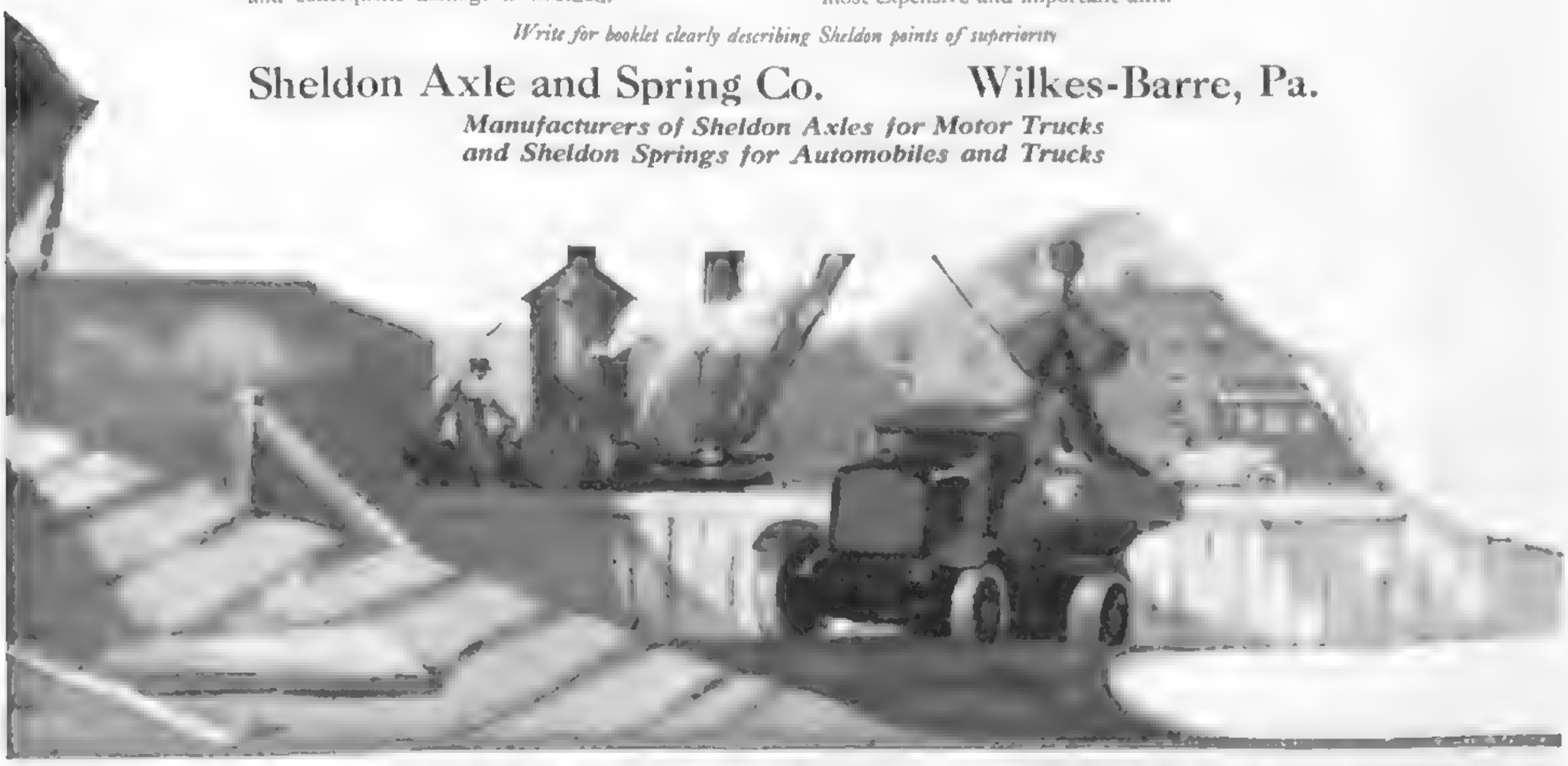
The wheels are fixed to the driving axle—one bearing is at the wheel end of the axle shaft and the other at the differential end, holding shaft and wheel steady against side strains.

In the selection of your truck, study the axle—the most expensive and important unit.

Write for booklet clearly describing Sheldon points of superiority

Sheldon Axle and Spring Co. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Automobiles and Trucks



LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING *HAS* STYLE, BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" *IS* STYLE!

A boy inclined to a wrong posture usually falls short in his lessons. Teachers say so, and they know. An erect, masterful carriage implants in the growing boy a habit of Manly Bearing that he'll never grow away from—"just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined".

Right-Posture
Boys' Clothes

coax your boy to stand up straight, to put his shoulders back, to put his chest out, thereby tending to cultivate pride, poise, character, confidence. Long-lasting fabrics and stitched-to-stay needlework—latest style with greatest sturdiness.

Every "Right-Posture" *Suit* has the "Right-Posture" *Label* sewn under the collar.
There should be a "Right-Posture" Clothier in your town. If not, write to us.

TAILORED BY THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 25

walked a little distance from the road and came to a wind-felled chestnut, where she seated herself upon the trunk, the peddler remaining on his feet in front of her.

"Well," she asked, "have you any news?"

"Yes," he answered.

None of his regular clients who might have happened within earshot could have recognized the peddler from his voice and manner of speaking. For, from this moment on, both were so strikingly distinct and apart from the blithe and cheerful utterance and fantastic and philosophic rallies with which he entertained his customers that one would have bet one's last dime that here spoke a different individual. The voice itself, heretofore a high barytone, became a resonant bass, the phrases were curt and comprehensive, with no verbal waste product in their making. But most striking of all was a certain crisp authoritative note, as of one accustomed to command. This was not arrogant or aggressive or precisely military in its cadence, but suggested rather a person who unconsciously commands and never thinks to encounter any possible lack of prompt obedience.

"What is it?" Diana asked.

"All in good time. How are you getting on?"

"Very badly," said Diana. "This thing has thrown a black cloud over our place, and of course the boys are drinking harder than ever. It was bad enough before. I'm nearly distracted. Unless something happens pretty soon we are going to fly to pieces."

"Something is going to happen very soon. How has your brother William been behaving?"

"Like a caged wolf. He no longer leaves the place, and I am glad of it, for he is in such a rabid state that the least thing might precipitate a tragedy—a sidelong look or a snicker or a bad joke."

"I think that we shall soon correct that," said the peddler.

He glanced up at the heavy, turgid sky. "Probably to-night unless it rains; which it will not if I have any virtue as a weather prophet. It looks as though it was going to be a perfectly good night for a murder, and I am under the conviction that one is to be attempted."

Diana's face whitened. She leaned forward and looked up at him with burning eyes.

"Must you keep me in such horrible suspense? Can't you tell me who they are, what they are, who you are?"

"Yes. The time has come to lay my cards upon the table. I shall need your coöperation. 'They' are a gang of the most expert and experienced and dangerous thieves in the whole civilized world. Before the war they operated principally in Europe—in England and on the Continent—and they have very recently transferred their activities to this country and region. The gang was broken up two years before the war, and its principal heads were killed, but a pair of subordinate ones have managed to gather up some of the remnants and started in to work again."

"And who are you?" Diana asked.

"My name is John Henry Dorsey, and I am at this moment an acting inspector of the secret police, with all due authority. That is not my profession, but merely to execute a special commission for which I have been deputized."

Diana's violet eyes opened very wide. She stared at him a good deal as Aladdin might have stared at the genii which appeared on his rubbing the lamp.

"Thank goodness!" she gasped. "Then you're not a peddler at all. I might have guessed. I've been a fool."

He smiled.

"In thinking that I stole the Sultana and committed those other robberies? Scarcely that, Miss Kirkland. After having seen me watching the marquise that day and knowing my mechanical skill and that I had the entrée everywhere throughout the countryside and was beloved of all the dogs, you could scarcely think otherwise."

"Then you knew that I saw you!" Diana cried.

"I should have had to be a very poor policeman not to see you back by the bus. I was very glad to know that you were there and saw me."

"Why?"

"Because I reasoned that it would relieve your mind to feel that you had something which might be brought forward for your brother's defense in case of his arrest. Of course I had not the slightest intention of letting him be arrested."

Diana drew a deep breath of relief.

"I think I can guess who 'they' are."

"Ah, but I gave you a tip about the Melton girl."

"Then it is these French people?"

"They are not French. The so-called De Vallignacs are members of the old gang I mentioned. The girl Patricia is a sort of criminal phenomenon of cunning and strength and beauty whom we have yet to catalogue. She is the one who will probably turn the trick to-night as the result of some information which I framed up for her this morning. Really, Miss Kirkland, she is not at all an ordinary mortal. I doubt that she is quite human. This had been told me, but I did not believe it until to-day. It is true. She belongs, I actually believe, to some sort of intermediary world—the elfin, wicked-fairy, evil-sprite, vampire world, which sensible people deny the existence of and intellectual folks are not quite sure about."

A little shudder rippled through Diana.

"Then I must be an 'intellectual,' because she made me feel that way from the moment of my meeting her. I had come to that very same conclusion when you warned me about her. Yet other people don't seem to feel it. Most of the men are crazy about her. Even James, who is rather a misogynist, was beginning to sit up and take notice."

"If she inspired everybody as she does us she would not be very dangerous," said the peddler. He raised his hand warningly. "Listen."

Just after passing the Kirkland gates the road took a bend so that the peddler's van could not be seen from the entrance to the estate. There came now through the breathless sultry air the hum of a smoothly running motor car which slowed, horned and could then be heard entering the grounds. It reached the door apparently, then came to a stop.

"Speaking of the devil," said the peddler—"there is our dear friend Stephan now. He has dropped in for a little chat. Where are all your people?"

"Father has gone to town and the boys are probably swimming, as the tide is right and it's so beastly close."

"Then," said the peddler, "Stephan's little job will be easy. I don't know precisely what it is, but by a simple process of deduction I should say that it had to do with the business of to-night. Patricia has probably sent him in an effort to get one of your pistols or rifles or something to indicate that his death is due to suicide."

Diana stared at him, unable to believe that his words were to be taken seriously.

"Do you mean to tell me that the Melton girl really intends to make an attempt on William's life?"

"She does, unless I am very much mistaken. So far as any scruple is concerned, I am sure that she would cheerfully asphyxiate you all in your beds if she felt it would make her own position any more secure. You see, Miss Kirkland, they had counted on the Marquise d'Irancy's accusing William, and she has done nothing of the sort; nor have any of the other victims of these people's clever burglaries brought any charge against William at all. These thieves intended that William should be the scapegoat, and, having learned of his social habit of visiting variously and about his irregular way of living, they cunningly managed so that every house plundered was one where William happened to be stopping at the time."

Diana nodded.

"But the theft of the Sultana? That must have been pure accident."

"It was an accident that the marquise fainted when alone with William, but it was one by which Patricia was quick to profit as soon as she learned what had occurred. It warranted her taking the chance to get the jewel before the marquise had discovered her loss. Just how she managed it I don't know, but as she is a creature of uncanny physical strength the chances are that while walking back to the house with the marquise, possibly with her arm about her shoulders, she merely took the locket in her hand and opened it."

"How do you know that the locket was so hard to open?" Diana asked.

The peddler laughed.

"I knew about the lockets before ever I saw the marquise," said he. "Miss Melton probably did not. She guessed their use. The intuition of such folks as she is incredible, and unless the character is fundamentally good it is most apt to lead its possessor into crime, because he or she finds it so easy to outwit ordinary people. It is almost as though one had the gift of invisibility or actual clairvoyance."

"And yet you have fooled her," said Diana.

"I think so. That was my sole object in becoming a peddler. To deceive such hyperacute intelligences one must first be able almost to deceive oneself in regard to his assumed personality. I had to make myself believe that I was Clamp, the laughing, singing, philosophic peddler and tinker and jack-of-all-trades. I had to practice this intense auto-delusion in order that she should get nothing from me by repercussion."

"You certainly put it over," said Diana fervently.

"I hope so. For the ordinary criminal mind or that of the average political intrigante an ordinary peddler rôle would have served the purpose, but for these werewolves it needed something daring; a self-advertisement so *outré* as to bar the door of their brains from suspicion, for in such cases conviction is not necessary. The first whiff of suspicion and the game is up. But scarcely any head, however criminally astute, could contain at the same time the ideas of sleuth and of a roaring, snorting, coughing, clanging motor truck, hung with oilstoves and dishpans, plow and anchor chains, that could be heard approaching three miles away."

Diana laughed. Such was the sense of security inspired by the personality of the peddler that she felt as though all her troubles were over, that the black pall was already lifted from her house.

"One hears of wonderful camouflage," she began, but the peddler raised his hand protestingly.

"My dear Miss Kirkland," said he, "it was anything but that. Camouflage is the mimicry of Nature, and my uproarious old bus is unlike anything in heaven or earth. That is the beauty of it—the distracting feature of it."

"And so were you," said Diana.

"The joke of it is," said the peddler, "that as a purely commercial proposition it has been a tremendous success."

"I think," said Diana, "that the same would be true of anything you undertook."

He didn't seem to hear—appeared to be listening—and at that moment they heard Stephan's car passing out of the Kirkland place. It struck the highway and hummed off like a homing bee.

Then as its vibration ceased they looked at each other, and as their eyes met there occurred one of those repercussions just mentioned by the peddler. Perhaps the nervous tension of the moment had made them hypersensitive, for if eyes are the windows of the soul, then these two pair were in that second like wide-open French ones which swing outward as doors, permitting an intimate view of whatever is within. It is probable that each saw the other's treasure house and perhaps some beautiful and startled inmate not yet ready for presentation. At any rate it must have been a rather bewildering dénouement, and one for which each felt the present crisis to be premature, for Diana drew the curtains of her long lashes, her face a crimson glow, while the peddler turned his face, through which a swarthy flush was burning its way, and stared down a vista of the trees at the tarnished aluminum waters of the bay.

"You must understand, Miss Kirkland," said he in an even voice, "that it would be of incalculable value to these bandits if William should be found to have committed suicide. Knowing his nature such an act would be taken as a clear admission of guilt, for the sake of avoiding further disgrace."

"Of course," said Diana; "but I do not see how they could possibly hope to manage it." She straightened up suddenly and looked at the peddler with violet eyes which had suddenly grown black. This threat on her brother's life, instead of frightening the girl, roused in full volume the Kirkland fighting spirit never far below the surface. "If they think that all they've got to do is to walk up and knock William on the head as if he were a silly sheep let them go ahead and try it. I suppose that they might ambush him from behind a tree, but if they did that they'd never get away with it. Some of us would hear the shot and take their trail with the dogs."

"They have probably considered all that," said the peddler. "It is not their object merely to assassinate William. That would do them more harm than good. Unless they can see their way to manage the job so cleverly that the coroner will be obliged to bring a verdict of suicide they will not tackle it at all. But I'm very much convinced that my frame will fit their little picture very nicely."

"Your frame?"

"Yes. The bogus information I furnished Patricia early this afternoon while doing a little job in the house. It did not take the mind of a Machiavelli to see what she was hungry for, and I fed it to her in good measure. She thinks also that she will have to act quickly, as I remarked that you were planning to take William to a sanitarium within the next day or two. And"— he glanced at the sky—"she could not possibly have a better night for her little spree. It will be black and sultry and undoubtedly followed by rain to-morrow morning early. There is an easterly storm brewing. Yes, Miss Kirkland, I feel almost as sure that the attempt will be made to-night as I do that it will clear things up for all of us. But I shall need your assistance."

He appeared to reflect for a moment while Diana watched him, scarcely breathing. She had the curious sense of being with a stranger, a man whom she had never previously met but of whom she had caught a glimpse in passing. Or it was rather as though he were the twin brother of some man whom she had known.

He glanced at her with a nod.

"This is what I want you to do. Lock up all the dogs before it gets dark and just after nightfall bring down to the hydroplane hangar one of your brother William's white-flannel suits, a sweater or football jersey, and the white-felt hat he usually wears. Leave these things in the seat of the machine and then go back to the house and stay there."

"Is that all?" cried Diana. "Can't I stay and watch?"

"No. I want you to stand guard over your menfolks to make certain that nobody leaves the house."

"But do you think I can ever keep the men bottled up like that?"

"You must!" said the peddler firmly. "Any snooping round might be absolutely fatal to my plan. We have to do with an inhuman sensory apparatus. This Patricia girl is anomalous—*sui generis*. I doubt if one could find anything just like her in any of the annals of crime. Besides her *flair*, as the French would call it, she is a phenomenon of physical strength. She could take prizes as a strong woman in a circus. She is a past mistress of jiujitsu, swims like an otter, and could win a Marathon race. Not long ago she came within one grab of putting it all over a powerful college athlete named Plunkett who tried to get some smuggled loot away from her."

Diana's blue eyes opened very wide, then she nodded.

"I knew that she was a splendid athlete. I took her on for tennis one day and she put it all over me, and I've collared a few cups myself. She seemed to get across the court in one bound, and without exerting herself in the least—as if she had willed herself there. She had us all beaten in the water too. As Gerry Metcalf said, she reminded him of an otter, because she scarcely left a ripple—as if she were full of joints."

"It seems a pity," said the peddler, "that such a woman should be destined to spend the next twenty years of her life in the penitentiary—but then, perhaps she's not. We haven't got her yet. We haven't got any of them yet. The French police had a lot of crimes charged up to the Countess de Vallignac, which is not her name. She was known as Léontine and worked under the direction of a Pole named Ivan, who was chief of a swell mob which had Europe terrorized for a number of years. But they could never put her under arrest."

"Why not?"

(Continued on Page 120)

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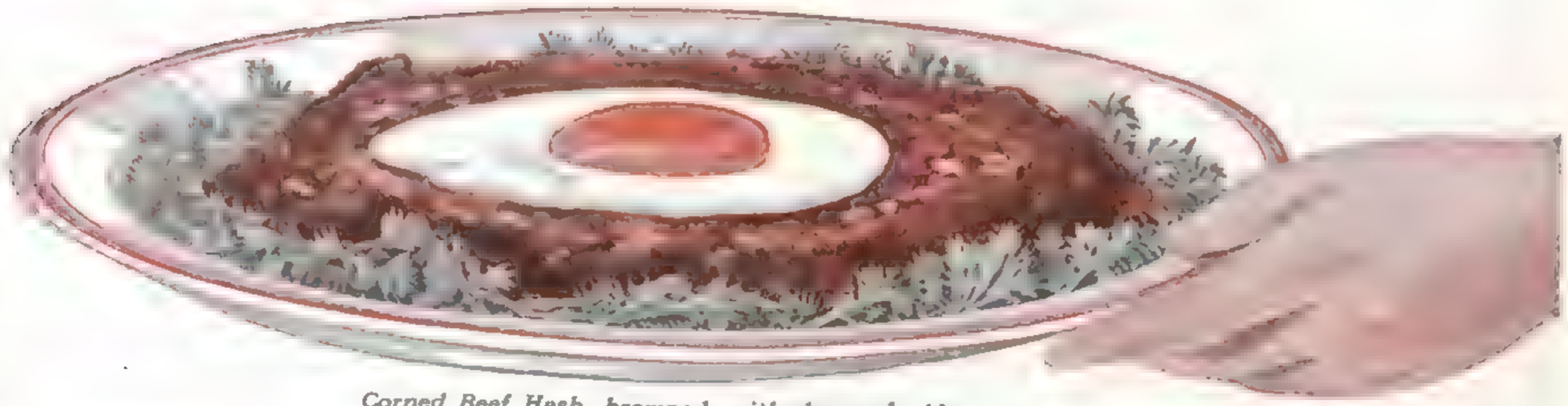

Corned Beef Hash, browned, with dropped egg
—A Council Delicacy

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MEATS

(Continued from Page 117)

"For the same reason that it is often impossible to arrest a big promoter or financier of whose crooked methods there is not the slightest doubt. Criminals of this class merely plan and direct. The work itself is done by expert subordinates who have the nerve and skill but would run a big risk of being killed or captured unless assisted by these principals who clear the way and cover their tracks. I could have nabbed the thieves with the goods in any of these robberies, that of your own safe included."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I would not have been able to prove anything on the principals themselves. When one is waiting to bag an elk or a boar one doesn't shoot at a weasel. When the De Vallignacs called at your house after leaving Patricia at the Metcalfs', your brothers were down at the hangar working at the hydroplane. Your Chinese butler, Chang, took Léontine and Stephan down there, and while he was gone the chauffeur, Gustave, slipped in and opened the safe with about as much difficulty as I might open a child's penny bank. Of course I guessed what they were up to, but it was no part of my plan to catch a mere cracksman. I have not been roaring round the country these last weeks selling things and mending things and cramming my head with maxims and epigrams for that. The French police warned us that there was no good in nailing any of these underlings. They have never been known to peach."

"But don't you run a great risk of losing everything by waiting?"

The peddler smiled.

"The risk is not precisely mine," said he, "and I have been willing to take a chance on the property of the rest of you to protect society against a very great danger. It's going to be a hard job. These birds are terribly wary. They are not like the criminals we have had to deal with over here. In America we think of a cracksman and burglar as a low-browed brute with a pistol and a jimmy, cunning as a prowler and with high-grade manual dexterity but low-grade actual intelligence. That is because in this country a thief intelligent enough to defy the law does not crack safes. He goes in for high finance or politics or something that offers a wider scope for his talents. The plundering of mere loot on an elaborate scale is an archaic institution which belongs to Europe or the Orient. In the present case a focus of this European infection has been planted over here. I have no great fear of being able to recover what has been lost through its ravages, but whether or not I can isolate the microbe is quite a different matter."

"I wish that I could really help," said Diana.

"You can—by doing what I ask. Don't tell your family any more than is absolutely necessary to keep them in bounds. The mere opening of a door might upset my plans—a flood of light or sudden loud voices. On the other hand, don't darken the house or do anything out of the customary. You may tell William if you like that his innocence is perfectly well known to the authorities, and that his name will soon be cleared of all suspicion. Now I must go."

Diana reached out both hands and looked at him with brimming eyes. It was the first time since her rescue that she had offered the peddler her hand, and now she tendered both, and if the truth were known a good deal more besides. But the peddler merely caught them for an instant, gave them a slight reassuring squeeze, let them fall, tugged at his béret, turned on his heel and strode off toward his van.

Diana watched him disappear behind the wall, then flung herself at full length on the aromatic pine needles, buried her face in her crossed arms and gave herself passively to the rush of a new and wonderful emotion.

XIV

AN HOUR before dark the peddler parked at his favorite spot in the Metcalf meadow, to which he felt almost a squatter's sovereignty. For the sake of appearances he rigged his tent, then snatched a bite to eat and got to work

His first act was to overhaul his motor cycle and make sure that it was tuned up to racing trim. Next he plunged into his store, secured an armful of oakum, and with a ball of fishline compressed it into a sphere the size and shape of a man's head, winding it like the inside of a baseball.

The weather conditions pleased him infinitely, being such as at that season usually precede a southeasterly storm. It was evident that the night would be very dark, very still, and that the wind and rain would probably hold off at least until daybreak or the turn of the tide, which should begin to flow a little after midnight.

His final act of preparation for the nocturnal stalk ahead was to put on a pair of canvas sneakers and thrust into the side pockets of his blue-denim blouse a pair of handcuffs, a small automatic pistol and a pocket torch. Then wheeling his tandem motor cycle out into the road, he mounted it and proceeded rapidly to the spot where he had halted his truck to enter the woods and watch the Marquise d'Irancy.

Here he left the machine in a clump of laurel and, making his way to the lane, passed rapidly down it to the rear of the Kirkland grounds, where he struck the path to the hangar, a large low building with a flat tin roof. The door was padlocked, but he knew where the key was hidden. Entering he groped his way to the hydroplane, on the seat of which he found the white-flannel costume, jersey and hat left by Diana. He had previously located a heap of worn-out boat cushions stuffed with kapok, and one of these he dragged outside, where though it was already dark there still lingered sufficient light upon the still water to enable him to carry on his task.

Ripping open the cushion he proceeded to stuff the football jersey with kapok until it had assumed the approximate dimensions of its owner, after which he slipped the flannel coat over it. When the trousers were similarly distended he carried the component parts of his manikin to a rustic bench under a pine tree at the top of the bank, and here he assembled them, securing the oakum head by means of a few sticks worked into it and the torso beneath. No great manipulation was required to give the dummy the perfect simulacrum of a dozing or merely dejected form such as that of William might be expected to portray. Even in the heavy murk the white flannels and soft white hat were easily distinguished from a considerable distance.

Having thus rigged out his decoy the peddler found a blind already provided in a thick clump of laurel directly behind the bench. He had taken the precaution of blackening his face, and now crouched in dark foliage it is doubtful if even the eye of an Indian would have discovered him had the night been a bright instead of a murky one.

And here he waited with that patience which is the birthright of the born hunter—of savage beasts or savage men. An hour passed. The silence was so intense that it seemed to have a ponderosity augmented by the oppressive atmosphere. Not a breath of air stirred, nor was there so much as the splash of a wavelet on the beach. From far in the distance came such sounds as are to be heard at night in any populous community—the rumble of a train, whistle of a boat or a locomotive, whir of a motor, and the like. But these seemed only to accentuate the breathless stillness of immediate surroundings, where all that reached the hypersensitive ears of the peddler were the hissings in the rockweed as the tide fell, and the sudden scurry of some little woodsy creature going about its furtive affairs.

Then a great barred owl from the depths of the park boomed out to frighten the sleeping birds.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo-o-o-oo!"—a cry terminating in the peculiar squawk and snapping of the beak. The peddler feared it might disturb the dogs, but apparently they were accustomed to it, and Diana had fed them their fill to promote the sleep of repletion.

The peddler lay upon his side, every sense alert, and it did not seem to him that he had been there very long when he knew that his vigil was destined to be rewarded. Up from the still water came the faint thrill of a rapidly revolving motor, of which his trained ear was quick to recognize the beat. Perhaps his eyes were of the night quality or possibly the heavy sky had actually thinned a little, for it seemed to him that his horizon had receded, and presently he picked up the long dark body of the motor boat tearing through the still water at a distance of about four hundred yards, its phosphorescent bow wave giving it distinct location.

It passed without stopping and with no apparent alteration in its speed, and this circumstance gave the peddler its peculiar information, for he was now sure that he had to deal with the most sinister and stealthy of the band—that strange inhuman creature who had impressed him as belonging to some other dimension of matter than his own, to the 'tween world, that realm denied by most, admitted by some, and in which the peddler was beginning to believe. It was the were-woman, Patricia, and she had slipped off the launch at speed and was swimming in. Of this the peddler was assured, for no towing boat, however light, could have been cast off from the stern without the beat of the motor indicating the relief from even so slight a strain. Ordinary ears might not have detected this, but those of the peddler were trained to the sound of machinery.

His first consciousness of another living presence near was after the swell from the launch had splashed upon the beach and the water resumed its stagnant calm. Then he caught the sheen of a slight disturbance, a second swell scarcely perceptible and not made by the motor boat. A moment later from a distance of perhaps fifty yards, possibly more, in that telephonic atmosphere, he heard the click of a pebble against another. Followed the faintest rustle of leaves, and laying his ear to the ground it seemed to him that he could distinguish the soft padding of a tread light as that of a stalking leopardess.

Then silence, and the big barred owl boomed again.

Suddenly a dark shape was silhouetted against the lighter opacity of sky. The peddler saw it pause, then stoop as if to listen or peer beneath the low branches of the firs. It withdrew from his arc of vision. A dry twig snapped behind him; not loudly, but with the dull creak of rotten wood. Silence again—utter and absolute. He did not dare to risk a backward glance. He knew that he had to deal with senses as keenly alert as those of a feral beast; or, more than that, an evil sprite.

Though his hearing seemed keyed to the delicacy of a microphone it told him nothing, but he seemed to feel the stealthy approach from the rear, to be subconsciously aware of its circling the clump of laurel in which he was ambushed. Then, proving this to be a fact, the pine carpet gave out the faintest whispering and a dark body loomed so close that he could have reached out his hand and touched a nether limb. It stopped, stood for an instant as if waiting for a summons.

In this period of pause the peddler heard the distant whir of the motor boat apparently returning. It reached a point directly opposite, not far offshore, though it seemed to him more distant than in passing, and at this moment the figure moved swiftly forward with a step so gliding and silent that it seemed to drift. As the dull sheen of the water became its background the peddler could distinguish the flowing feminine curves, which seemed clothed from head to foot in a *maillot* of some dark material. He saw also the cord which dangled from one half-raised hand, and immediately he understood the murderous stratagem.

For this was one historic classic in the annals of French crime, and known to have been successfully practiced by women of no great strength on powerful men victims. It was such as gave a fatal supremacy to the assassin once the turn was made. Such is *la garrotte*, the strangler's trick, and its operation is to get behind the victim, pass the cord about the neck and with a twist of the hand tighten to the point of suffocation, then hold fast. It has been accomplished with a silk handkerchief or stocking or a woman's long glove. It is swift and sure, stifling outcry, leaving no mark; and the position of the aggressor, directly back of the victim, lends to security.

It had not been difficult for Stephan, left for a few moments alone while Chang went to the rear of the house to summon the Kirklands. He had slipped the silken cord which held back the portiere and jammed a bight of the portiere itself in a manner to secure it in place. It was with this cord that Patricia now purposed to garrote her scapegoat and afterward to suspend his lifeless body from a low bough. Everything seemed in her favor—the rustic bench and the character of the tree above it. William found, thus hanging, the bench capsized as though kicked over, must needs present every aspect of a suicide, while the autopsy showing asphyxiation could leave no room for doubt.

Something akin to admiration flashed through the mind of the peddler as it leaped to an appreciation of its subtlety. It was worthy of the girl Patricia. And then like a flash came the denouement, to turn grim tragedy into screaming farce.

He saw Patricia swing forward, deftly pass the cord, then give a twist of her hand as she set violently backward. But instead of encountering the expected tug and strain against which she had braced herself, the dummy head flew off, whereupon Patricia, her backward tension meeting with no resistance whatever, lost her balance and came down fairly atop of the peddler, from whom the weight of her solid body knocked a stupendous grunt.

The next instant he had gripped her, catch-as-catch-can, and for a moment it was as though two wild animals of the jungle were lashing furiously about, the one striving to hold, the other to escape. And escape she did, though leaving a good part of her *maillot* in the peddler's clutching fingers. She sprang to her feet, but the peddler grabbed one ankle, tripped and seized her again, and for the next few seconds it seemed to him that he was grappling with some automaton of animated flesh operated by an underlying mechanism of steel springs and wires. He was gouged and buffeted about the head, scratched and bitten as though wrestling with a tigress or female ape, received an all but knockout blow on the angle of the jaw, constantly compelled to shift his slipping grasp of her for a fresh and better hold. He felt her teeth fasten in his forearm, tried to get her by the throat, missed his clutch and made one for an elbow with the other hand, this time succeeding, but only to feel it twist clear and brought back violently against his chin.

It staggered him a little, and before he could clip her again she was clear of his arms, writhing through and under them out of his reach. As he scrambled up and made a dive at her knees, football fashion, determined now to throw and stun her, she whisked over the bank and landed on the shingle ten feet below with a scattering of stones. Though he came crashing down beside her in time to fling an arm about her waist she had wrenched clear before he could lock it with the other and, leaping down the beach, the black water took her flashing body.

The peddler plunged after her, squattering in, waist deep, then flung himself headlong to swim. The tide was within half an hour of the ebb, the water for some little distance not more than three feet deep, too shallow to swim, too deep to wade, and the peddler made the mistake of trying to combine both methods of locomotion, which does not lend itself to speed. Patricia dived, shot along the bottom like a frog for fifty feet and broke the surface well ahead of him just as he was getting into his stroke. The peddler had always felt himself to be more active, relatively, in the water than on the land, had grown up alongshore, was a height-and-depth diver and swimming racer of much local repute down Bay Ridge way, where aquatics are the principal summer sport. So now with no doubt of his ability to overhaul her he rolled on his side, made of himself a partial submarine and with the claw stroke, at which he was adept, proceeded to cut down the ten-yard lead gained by Patricia while he was floundering in the shallow water.

For the first fifty yards he gained, cut down the distance between them to less than half, expected any moment to see his quarry collapse under the terrific strain of such a breathless sprint, and drift into his arms an easy prey. He crept up a little closer, felt the pulse of water driven back by her powerful strokes, and as he shot ahead felt sure that he must find her ankle within his grasp.

But nothing of the sort occurred, and glancing back at the shore it flashed suddenly across the peddler's mind that he was getting dangerously far away from it. What was to prevent the launchman from starting his motor, dashing in and riddling him with bullets? To be sure, he had his own automatic and the chances were that being immersed would not destroy its efficacy, nevertheless the odds would be in favor of the person or persons in the launch. And all at once he doubted that he could catch Patricia in any case. Failing to do so in the first fifty-yard sprint he was bound to admit defeat, for heavy muscles overtaxed invariably tire quicker than lithe ones, because of the greater amount of contractile tissue to accumulate waste products. The peddler knew that he was tiring, could not hold the pace, in a word had lost the match from start to finish and might as well acknowledge it. This girl had broken each of his holds, maltreated him at a dozen bleeding points, squirmed out of his arms, beaten him to the water, then in it.

(Continued on Page 123)

THE LIGHTER SIX
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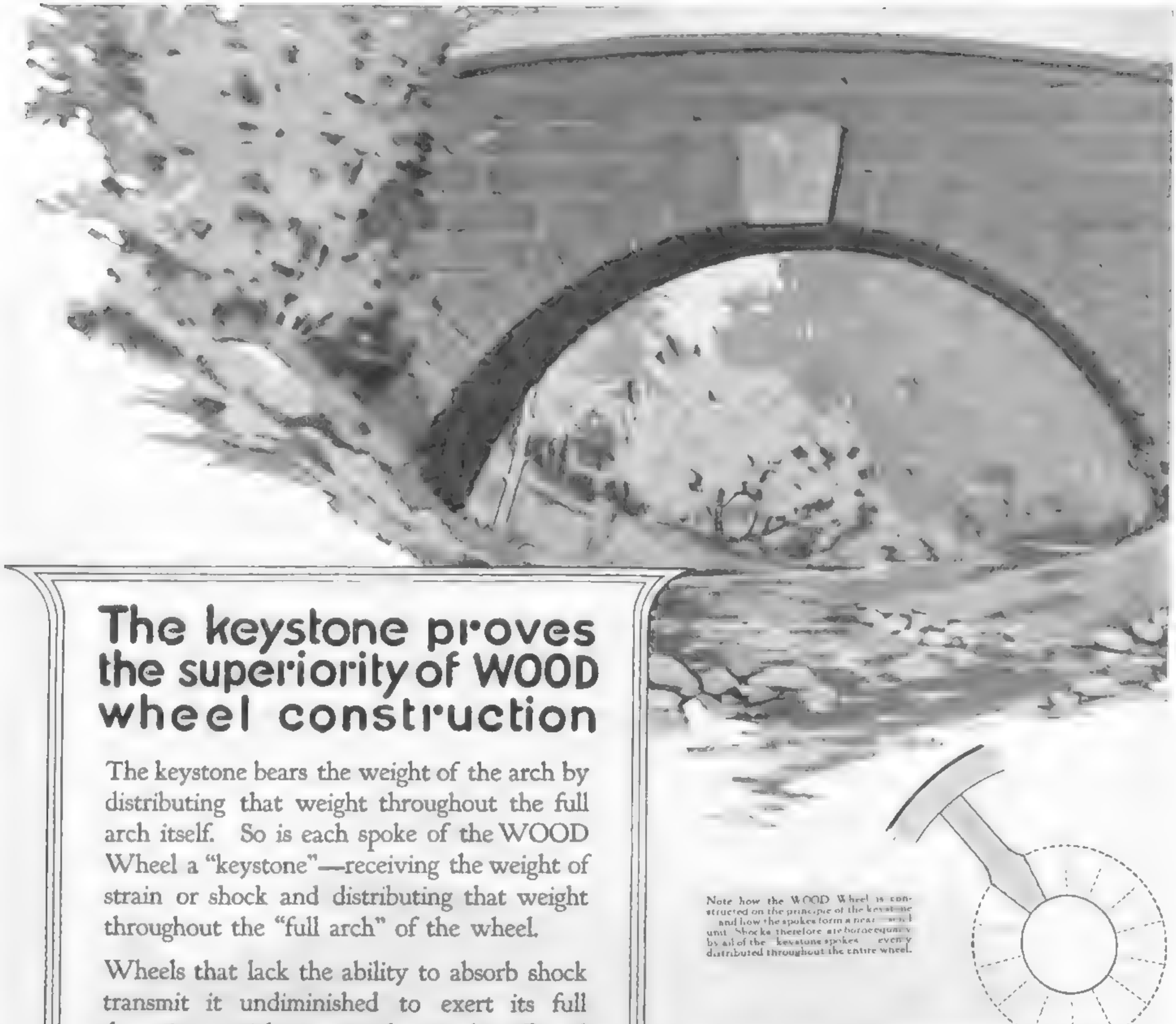

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WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

(Continued from Page 120)

And now like the siren which she was, her object was to lure him farther out, when a call to the launch would bring it up for his destruction. The peddler was philosophic, not profane, but as he realized all this, some classic invective not to be found in Aristotle, Epictetus or Plato gurgled from his submerged lips and eddied off in salty spume.

He fetched up short, spun about and started for the shore with a long but restful normal swimming stroke.

He had proceeded twenty yards perhaps when, happening to glance back, he received a shock. For here came Patricia after him, and she was coming fast, as could be seen from her phosphorescent bow wave, like that of the launch. She, too, was employing the overhand stroke, and the peddler caught the flash of her gleaming arm as it rose in perfect rhythm.

For a moment he could not understand, failed utterly to read her purpose. And then as he continued to watch her and saw that she was rapidly lessening his lead this suddenly dawned upon his startled consciousness.

The hunt had suddenly reversed itself. It was he who was now the quarry and she the huntress. Having outwrestled and outswum him, she was now in pursuit with the amiable object of outlasting him beneath the surface—in a word, to drown him. She could not have recognized him for the man of massive physique which she must have known the peddler to be. No doubt she thought him some clever sleuth who had picked up an accurate clew to the successful criminal efforts of the community, traced them to their source, and by a process of simple reasoning surmised that an effort might be made to make William the forever-silent scapegoat.

Thus having discovered that she was more than a match for this dangerous pursuer, both in the water and out, it had suggested itself to Patricia's vivid brain that this man must not escape, that possibly he had kept his information to himself, and that given permanently to the sea a very present peril might be removed. So here she came hand over hand to remove him, to offer him a sacrifice to Neptune, who appeared to have given her the freedom of his domain.

The quality of fear had never trespassed in the peddler's heart, except perhaps in dreams, but as he turned and watched Patricia's confident approach a shiver that was not caused by the chill waters of the bay struck through him. This was less physical than of something eerie in the situation. He felt as though about to engage in a life-and-death struggle with a mermaid or siren or nixie or some such malicious denizen of the deep to whom the brine was a native medium and one possessed of the cold-blooded, relentless, slippery strength of eels and fishes and mollusks, and the like. So even while common sense told him that he had absolutely nothing to fear, with his great strength and deep lung capacity, that it was ridiculous, pusillanimous for a man of his breadth and brawn to dread drowning at the hands of this elfin girl, yet it was with a foreboding almost superstitious that he turned and, treading water, waited her attack.

This came stealthily, as might have been expected. Within ten feet of him she dived, as dives an otter or a shark, slipping under with no disturbance, and a second later he felt himself gripped about the legs and drawn under. He was ready for this—desired it, in fact—his reason telling him that he would certainly be able to outlast her, as, aside from amphibious folks like native pearl divers, he had yet to find his match in underwater time tests.

So filling his lungs he let himself sink, and there, a fathom or two deep, the real struggle began. It seemed to the peddler that he had to do with several swimmers, Loreleis, or Rhine maidens, smooth-skinned aquatic creatures in their natural element. He clutched her by her bare shoulders and tried to drag her still deeper down, counting on the exhaustion of the pressure, but the long arms writhed up under his and about his neck like the tentacles of an octopus. Then as if by mutual consent they both rose for a gasping breath or two, clinched and sank, the peddler renewing his tactics of forcing her to the lower depths. But this plan, sound in theory—for with all her strength her lighter feminine structure could not have withstood the pressure like his massive masculine frame—was impossible of practice, because to gain depth with the lungs inflated it is necessary to swim down, and her clinging, encircling limbs made this impossible, so that their struggles were confined to the higher level, just under the surface and upon it, catching a lungful of air as opportunity offered.

The outcome was of course inevitable, for no girl, however strong and active and good a swimmer, could cope long with a man of the peddler's might and aquatic abilities. Realizing this and the ridiculous amount of time it was taking to subdue Patricia, a sudden gust of anger possessed him. Several times of course he could have quickly finished the bizarre struggle by a heavy blow, but his manhood forbade. He was determined to take her unhurt, and presently whirling her about he gripped her wrist in one hand, and with the other drew the handcuffs from the pocket of his blouse. She shot downward like a squid, but he sank after her, snapped on one of the manacles and squeezed it tight; then a fathom deep and directly behind her he caught her free hand, hauled it back and upward and attached the other wristlet of steel. Then her struggles ceased and a stroke or two brought them to the surface.

"I've got you now, you witch!" gurgled the peddler.

She did not answer. The lithe, half-naked body went suddenly limp like that of a drowned person. He thought she had lost consciousness, and taking her under the arm he turned her on her back and started to tow her slowly ashore, finding it necessary to support her head above the surface. For about a hundred yards they proceeded in this way, the peddler blowing like a grampus to recover his wind, Patricia supine, inert, trailing after him like a band of algæ.

Within fifty yards of the shore the arm supporting her grew cramped, and he released his hold for an instant to stretch it. There was a sudden swirl in the water, the violent thrust of a foot against his thigh, and he whirled about, to see her in full flight foaming seaward, hand over hand, free, unhampered, reanimated, fresh apparently as ever after her brief period of relaxation.

He Proceeded to Examine Through His Glasses a Vessel Lying at Anchor Opposite the De Vallignacs' House

The peddler stared after her in stupefaction. Too late he realized that she had baffled him again, played possum while she slipped her manacles, resting and waiting for her opportunity.

And as he watched her streaking out with a trail of phosphorescence in her wake he heard a mocking laugh, and a clear voice cry *"A moi, Jean!"*

The thrum of the motor answered her. The peddler turned and swam slowly for the shore.

XV

OF ALL the virtues the most difficult perhaps is that of obedience to recognized authority. Diana had intended to obey implicitly the peddler's instructions. At least she told herself she had, but there may have been perhaps a subconscious reservation.

Raising herself at length from the bosom of Mother Earth, to whom she had been confiding silently a most momentous secret, she returned to the house, where she found her father and brothers assembled in the library moodily discussing the peddler's presence somewhere in the immediate vicinity and speculating on what it might portend. For there was this about the peddler's movements: on a still day such as this everybody within a radius of a mile knew when he was in motion, when he stopped, and when he started again.

So when Diana entered they looked up at her with a sort of aggressive expectancy. The suspense of the last fortnight had weighed heavily upon this brood of ungovernables. They had taken the peddler's word for what they judged to be its worth, which was considerable. There was that about him which impressed even such recalcitrant natures as theirs and, following his directions, they had tried to lead their customary lives, though with indifferent success.

Naturally they had discussed and disputed over the true identity of the peddler and his part in the bewildering coil until there was nothing more to say, no theory to advance which had not been fought over to a finish. Yet none had hit upon the true solution, because there seemed no point of departure from which a precise landfall could be made. As the peddler had told Diana, the mind could not compass the idea of a secret policeman going about his covert affairs in a roaring, ramping motor bus, which aside from its own racket made its proprietor the most conspicuous and widely advertised individual in the region. A year of such publicity and Clamp might have run successfully for Congress.

It had finally simmered down to an agreement—which occurred only when there was nothing left to argue about—that the peddler was a quaint and curious eccentric of mingled sense and nonsense, who in his intercourse throughout the community had stubbed his toe upon something to convince him that an organized gang of thieves had been at work and it was possible that he had furnished the police with certain data to prevent the arrest of William on suspicion. He might also have caused the marquise to be advised to remain silent pending official investigation.

Nevertheless, the suspense was wearing out their nerves, normally of high tension. They could not help but feel the misgivings of their friends and neighbors and their patience was rapidly becoming exhausted. Any sort of climax or dénouement seemed preferable to this watchless waiting; wherefore at sight of Diana's flushed cheeks and burning eyes they had some difficulty in restraining what they felt to be an unmanly eagerness for news.

The squire was the first to speak.

"Well, daughter," he growled, "has that confounded peddler anything to report?"

Diana had a short, sharp struggle to obey instructions.

"Nothing positive," she answered, "but there's something in the wind. He wants you all to stay in the house after dark to-night and he told me to see that the dogs were shut up in the kennels."

"He be hanged!" growled William. "I'm getting fed up on all this mysteriousness."

"If you don't do as he says you may spoil everything."

"But why should everything happen here on our place?" demanded James. "They've cleaned out the safe. What the deuce more do they want?"

"Unless you promise me not to leave the house after dark I shall not tell you," said Diana. "And if you won't promise and do leave it after dark you may ruin the chance of catching the real thieves."

But with infuriating obstinacy the brothers refused absolutely to promise. It was a tradition in the family that a promise made must for good or ill be blindly kept, and for this reason they made it a point

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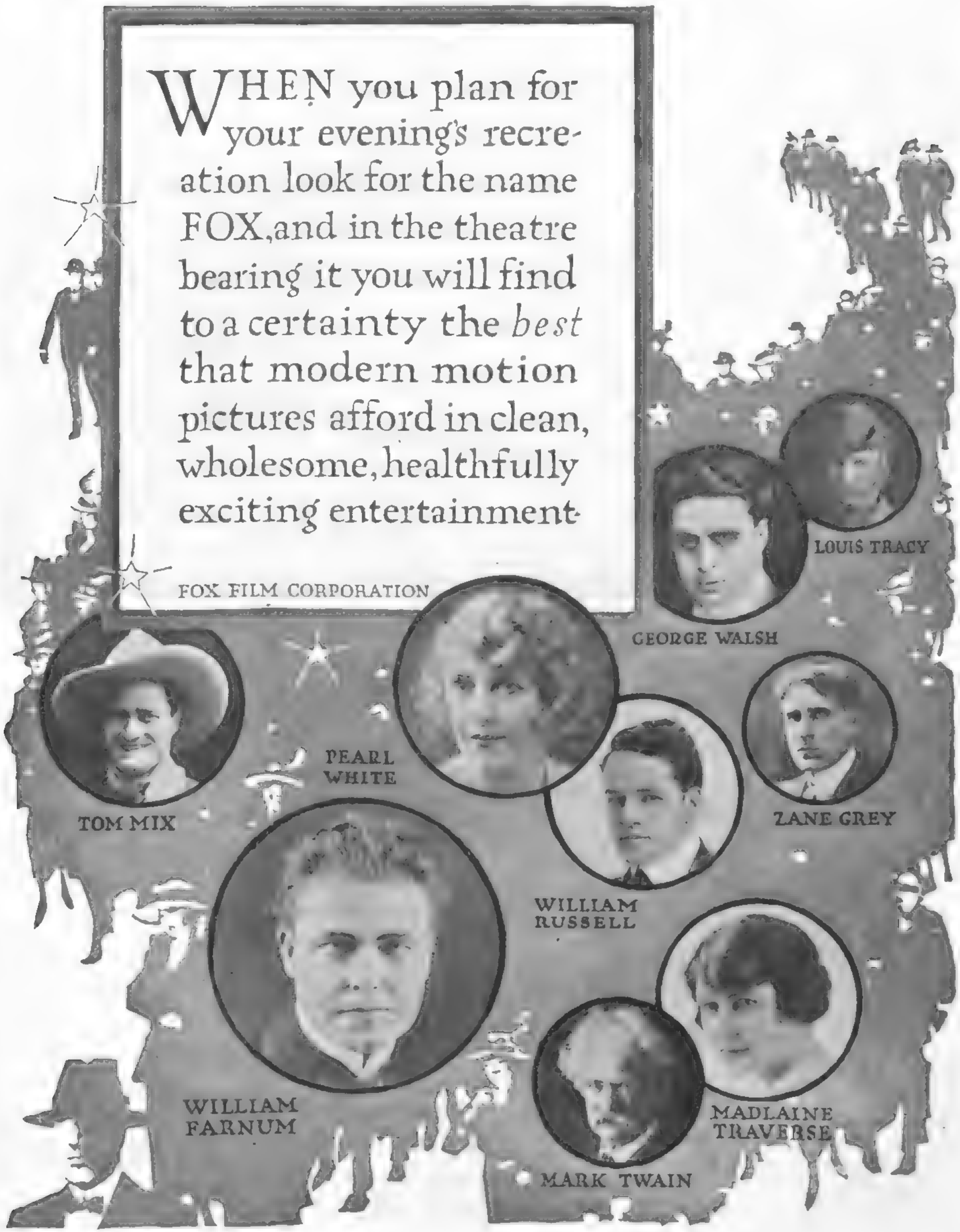

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never at any time to promise anybody anything. They may be said to have pledged themselves never to make a pledge. This it was, if the truth were known, that had prevented Gwendolyn Metcalf from engaging herself to marry William, because he would not promise to correct his habits. Similarly it had on two occasions interfered with certain matrimonial ambitions on the part of James, for which he was subsequently very glad. But his promise to his sister he felt to be quite warranted as a sort of votive covenant for her sake, not his own, while William's had been made similarly, for the sake of the family honor.

Knowing the temperament of her brothers and that if she were to tell them that the peddler expected an attempt to be made on William's life that night and—as Diana thought—purposed to impersonate him for the sake of catching the potential assassin in the act, no power under heaven could keep her brothers from ambushing themselves to see the sport, Diana was in a quandary, for to tell them nothing would be to risk their doing a little stalking of their own, which would be even worse. William had struck a sympathetic note in growling at the peddler's officiousness, and the twins were quick to take it up.

"If there's anything going to be pulled off here to-night," said Donald, "I want to be in on it."

"Me too," said David.

"I don't see how it could do any harm to post a few efficient sentries," snapped James. "We're all soldiers and sailors here."

Donald fired a shot in the dark.

"Do they want to try to make a getaway in the flying-boat now that they've seen us in the air?"

Diana's quick wit seized avidly on this suggestion.

"Sh!" she whispered. "You've said it, Don. They've pumped the peddler about it, not knowing that he was on; and he's told them that he'd got it tuned up at last and that it was good for five hundred miles if properly handled. One of them is an ex-army aviator. Clamp will have his trap well set. All the help he needs from you is that you stay right here in this room."

"Nix on that!" said Donald.

"Then it's all off," said Diana angrily. "Don't you see, silly, that they will have somebody looking in a side window to keep tabs on you; to see that you are all present and accounted for? If one of you is absent they might be afraid to tackle it."

Mr. Kirkland nodded.

"That's reasonable," said he. "You'll have to leave it to the peddler, boys."

"You see, my dears," said Diana, closely following up the advantage thus gained, "Clamp got next to this thing in his gossiping round, and has wised up the police. They've got a cordon round this pair of crooks by land and water, and the hydroplane looks to them like the fire escape to a top-story worker. It's their last chance to beat it. But even at that, Clamp says they wouldn't take the chance of running into any of this crazy bunch, so you've all got to sit here until relieved."

There seeming to be no reasonable cause for refusal the brothers grumblingly agreed, infinitely relieved to know that at last some action might be expected. Diana, overjoyed at the use to which she had turned Donald's surmise, proceeded to carry out the first part of the peddler's instructions. Collecting the dogs and shutting them up in the kennels, she silenced their protests with a heavy supper. Then slipping up to William's room she made a bundle of the clothes, wondering what the peddler wanted of the jersey on so hot a night.

But even while so doing it was in the back of her brain that she herself was entitled to a certain concession. Having coerced her menfolk, she no longer had the slightest intention of missing the show herself. Wherefore this disobedient maiden added to her duplicity by telling the family that she had been invited to dine and spend the night at the Metcalfs', and departed while it was still light, saying that she would walk over through the lane.

Out of sight of the premises she doubled on her tracks, made her way to the hangar, where she left her bundle, and then with no great difficulty for so active a girl swarmed up on the flat tin roof and, spreading out a golf cape, stretched herself upon it and waited patiently for whatever might befall. She reasoned most femininely, with the logic of the peddler's favorite philosopher, that if none of the actors in the prospective drama knew of her presence there, then so far as they were concerned she was not there at all.

Thus it was that throughout the peddler's cunning preparations of his decoy two bright big eyes were watching him from the flat tin roof of the hangar. These same bright eyes saw what he was unable to perceive immediately after the passage of the launch, and this was a luminous streak such as might have been left by the passage of a torpedo, for on such a dark and heavy night and after a spell of uncommonly hot weather the phosphorescence becomes most brilliant. Diana prone on the roof could hear the tin creaking and buckling under her bosom, from either the drumming of her heart or her involuntary quickened breathing. In that tense silence she was afraid it would be heard, that the roof, acting as a sounding board, a drumhead in fact, her excitement might make a racket to scare away the game, and she wondered what in such case the peddler would do and say to her.

Her fears for his safety had immediately vanished on discovering that his plan was to use William's clothes for a decoy instead of putting them on and offering himself as such. Diana did not believe that there was a man living whom the peddler need fear in a hand-to-hand scrimmage, especially when the advantage of surprise was all with him. But if Patricia should indeed prove to be the aggressor it seemed to Diana that the stratagem would be purely farcical, as the idea of a young girl, no matter how phenomenal her strength, hoping to overcome or escape the peddler once within his grasp was ridiculous.

Diana did not see Patricia at all until she appeared moving stealthily up to the bench, when the dark figure stood out for an instant against the sheen of water in a slight indentation of the shore beyond. The bench was just the other side of the path from the hangar and Diana could have touched the marauder with the end of a long bamboo fishing pole. She had therefore no difficulty in recognizing the rounded contour of a woman's figure, and missed no detail in the technic of the murderous attempt, which left her undecided whether to shriek with horror or with laughter.

When the dummy head flew off and Patricia lurched backward on top of the peddler Diana's impulse was to spring down and assist at the capture. She was prevented from doing so by the realization of her disobedience and fear of what the peddler might say to her, and so remained a silent listener if not spectator of the furious little struggle which immediately followed. Then to her amazement and dismay she caught the white flash of the upper part of Patricia's body as she leaped over the edge of the bank and dashed down the pebbly beach into the water.

The burning phosphorescence showed Diana to some extent what immediately followed, but it was not until she heard the clear cry "*A moi, Jean,*" and saw the pale blaze about the peddler, that she was able to appreciate his failure and that Patricia had actually escaped.

It was incredible, outrageous. She had been twice within his grasp—here on the shore and once again out there in the water, to judge by the commotion, and yet she had escaped and was skimming away in the speed launch. It seemed to Diana as though some natural law like gravitation or steam pressure or cohesion or tidal movement had been upset. Her confidence in the peddler, his strength and resource and sureness of achieving what he undertook had become blind and unreasoning, like that of a very little boy in the prowess of his father and the absolute security to be found within his arms. Diana was so bewildered at the knowledge that Patricia had escaped him that she forgot all about her disobedience, slid over the edge of the roof and dropped to the ground, so that as the peddler hurried pantingly up the stone steps from the beach he saw a dark figure standing on the path.

"She got away?" Diana cried incredulously.

"She did, confound her!" He stood for a moment breathing heavily. "You disobeyed me, Diana."

Diana's heart rocketed off at this free use of her name with no formal prefix.

"What happened?" she interrupted, eagerly.

She hoped he might think she had just that moment come down or possibly in the heavy stillness have heard the sounds of the struggle from afar, the rear gate of the grounds, and guessing the encounter to be over slipped down to learn the result.

And apparently this was what the peddler did think, for he answered bitterly: "What happened? She put it all over me. She made a monkey of me. She went through me like lemon juice through a squeezer.

"I had hold of her three times, the last in the water, where she first outpaced me and then had the nerve to swim back and try to drown me. I got the bracelets on her, hands ironed behind her back, and was towing her in, and by jiminy, she slipped them and beat it! Look at my face. She bit and carved her autograph on me and cleared."

"Oh," cried Diana, "if I had only known!"

"If I'd only known what I was up against I'd have brought a torpedo net. Well, there's not a second to lose."

He drew his torch from his pocket, tried it, found it in working order and, turning on his heel, started on a run for the lane.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

STUM PUCKETT, CINDER MONKEY

(Continued from Page 15)

He reached up and jerked a rope that caused a shrill whistle to blow. Two stalwart foreign workmen came running in; Froggy and another greasy and grimy young man, in whom I recognized Stick, joined them, and the four climbed upon the tilting table.

They carried heavy iron bars with wrench-like sockets on the ends, which they fitted over the sizzling piece of steel. They began to heave and lift. The manipulator of the tilting table dropped the table to catch the bloom when it should start to turn, and so help carry it over. The clothes of the four men began to smoke; their faces were contorted in horrible grimaces as the blistering heat struck them full; they threw their bodies as far away from the hot steel as they could, thereby losing a portion of their lifting power. The bloom did not move.

They dropped their bars and ran to the farther side of the table, pulling the cloth of their trousers free from their legs, plucking their shirt sleeves away from the skin of their arms, kicking their feet against the iron floor, throwing their heads about to shake off the streams of perspiration that trickled down their faces.

The old roller swung his fat feet and shook with laughter. "Hot, is it?" he yelled. "Turn it over, dog-gone you! I go and work up a dinkus to save you Indians from being broiled alive and you let it get out of kilter, while you loaf round and chat! Turn it over, turn it over, boys! Don't be all day about it! Here comes another bar! Get a hump on you!"

Again the four men began to heave and tug and grunt over the candent bloom. Three times they tried, and three times they failed to move it. Then by the proper manipulation of the tilting table just at the right moment it went over with a mighty crash, and raced away to the rolls. The men threw down their bars, hurling them from them as though they wished to break them, and came rushing down the iron steps. The two foreigners hurried to a tap of running water and began gulping it down in great drafts and throwing it over their faces and arms. Froggy and Stick stumbled over to the bench and sat down, gasping for breath, streaming with perspiration, trembling from their efforts.

The old roller looked at them and chuckled. "Any more bug tales to tell, Froggy?" he asked.

Froggy made no reply.

"Tell us how Stum Puckett courted Mary Raskowitzsky, Froggy. Come on, Froggy, there's lots of time now. The iron man's at work again—Temple just gave me the high ball that it's all right. How about it, Froggy, eh?"

The young man turned his back to us, while he mopped his face with his cap.

The old roller chuckled again. "Don't forget that I want that post set to-day, so I can have my new davenport put up."

Froggy rose and walked off toward the water tap. "Dern your davenport!" he snarled over his shoulder.

The old man batted a fat eye at me. "Got his nankin," he laughed. "Oh, it's tough work up there, awful tough," he went on. "I know because I muled up there myself for ten years, helping turn them blooms by hand. I said then, many a time, that if I ever got the chance I'd work out some kind of a jigger and install it there that would do away with all that muling and broiling. When I got to be roller I set my head to work on the contraption. It took time, but finally I devolved the iron man, as the boys christianed it, and got it to going. The iron man does the work all right, but it needs attention, the same as a man of clay needs attention—a little oil now and then, a new spring or a few bolts tightened up. I knew a while ago that it was going to miss pretty soon, and I tried to give Froggy a chance, but you heard him. Good lesson for him. For Stick too. They ought to watch things.

"Well, my invention saved so much in labor and made so much in increased production that the company fixed it pretty soft for me. Too soft; altogether too soft. It demortalized my physic. Fifteen years ago I had as fine a physic as John L. Sullivan ever had. Look at me now—a mushy wreck. Lolling round here, telling others what to do, and drawing down my hundred and seventy-five a week—that's what caused me to determinate. I'm having Froggy and Stick put me up a new bench—wider than this one—and I'm going to bring out some old automobile cushions and fix it up right. That's what they're digging that hole for. One post will be there, this column will be the other end, and the bench will run this way, see? Them two lads are my helpers. Good boys, both of 'em. They don't have much to do when the iron man's working, except look after me. Ho-ho-hum! Guess I'll take a nap. I've felt kind of dozy all day." He pulled his great bulk up and stretched out along the bench, his shoulders resting against the steel column.

"That story Froggy was telling about Stum Puckett wasn't bad," I remarked.

"Stum was quite a character. Mighty nice young man, too."

"Is he working now?"

"Oh, no. Stum went back to his uncle's farm in Medina County. Stum was a born farmer anyway. But he'd made good here if he'd stayed."

"Perhaps you could tell me something about him, and his courting the girl—what was her name?"

"Mary Raskowitzsky? Why, yes, I could. Maybe better than anyone else, too, for I was always pretty close to Stum while he was in our busy midst."

He took another chew of tobacco from his haversack.

"Men were scarce the summer Stum joined our forces. I kept a man at the gate all the time, grabbing anybody that came that way looking for work. Sometimes I'd go down myself and snoop round, hoping to scare up an idler or two. One day at the south entrance I found a strong-looking, hefty young fellow, but awful paunchy. I supposed that he was a mill man, and of course, as most mill workers are, a lover of the lager, and that his extra girth was due to an overinsistence therein.

"'Want a job?' I asked him.

"'I wouldn't mind,' he replied.

"'Ever do any rolling?'

"'Sure; and harrowing too,' he said.

"'Oh, you're a farmer, eh?'

"'I was until yesterday.'

"'You've been running on pretty good pasture, haven't you?' I asked, sizing up his torso.

"'Uncle Yancy Klunk always sets a good table,' he said.

"'Yancy Klunk! Nice nifty name!' I said. 'What might your name be?'

"'Harley Puckett.'

"'Harley, you're hired. Come on in.'

"I brought him down to the bloomer and put him to work cleaning out the roll scale from under the rolls. Rotten job for a new

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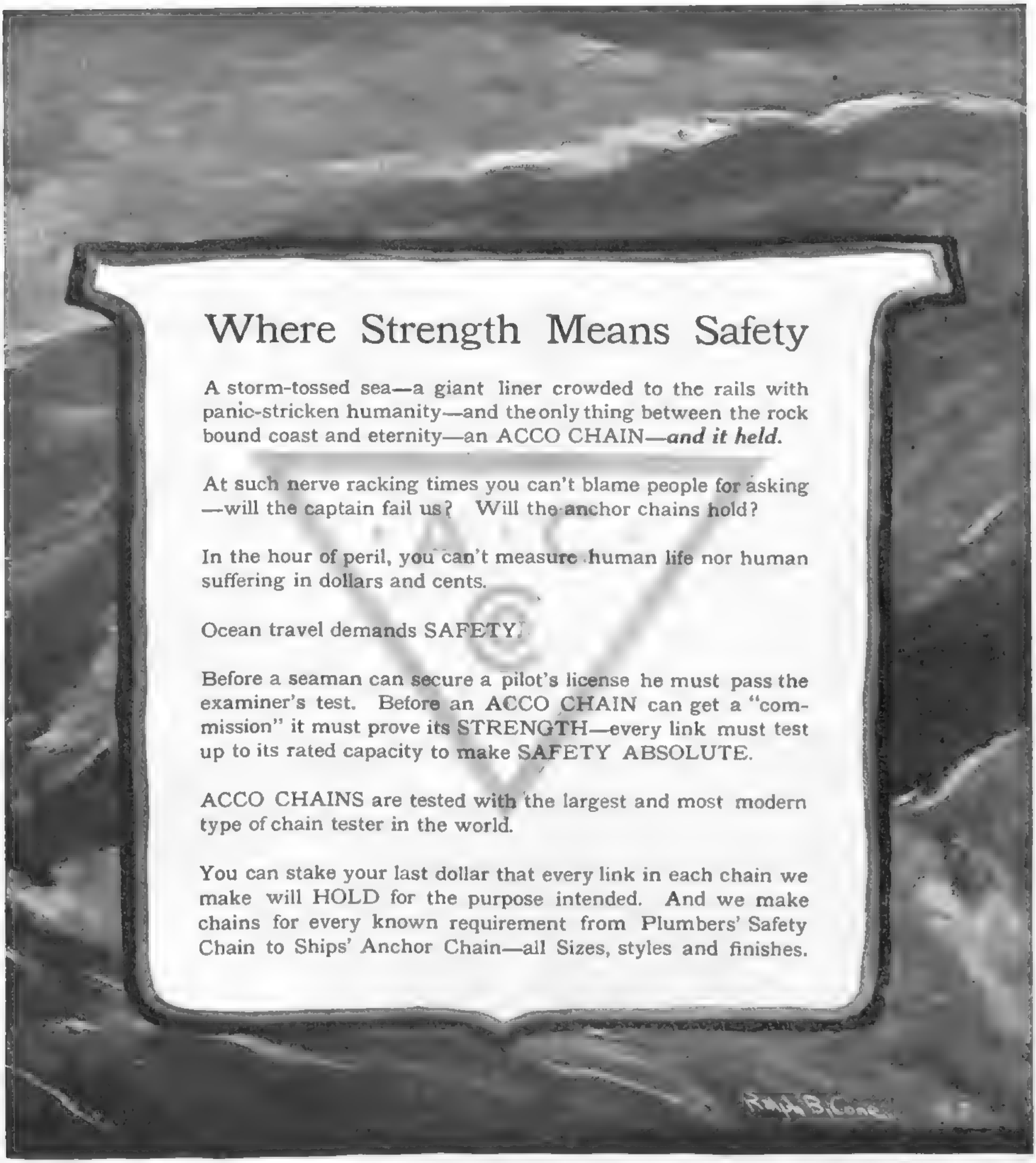
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hand. Most of 'em quit in fifteen minutes. But he lammed right in, and he had the bohunks cussing him out before night because he was doing so much more than they were accustomed to doing.

"'You'll be wearing bells round these diggings if that's your constitutional clip,' I said to myself as I watched him work. It made me feel weary and lethal to look at him.

"But I forgot. As I brought him down through the yard I saw many a grin directed at him. For the lad was superficial in stomickal diameter, no two ways about that. We hadn't more than stepped into the mill when a pitcover boy yelled out, 'Ah, there, Stummick!'

"'Is he saying that at me?' asked my new hand, in a belligerent tone of voice.

"'I rather think he is, but don't you let your angry passions rise,' I said.

"'They can't call me that here, even if I am fat,' he said, savage as anything.

"But they did—everybody did. And I thought it a very proportionate name. Before the week was out they had aggrievated it to Stum, and Stum it stayed. No man with a name like Puckett should have a name like Harley—think? Parents ought to consider such incongrosities. Harley Puckett sounds as incongerous to me as Coon La Farge would.

"Stum was a rich find. He was a ding-hummer of a toiler, and he was a mighty good fellow. He got to be popular here in no time, and he never showed any aversion toward anybody for calling him Stum. He learned to taper off on his work pretty quick, too, and quit trying to hog it all, so that even the bohunks came to like him. I don't mean that he shirked—Stum always did a fair day's work, and that's all I ask of any man.

"He was green as June plums when he landed with us, actually relodent, as the old song says, of new-mowed hay. The boys had a bunch of fun out of him. He took it all in good humor and laughed with the rest, until Sam Davis hurt him. Then he sloughed off his greenness, like a snake does his skin, and ripened suddenly.

"Sam was one of my straw bosses, a disagreeable kind of fellow in many ways. He was a practical joker. Damn all practical jokers, say I! Practical joking and brains never mixed—think? Sam was as cocksure, too, about everything he undertook to do or to explain as a German general going into Belgium. He was a squash.

"One day Sam laid an iron bar on a soaking pit cover and let it get good and hot. Then he pulled it to one side with a hook, and sent Stum to get it. Stum picked it up and dropped it quicker—he got one of those little skin burns that makes a man swearing mad.

"He glanced round and saw Sam Davis looking at him. If Sam had kept a straight face Stum wouldn't have suspected that he was responsive for the hot bar, but Sam had to laugh. He had to laugh to enjoy the joke, you know.

"Stum walked over to him. 'Did you know that bar was hot?' he asked.

"Sam stuck out his progthanious jaw. 'Suppose I did! What then?' he said.

"'Then you did know it was hot?'

"'I'm not saying I did and I'm not saying I didn't.'

"'All right,' said Stum; and he went to work on Sam.

"The outcome of the mix was a surprise to all of us, for we thought Sam was quite handy with his dukes. While we were wrapping him up in court-plaster in my little office yonder, and waiting for Cackling, the accident clerk, to come and make out his six-page accident report I asked Sam, 'What are you going to do about it, Sam?'

"'Do?' yelled Sam. 'Why, I'm going to establish one of the warmest little friendships with Stum Puckett that ever you heard of! The friendship of Damon and Jonathan won't be in it with ours!'

"And he did. Stum couldn't cough after that but Sam would jump and look round to see if there wasn't something he could do for his friend. It was touching.

"I kept Stum working on the roll scale for a month, then gave him a try-out at oiling, but he didn't take to that kindly, so I shifted him over to the pits, to help old Steve Jamblowsky, the cinder monkey, take out cinder from below the pits. No two or three ways about it, mister, tapping cinder from the soaking pits is the toughest job on the dump. If I was to tell you how hot it is down there below the pits you'd call me an extorter of the truth. Maybe you don't know that the men who work there have to wear overcoats and woolen caps to keep cool. Well, they do.

"I didn't expect Stum to stick, but he did, and he made friends with old Steve, too, who was a sour, bitter crab of the first water. He was getting along fine with his work and with the old grouch when the hee-cup attack that Froggy has told you about knocked him out. It laid him up quite a while, and he was a different-looking Stum when he finally came back. If he'd been as thin when he first came to the mill as he was after he'd had the hee-cups he would probably have been nicked Slim instead of Stum. I let him roustabout the mill for a couple of weeks, till he could remunerate his strength a little, but he never regained his former ponderosity. Losing that extra flesh, though, certainly improved his appearance—he was now a fine-looking specimen of the homo what-d'ye-call-it.

"He had been pretty well shaken by his glimpse of Mary Raskowitzsky. His brief chat with her, and her hee-cup cure, which had, as he believed, saved his life, had stirred him to the depths. I had noticed him drifting out to the fence near the railroad track every day about noon, and I wasn't a bit unwise to his motives either. I took a saunter out that way myself one day, and came up behind him when he had his head stuck through a hole in the fence, looking up and down the tracks.

"'Taking a breath of fresh air, Stum?' I asked casualty.

"'Why—yes. It's pretty hot in the mill to-day.'

"'It's been pretty hot in there about this time of day every day since you got back, hasn't it, Stum?' I asked.

"He grew red in the face and said nothing.

"'You won't see her here, Stum,' I said.

"'See who?' he demanded.

"'It's a fair question. Mary Raskowitzsky, queen of the rosebush garden of girls.'

"'Who's she?'

"'Another fair question. The young lady who joshed you into swallowing a doodle-bug,' I replied, giving him a knowing grin.

"'It cured me,' he muttered.

"'Yes it did! Mary Raskowitzsky's black eyes, her red lips and her blooming cheeks was what cured you, Stum. Up to the minute you saw them twin orbits of hers looking at you you were willing to die; and you would have died; but after you had seen your physiology deflected in them you wouldn't have died for a million dollars, eh, Stum?'

"'She was a fine-looking girl, dad.'

"'You said it. But you won't see her here any more. Stum—she's taken a job in a department store, so Poky told me this morning.'

"'Pshaw! I wanted to thank her.'

"'Oh, send your thanks by Poky. Or you might say it with flowers, Stum, as the florists' association puts it.'

"He went back into the mill, and I said to myself, 'Better for you, my laddybuck, if you never see her again. I'm going to make a cinder monkey out of you some of these days, but Mary Raskowitzsky will make a sure-enough monkey out of you if she ever falls foul of you.' You see, Mary had been bringing Poky's dinner to him for five or six years, and I knew her.

"She didn't stay long at the store. She had a stinger in her tongue that was always getting her in trouble, and she hadn't been there a month before she razzle-dazzled a floorwalker and got discharged. Then she began carrying Poky's dinner again.

"Mary thought a lot of her old father, and she was mighty good to him, while Poky fairly worshiped her. The old fellow had had a houseful of children, but they had grown up and left him, all except Mary. His wife had died years before. Mary was his housekeeper and his shining star.

"'Ah-h-h, my girl, she fine 'Merican girl!' he had said to me a hundred times. 'Not like ol'-country girl, my girl. Some day she get fine 'Merican man with lots of mooney. You bet.'

"Stum had gone back to work at the pits before she began coming with Poky's dinner again, and it was several days before he learned she was at the dinner-pail hole every day. Then I noticed him hanging about the fence at the noon hour.

"Now if there is one man in the mill I never say a word to about his work it is the cinder man. They're hard to get and they're hard to hold. I'll put a dozen men on that job before I find one that will stick. So long as they keep the cinder tapped and out of the way they may do as they wish—they can loaf one hour or five hours, and I say nothing. If they want to bring out a volume of Tennyson's rimes and read it under the bough it's nothing in my young life, if the cinder's tapped.

"So when I saw Stum loafing round a dinner-bucket hole in the yard fence each day about the hour the wives, daughters and sweethearts of our alien-enemy employees were due to arrive with chow I had nothing to say to him against the little habit he had fallen into. I knew his work was up, else crabby old Steve Jamblowsky would be on top of me, raising a ruckus and demanding a new helper. It was merely coexistent that I happened to be standing on the off side of a box car that had been left on a switch close to the fence, when Mary came with her father's pail of lunch one day. Pretty warm in the mill that day, and I had stepped out for an exhalation or two of unconjaminated ozone.

"They seemed to be pretty well acquainted, Stum and Mary, and after Poky had gone with his pail, converse hurried right along, though Mary furnished six-fifths of the gab. Stum stood stock-still and stared at her like a war prisoner in Germany looking at a chunk of chocolate. In two minutes she was rubbing his fur the wrong way with both hands, and he was purring like a tiger with a killed kid under its paws. It made me convalescent to listen to her.

"Well, it wasn't long after that before I began to see Stum standing on Steelburg's streets in the evenings, all dressed up in the latest tonsorial styles, and then one evening I saw him escorting Miss Mary into the Broadway movie house, where I had gone to see a historical film—Pocahontas and Aaron Burr, I think it was. I'm fond of historical stuff, but I didn't see much of that film—I was too busy chaperolling Stum and Mary with my eyes.

"I wasn't a bit happy over the lad's exit into society. Mary Raskowitzsky was all right, you know, but she was too, too speedy for Stum Puckett, I knew that. She would wrap him about her little finger in no time and wear him as a signal ring, I knew that. She would have him up by the pedal extensions shaking every dime out of his pockets, every ounce of gray matter out of his cranius cavity, I knew that. And besides worrying over Stum's own welfare simply because I liked him, I was afraid he might jack his job. You can't tap cinder all day in an atmosphere so hot you have to wear overcoats and felt boots to keep cool, and then skylark half the night, and do good cinder tapping.

"And skylarking was what Stum was doing—oh, my, yes! I went out to Luna Park one night to take a country cousin to see the sights, and I saw Stum and Mary there. I went out to Euclid Beach the next night to take my nephew for a little jolt of pleasure, and I saw Stum and Mary there. The next night I went down to the Public Square, to buy me a collar button, I think it was, and I saw them there. And wherever I saw them Stum was buying—buying brickbracks and knickknacks, popcorn, chewing gum, candy, soft drinks, tomfoolery of all sorts. Mary had both jaws full, both hands full, and a poke full of summer junk he'd purchased for her. And Froggy, who went out more than I did, told me they were on the run every evening.

"I went to old Steve Jamblowsky. 'How is Stum working these days?' I asked him.

"'Stum? Fine, boss! Fine boy, dot Stum! So good a worker as dot Stum I never before have saw. You bet!'

"'You've got no kick to make on him, then, Steve?'

"'Kick? Me kick on Stum? Never! Say, boss, I guess I quit nex' week.'

"'What's that?'

"'Yes. I go to ol' country now. Maybe I no come back—I don't know.'

"The old fellow left, and I made Stum a cinder monkey. If old Steve didn't find any fault in him, with all his skylarking, I was pretty sure he'd handle the job to everybody's satisfaction.

"At once came Mike Strzelecki and jumped me because I hadn't given the job to him, claiming it was his by right. And I suppose it was, in a way, as he had been here quite a spell, but I didn't care for Mike Strzelecki; I wouldn't have made him a cinder monkey if he had been with us a thousand years. He was no good in a hundred evil ways—booze booster, fighter, trouble maker, kicker, slacker. I should have fired him long before, but he was helping Durk Dublin tap cinder, and Durk was fond of him, and, as I've said, cinder men were hard to find. Mike had whisky under his belt and fire in his eyes when he came to interview me.

"'You make dot Stum feller cinder monkey, who been here one leetle time, and me—I been here four, five, six year and you no make me more mooney job. I will know why!'

"'Sure, Mike, you'll know why, for I'm going to tell you. I wouldn't trust you to tap my office spittoon, let alone one of them soaking pits with a thousand dollars' worth of steel in it! You're a snake's egg, Mike, and far from being strictly fresh. You're a boozer, you're a loafer, you're a chromo bellyacher, you're a lay-downer, you're a boneheaded Bolsheviking! Get back to work in nine seconds and stay there—or go get your time! Go! Vanish from my vision!'

"'I bust dot Stum—you watch!'

"'Yea, Mike, you'll bust Stum like Sam Davis busted him! Better ask Sam how it is done.'

"I told Stum. 'Keep an eye or two on that Indian, Stum,' I said.

"He grinned. 'How do you think I'd better land on him, dad—soft, medium, hard?"

"'Make it hard, Stum; extra hard.'

"The next day I saw four men toting a litter through the mill building towards the emergency hospital. I hailed them.

"'What's the news?' I asked.

"'Mike Strzelecki,' one of the men answered.

"'What happened to Mike?'

"'Stum Puckett handed him two or three looloos,' chuckled the man.

"Mike certainly looked non compos mentis. I went to Stum.

"'You got in your extra-hard work, I see,' I remarked offhandlike.

"'Why, no, dad; I used medium. Mike was pretty well tanked, and I thought it wouldn't be quite fair to him to come the extra hard on him.'

"'Judging from Mike's appearance you did well in employing medium. You'd be on your way to the station to plead guilty to the charge of humancide if you'd tried extra hard. Better keep all the eyes you have on that savage hereafter.'

"'Leave it to me, dad—I'll see him coming.' And Stum smiled his winksome smile.

"Without exception Stum made the most deficient cinder monkey we ever had. The heaters on his turn went crazy over him. They had never known what clean pits were before he took the job. To show their appreciation they brought out cigars to him, but Stum didn't smoke; they tried to buy him drinks, but Stum didn't drink. they offered to take him out to the shows, but Stum was dated up for every show in town, and all that were coming. He was taking Mary Raskowitzsky out six nights a week when he was working days, and six afternoons a week when he was working nights. On Sunday he was an all-day sucker. How he could work as steady and as hard as he did and go gamboling and merry-making as steady and hard as he did was an enigma to me. But keep it up he did, right through the summer, and all that while he was fresh as a cowcumber plucked at dewy morn.

"It was in early fall that the cohorses of Uncle Sam marched in upon us and went into camp for a few weeks. It seems that Congress had appropriated a few hundred thousand dollars for an investigation of the heat conditions under which men worked in steel mills, and a company of government experts was sent to Steelburg. Temperature was the main objective of their campaign. They wanted to find out just how hot it was wherever a man had to work. They brought with them thermometers and barometers and heat gauges and test tubes and scales and perimeters ——"

"Could it have been pyrometers?" I interrupted to ask.

"That sounds like it, too," chuckled the old roller. "Oh, words, words, words, as Othello, the Moor of Denmark—wasn't it?—remarked; how they trip me up! Yes, they had a carload of scientific parafamilias. Jordan was the chief, and a fine, likable fellow he was too. He sent me a copy of the book they got out—printed at Washington, you know. I've got it over there in my office now—use it for shaving papers. Considering what it must have cost the Government you might say it is a valuable document. It is full of facts.

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Kellogg's

Toasted Corn Flakes

sold only in flavor-holding "waxtite" packages
"won its favor through its flavor"

The waxtite wrapper guarantees to you that you get the fresh, fine flavor and quality of Kellogg's as though you filled your dish right at our ovens.

W. K. Kellogg

* * *

Hot from our great ovens, before their delicate, tempting flavor can begin to lessen, Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are quickly placed in our "waxtite" package.

Sealed against moisture and all outside influences, they reach you with their oven-fresh aroma and full, rich quality.

Because we take such pains, millions of people know Kellogg's *quality* and insist upon getting their favorite corn flakes.

Every grocer everywhere sells Kellogg's.

* * *

Kellogg's in Canada is packed in "waxtite" packages *only*. All others are imitations.

Copyright, 1919, by Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co

Pennsylvania
VACUUM
"Know them by the
Jet Black Tread!"

CUP CORD TIRES

HOW can Pennsylvania Tires, in view of their sustained highest quality, be sold at the conservative *standardized* net prices now uniform throughout the United States?

Because — first — the Pennsylvania Rubber Company has been built out of its own earnings. Its annual volume of business represents several times the total amount of its capital stock issue. Therefore, even a very modest return on the total sales provides more than ample funds for dividends.

Because — second — the zone selling system so successfully employed for the last three years has enabled us to market a constantly and generously increasing volume of business without proportionate increase in selling expense.

Because — third — our policy of territorial protection for the trade insures maximum efficiency and effort at minimum selling outlay

Because — fourth — there are no better cared for rubber workers in the world than those employed in the Company's thoroughly modern plant. The greatest efficiency has been attained through the closest co-operation in every branch of the industry.

These are concrete reasons why you can dismiss any idea you may have that Pennsylvania Tires are high priced.

While *standardized* prices to users and the trade will always be maintained on the most reasonable basis, the Company pledges itself to change neither quality nor manufacturing methods unless practical betterments become possible.

Adjustment basis—as per tag attached to each casing.
Vacuum Cup Fabric Tires—6,000 miles
Vacuum Cup and Channel Tread Cord Tires—9,000 miles.

Dealers— The Pennsylvania Rubber Company's new contract season became effective on October 1.
We shall continue our policy of giving Pennsylvania users every possible price advantage consistent with the high level of quality we insist upon maintaining.
Our zone selling system provides desirable trade with an extremely liberal sales franchise.
We shall be glad to furnish, on application, full particulars covering the Pennsylvania Selling Plan.

Makers of Pennsylvania Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.

Export Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City, New York

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

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chock-full of facts. They were thorough, mighty thorough. They'd run across a couple of men with chisel and sledge dressing up a slivery billet hot from the rolls. They'd set up their perimeters and take the temperature of the contingent atmosphere. Then they'd put thermometers under the men's tongues and take their personal temperatures. Then Jordan would call a conference and they'd discuss the findings. They discarded nothing.

"See that old codger sitting up yonder, back of the shears, on a nail keg? He's whittling out wooden plugs for the sweat valves of the shears engine. Well, if you'll look in this book I'm speaking of—Page 909, I think it is—you'll find there just what is the temperature of the circumferential atmosphere surrounding old Wink—that's Wink Kelly, you know.

"I got pretty well acquainted with them all, for they had plenty of time to consume socially, and I found them a nice lot of ambitious young men—all except Fraser. Fraser was a prune. His job didn't amount to one, two, three, but he disported himself as though he was something more important than Jordan himself. He was a local product; his father was a politician, strong with coin and pull, and he had wished the youth on Jordan, who made him roustabout for his crew. He hadn't been out of Case College very long and he was still regarding the world as his own personal clam. He used to ride out to the mills in a high-powered fancy car, all dolled up in raiment de lux. He was one of that kind who, when they move among their fellow men, would like to have courtiers running ahead of them with peacock-feather fly brushes, shouting, 'Gangway! Gangway! Here comes something worth while!'

"Stum and Fraser had a run-in about something the first week our guests were with us.

"'Now, don't do anything brash, Stum,' I warned.

"'I may have to jab him before they're away from here. Yes, I'm sure I'll have to jab him,' said Stum.

"'Don't unless you have to; and if you do, use the soft pedal, Stum.'

"I told Jordan that bad blood was brewing between Fraser and my young man.

"'I'd be delighted if your man should castigate him,' said Jordan. 'That squirt makes me inquisitively weary.'

"Jordan always used good language—think?

"The next day I saw Fraser looking through a crack in the fence at Mary Raskowitzsky while Stum talked to her. And the next day I saw Fraser talking to her while Stum looked through a crack. And the next day I saw a purple contussion on Fraser's physiology, and I learned that Stum had done the decorating.

"Jordan was, as he said he'd be, delighted. He sought out Stum and offered him a dip in his bag of lemon drops.

"I didn't see Fraser at the fence any more, but one evening not long after I was standing on a street corner downtown, when Stum came sauntering by and stopped. We hadn't finished the weather when round the corner boomed a big yellow car, crowding the curb so close that we had to step back to keep from being scraped. And who was in the car but Fraser and Mary Raskowitzsky! She saw us and she gave us the Sarah Bernhardt spraddle-finger salute, and a dazzling smile, and yelled out, 'Hello, dad! Hello, Stum!' She looked as attractive to me as a million dollars in gold would look. How much more to Stum—who could say?

"'What did you say was the name of your uncle in Medina County, Stum?' I asked.

"'Yancy Klunk.'

"'Well off?'

"'Three hundred acres and a tubful of bonds.'

"'Many children?'

"'Bachelor.'

"'Nieces and nephews?'

"'Just me.'

"'Stum, why don't you tie up to Yancy Klunk?'

"He looked down Broadway in the direction taken by Fraser's car, and he either sighed or swore, I couldn't detect which it was. 'He's too blasted stingy, dad, for me,' he said. 'He's so tight he screaks when he steps. Well, I guess I'll be mooey-ing along.'

"I didn't want to lose a good hand like Stum, but I had come to like the lad, and I knew there wasn't anything but great big trouble ahead of him if he stayed on in Steelburg.

"As a cinder monkey he wasn't a howling success in the days that followed that first auto ride Mary had with Fraser. The heaters came to me, asking if old Steve wasn't coming back, and hoping to heaven he would. The lad quit going out to the fence, and he got to be as grouchy as anything. And more than once I saw young Fraser shooting his big car down Broadway, with Mary Raskowitzsky by his side.

"'If it was that she'd handed him the tansy tart for keeps,' I said to myself, 'it would be all right—he'd soon get over it. But she hasn't—she isn't through with him. This Fraser youth will be surefitted with her before the crickets shiver and the birds fly south, and he'll let her out at the next street. Then she'll throw out her grappling hooks again for Stum, the poor squash. I believe I'll write to Yancy Klunk and ask him to salvage this sucker.'

"Thus I commuted with myself.

"'Keeping your eye on Strzelecki?' I asked Stum one morning.

"'Yes!' he answered, sour as vinegar.

"'Don't snap my bean off. How's he doing?'

"'Saying nothing, but giving me nasty looks. If I land on him again he'll sleep late.'

"'All right, son,' I said; 'you're twenty-one. And say, Stum, if you don't guard yourself you'll be a crabbier crab than old Steve.' He walked away.

"Stum was doing a lot of thinking them days. I did some myself. And even old Poky Raskowitzsky must have been indulging in some mental calisnastics, for he came over and sat down on a box beside me one afternoon and started to chat.

"'Ah-h-h-h! I got fine girl, fine 'Merican girl! You bet!'

"'Sure, Poky!'

"'Not like ol'-country girl—just like 'Merican girl. Smart. I guess mebbe she have plenty mooney some day. You bet!'

"'Is she thinking of getting married, Poky?'

"'Mebbe so, mebbe so.'

"'Poky, how would you like for Mary to marry Stum?'

"'Stum? Poosh! Bah! Fat head! Farmer' Muzhik! Nix got, dot Stum!'

"I had never before heard Poky say anything but good of Stum. He had always seemed to like the lad.

"'Poky, you're prevalent,' I said."

"Meaning prejudiced, perhaps?" I suggested.

"'My bull, sir—I stand corrected. 'Poky,' I said, 'you're prejudiced against Stum all at once, for some reason. You're a prize prune. What about Fraser, then?'

"'Fraser? Ah-h-h-h! Fine young man! You bet! Lots of mooney! Smart like hell! Big boss some day!'

"'Maybe Mary will marry him, eh?'

He Was Sixty-four Years Old, and for Forty-six of Those Years He Had Worked in Iron and Steel, When the Metal Was Hot, When It Was Red-Hot, When It Was White-Hot

"The old fellow stuck his thumbs under his arms, crossed one knee over the other, leaned back and smiled a walrusy smile. 'Mebbe so, mebbe so; I don't know,' he chuckled. 'Smart girl, my girl is.'

"'Poky, you've got a head on you like a barrel. A cockroach owns more brains than you do.'

"'Mebbe so, mebbe so; I don't know. My girl got fine head—lots of brains. You bet!'

"He had started to walk away when I happened to think I wanted to switch him in his work for a day.

"I called him back. 'Poky, I want you to work on the cinder to-morrow. Joe Nitt is taking a day off.'

"'All right, boss. Who I work with—Stum?'

"'Yes, you'll work with Stum.'

"'To-morrow morning, eh? All right, I go.'

"Fraser came along and sat down beside me as Poky was crossing the mill. 'Who is that old pirate?' he asked, looking after the old man and laughing. 'Isn't he a water lily?'

"Poky was certainly a disalluring specimen—covered with dirt and grease and roll drippings, his overall suit torn and ragged, his hands dangling from his short sleeves like two big red hams, a battered postage-stamp cap on his sweaty bald head, a scraggly walrus mustache that but partially concealed the yellow snags in his cavernious mouth, his feet two formless hunks of meat in cowhide bags, pouchy eyes, jackass ears, no neck. I ached to say, 'Man, that's your prospective father-in-law!' But I eased the ache, and instead I said, 'That? Why, that's Mary Raskowitzsky's papa.'

"He laughed again, long and loud. You might say he laughed boisteriously. 'But isn't she some little princess?' he yipped, slapping me on the back.

"'When are you fellows going to finish here?' I countered, ignoring his remark.

"'Maybe to-morrow. Jordan said this morning he thought we could get through to-morrow. So that's Mary's old man, eh? Wow!'

"I got up and left him.

"Next morning Stum hunted me up and told me Mike Strzelecki was drunker than usual.

"'Maybe I'd better send him home,' I said.

"'We're short-handed. Joe Nitt is off to-day, and Frank Skoreepa didn't come out. Poky Raskowitzsky came over to help me, but we are still short.'

"'Then we'll have to let Mike stay on, for I'm short here in the mill too. You watch him, Stum—he hasn't forgotten you beat him up.'

"'All right, dad. Say, how much longer is this bunch of scientific sports going to be bothering us over there in that tunnel? I'm getting sick of them.'

"'I think they intend to finish up to-day.'

"'Good! I hope they do.'

"About nine o'clock I saw Jordan and his gang come in, and in a little while they were setting up their regalia at the north end of the soaking pits, getting ready for another hard day's work. Soon after I noticed Poky Raskowitzsky, muffled up like an arctic explorer, going down the steps into the tunnel that ran beneath the line of soaking pits.

"The tunnel had two openings—one at the east end of the line of pits, the other at the west end. But a charging crane had dropped an ingot squarely into the east opening the night before, caving in the arches and blocking it completely. Years before there had been an entrance about midway the line of pits, through an old abandoned gas flue; but this opening had been walled up. To my knowledge there had never been an accident in the tunnel; in fact, there was little danger of an accident occurring there, but when I saw old Poky going down that morning I wished that east entrance was clear.

"I was turning to go into my office, to look over some mill orders, when I saw another muffled figure going down the steps.

"'There goes Stum,' I said to myself. 'I suppose he is going to make a tap.' I went on in and sat down at my desk.

"I might have been sitting there three or four minutes when the sound of a sharp explosion came to my ears. I supposed it was a gas valve popping, and paid no attention to it. Then I heard men shouting, the kind of shouting that meant trouble. I ran out, and I saw a crowd of workmen milling about the west entrance to the tunnel. I hurried across the building and joined them. The first man I met was Stum.

"'What's happened?' I asked.

"'Explosion below—gas, I guess. This end of the tunnel is caved in and blocked!'

"'But didn't you go down with Poky, just a few minutes after he did?'

"'No.'

"'Who was it, then? Somebody went down after he did.'

"'I don't know—I never saw anyone.'

"Jordan came running up to me, white-faced and trembling.

"'Fraser—Fraser is down there!' he gasped.

"'And so is Poky Raskowitzsky; and both of them are dead men!' I said. 'The

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"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten"

A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

* * *

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

"I wish I had acted earlier"

"MY experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not: these are "the years that the locust hath eaten."

"If I had read your Course before getting mixed up in my mining proposition, it would have kept me out of trouble," another writes.

He might have read it before; the opportunity was offered to him time after time, in advertisements such as this, but he did not act. And Fate exacted payment for those wasted opportunities, "the years that the locust hath eaten."

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle the problems put up to me every day," another says.

In a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—*"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten."*

He is making progress now, rapid progress. But the progress might just as well have started two years earlier.

The punishment of wasted years

THIS happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 95,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of "the years that the locust hath eaten."

Today you may start forward with 95,000 others

YOU can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is *the* American institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for higher executive tasks.

He knows that 95,000 men, in every state and city of this country, are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Advisory Council

THIS Advisory Council consists of Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman duPont,. the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this and, knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling: "years that the locust hath eaten."

Take the first step by sending for "Forging Ahead in Business"

TO such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years, the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest obligation.

Today your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
182 Astor Place New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" FREE

Name_____
Business
Address_____

Business
Position_____

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east end is blocked! The gas will decimate them two before we can clear an opening!'

"I ordered all the gas shut off and had the pit covers pulled and the ingots drawn. Then we got two lines of hose to work with water from the hydraulic pumps, but it was a self-incident fact that we'd never be able to break in in time to save the trapped men.

"Stum came up and drew me to one side. 'That old gas flue, dad—if I could get in there I could break down the wall, couldn't I, and go into the tunnel that way?'

"'You're crazy!' I yelled at him. 'That gas flue hasn't been entered for years! It's foul with dead gases and choked with flue dust! You wouldn't last a brief instance in there!'

"'It's worth trying, isn't it?' he demanded.

"'Leave it alone! Leave it alone! I'm going to have two dead men on my hands pretty quick, and I don't want another, and you'll be the third if you try to go down there!' He turned and walked away.

"Just then I saw Strzelecki. He was standing near the wrecked entrance. He was looking at Stum, and his eyes, drunk-red, glared his hatred.

"'Where did you come from so darned quick, my laddybuck?' I yelled at him. The sight of the fellow made me mad. It riled me to see a drunk man hanging round at such a crisis as that. He raised his shoulders up to his ears in true Slovackish style, and said nothing.

"Jordan touched me on the arm. 'Somebody came up out of that tunnel just before the explosion occurred, and I'm pretty sure that's the fellow there. I couldn't swear to it, though, as I was paying no particular attention, but I'm certain that's the man. Maybe he knows something about it.'

"'Oh, he's just a drunk skunk of a bohunk of mine,' I replied. 'It was a gas blow-out.'

"The steam rising from the flood of water we were pouring into the wrecked pits and the tunnel's mouth completely covered everything—we could see nothing. We could hear men shouting to each other through the white fog, and now and then a man would come rushing through the blistering stuff, his hands and arms over his face. I groaned as I thought how little we were accomplishing, but there was nothing else we could do—we must cool that tunnel that men might work there. Four of the pits had been broken in and molten cinder had poured out, and white-hot bricks had fallen in from the pits' walls and arches, and an ingot ready to roll had broken through. So I held the hose streams there, whispering over and over to myself, 'Two men trapped in a hell hole of heat! Get 'em out! Get 'em out!'

"Suddenly Froggy came running up. 'Hey, dad!' he yelled. 'Stum's prizing off the cover off of the manhole to the old gas flue, and says he's going down!'

"I toddled over to the north end of the mill as fast as my lower extremities would toddle me. A half dozen men stood about the manhole, peering into the opening, and shouting, 'Come back here! Come on back up!' I dropped to my knees and looked in. Twelve or fifteen feet below me I saw Stum. He carried a sledge, and on a rope or wire about his neck was my personal high-powered electric torch, which he must have purloyed from my desk in my office. By its light I saw he was hip deep in the soot-like flue dust that half filled the tunnel, and already he was foul with the slimy drippings from the flue walls.

"'Here you!' I yelled. 'You come up out of there! I demand you to come up!'

"'Go to hell!' he yelled back, and was gone from my sight.

"'Three at one clip!' I groaned. 'Three! It's a black eye for me and for this mill, this day's work is! One, two, three!' For I was as certain as I am certain I am a hopeless, mushy wreck that Fraser and old Poky would be sic semper tyrannis when we reached them, and I was just as certain that Stum would be asphyxiated.

"Rumor of the accident had flown about the yard and men came running from every department in the plant, eager to see, eager to learn the details, eager to help. The news had gone beyond the mill yard, into the foreign settlements, where so many of the mill workers lived, and men and women were crowding about the entrances. We could see them across the yard, gathering at the gates, and the watchmen herding them back.

"So we waited, and sweat, and paced up and down, and clenched our fists, and cursed, and prayed, and swallowed our hearts, that kept floating up into our throats and choking us. And now I was saying to myself, 'Three men trapped in a hell hole of death! Get 'em out! Get 'em out!'

"Someone yelled, 'He's bustin' in the wall! I hear him!'

"We ran to the north side of the soaking pits, in line with the old flue and over the spot where it should connect with the pit tunnel. We dropped upon our knees on the slaggy ground and listened. Thud! Thud! Thud! We heard it down below us. Thud! Thud! Thud! We whooped, we yelled, we called each other wicked names, we beat each other with our fists. Thud! Thud! Thud!—down in the earth below us. We howled, we laughed, we bobbed our heads at each other, glistening eye looking into glistening eye. Thud! Thud! Thud!—down in the ground beneath us. Stum was breaking in the wall!

"'He'll be overwhelked by the rush of hot gas from the pit tunnel when the wall goes in!' I groaned aloud. 'He will! He will!'

"'Latch your trap, you fat pallbearer!' somebody snarled at me. And I did.

"The sound of blows down in the earth below us ceased. We waited on our knees, listening, but hearing nothing, staring at nothing, saying nothing. We got up and walked back to the manhole and stood there, peering into its black depths, talking in low tones, shivering, sweating, wondering, filled with dread, choked with fear.

"Then a yell, a forty-lung-power yell went up, for below us in the darkness our eyes caught a glimmer of light, and it moved, and it grew brighter and brighter. In a bound Froggy had seized the rope we had tied to a column and dropped into the hole, and was sliding down it so fast that he smoked.

"'What's the word, Froggy?' I called down. 'Say something, say something quick!'

"'Stum's got Poky! Get ready to pull him up!'

"Just then by the light of the torch I saw Stum come from beneath an arch, lean against the wall of the flue and rest his head on his arm.

"'Come up, Stum!' I shouted. 'Come up! You can't go in there again! Reep says he will go! Come up!'

"'Come on, Stum!' cried Reep. 'I'm coming down!'

"'Hoist away, up there! Slow, now! Go easy, boys!' Froggy had tied the rope about the old man's body. We hauled away, hand over hand, crowding for a place at the rope, treading on each other's toes, each trying to outdo the other, every man trying to laugh the lump out of his throat. Following on the iron ladder that was fastened to the side of the manhole came Froggy, steadying the inertful body and keeping it swinging clear. So we pulled the old boy out and carried him away. I looked down into the hole. Stum was gone.

"The emergency men from the hospital were there with their ozone motors, and at once they set to work to regurgitate poor old Poky. But something went wrong with their machines, and they rushed him to an ambulance and hurried away with him. I heard a doctor tell the driver to go out the west gate—to avoid the crowd of women, I supposed.

"Froggy and Reep had dropped down into the hole as soon as Poky's body had reached the top, and gone into the tunnel to help Stum. They met him coming with Fraser, half carrying, half dragging the unconscious man.

"Stum was a sorry-looking sight. Covered and dripping with slime and the ooze of red flue dust, his hair and eyebrows burned away by the gas flames, half naked, his clothing little more than a mass of strings of streaming filth, he looked more monster than man.

"The doctors looked the two over, found Fraser alive and Stum in bad shape, and ordered the litters brought up. 'Hustle 'em out to the ambulances at the gates,' he said. 'And be quick! We must get them to Saint Alexis!'

"Fraser was placed on a litter and carried away. They brought a litter for Stum. 'Walking's good yet,' he said, grinning, and he started off, holding to my arm.

"The women and children and the loafers at the gate came crowding about us, and a long wail went up from a hundred mouths. Mary Raskowitzsky was in the front, wild-eyed and white-faced. She rushed up to the litter.

"'Who is it? Who is it?' she cried. Then she saw, and she started back. 'Fraser? Him?'

"She leaped before Stum and me and seized us each by an arm. 'My father! Where's my father?' she screamed. 'Wasn't he down there?'

"'Yes, Mary, I ——' began Stum, but she did not wait.

"'They told me you had gone down! I thought you had gone to save him! And you left him there to die, while you save that manicured cootie! That mud pie! That pink-haired mutt! You left the old man there to die! You cur! You muzhik! You fish face! I hate your heart, your soul! I ——'

"She said a lot more, but I can't recall it half, not half. I know she talked bad to Stum. I felt the lad trembling.

"'But, Mary, I did ——' he began, and then keeled over.

"'For shame, ye little whiffet of whey!' screamed Hannah O'Toole, the efficient spouse of Pat O'Toole, my choicest gas poker. She came striding up to us, red-haired, red-faced, red-eyed. 'The lad did save yer old father, and they took him outen t'other gate! Take thot, ye snip of a glass di'mond!'

"Her big coarse hand shot out, palm flat, and struck Mary's face a rousing smack that sent the girl staggering.

"It was a tight squeeze for the three, but they all pulled through. From the hospital Fraser went to Pittsburgh and joined Jordan, who had moved his regiment down there to take temperatures. Don't believe I've ever seen Fraser since—I hope not. Old Poky was back to work in a month or so; Stum in two weeks, if I remember rightly. I put the boy to sweeping up the mill after the regular sweepers had done their chore, and I told him he might dust off my desk now and then if he found time, but he wasn't to overexert himself. Funny thing, too—Steve Jamblowsky came back the day after the accident, so I wasn't short a cinder monkey. Steve didn't find the old country what it used to be. 'Ol' country not no goot no more,' he told me. 'I stay there one moonth, 'Snuff for me!' And he took a pinch out of his horn box and offered it to me. I don't like the stuff, do you?

"I think it was the day Poky came back to work—yes, it must have been that day—I called Stum over to where I was sitting and told him I wished to hold a bit of serious converse with him. He told me to shoot when I was ready.

"'I've been thinking, Stum,' I began, 'that I ought to break in a new roller for this mill. I'm not so young as I was when I wasn't so old, and nobody knows when my ancient aunt in Mobile is going to die, and I'll have to go there to settle up her estate. I've had a hunch for some weeks now that you'd make a fairish roller in time. What say?'

"'I like your chatter,' said Stum.

"'Of course it takes time to devolve a roller from nothing to something. You'd have to do quite a bit of proliximary work, you understand. Troy wasn't built in a day. And your income tax for a year or two wouldn't be great. Now I'm dragging down a hundred and seventy-five bucks a week here. Fifty dingers of that wad, Stum, is milk—it is a kind of bonus, you know, handed me by the company for inventing the iron man. Fifty from one-seventy-five leaves one-twenty-five. I was roller ten years before I was gathering one hundred and twenty-five berries weekly. But times are better now or, as the economizers say, the dollar is cheaper. I believe I could manage it to get you started off at forty a week. Think you could live on forty a week?'

"'I've lived on some less.'

"'Yes; but for two?'

"'What do you mean—two?'

"'I cogitated you'd be binding yourself in in the bonds of wedlock soon,' I said, grinning a wise grin.

"Stum studied his nails.

"'Seen her since that day?'

"'No.'

"'Then you think you could make it go on forty, eh? Two, you know?'

"'You make me tired, dad.'

"'Then you can start in on your new job to-morrow morning.'

"Two hours later I was leaning up behind a box car near the dinner-pail hole in the fence, gazing at the scenery over towards the Union Rolling Mill, the Consolidated Frog Works and the can factory, and taking a breath of fresh air—such as we have near our great American industries. I was there for no other purpose than physical refreshment. I heard voices. I looked. Mary Raskowitzsky stood outside the fence; Stum had his head poked through a hole in the same, looking at her. And she was worth looking at.

"'I wouldn't marry a monkey,' Mary said with a coskittish glance.

"'But I'm not going to be a cinder monkey any longer. Dad's going to make a roller out of me,' returned Stum.

"'Yes, he is!'

"'Ask him! Forty a week to start on! You know what he gets? One hundred and seventy-five a week!'

"'When would you get a car?'

"'Right away.'

"'I wouldn't marry a man that has hee-cups like you had them. They're worse than fits.'

"'You cured me of the hee-cups, Mary. I'll never have them again, so long as you're round and I can see you.'

"'Stum's a fierce name.'

"'Tisn't my name—Harley's my name.'

"'Puckett is fiercer.'

"'It's a good old Virginia name, all right. One of my great-grandfathers fought in the Revolutionary War. He was a captain, too—under General Kosciuszko.'

"'Yes, he was! Honest, Stum?'

"'Honest.'

"'General Kosciuszko was a great general, greater than General Washington if the people knew it.'

"'So say I.'

"'What church do you belong to?'

"'Cumberland Presbyterian, I guess. I was raised in that anyway.'

"'Cumberland Presbyterian? That can't be a church—must be some lodge. Well, I wouldn't marry a man who didn't belong to my church.'

"'I'll join your church.'

"'Yes, you will!'

"'I will that.'

"'Honest?'

"'Yes, I mean it, Mary.'

"'And go to church and—everything?'

"'You bet I will!'

"'Hold up your right hand and promise.'

"'I promise. There!'

"'If I could come up there I'd let you kiss me.'

"'If I could get over this twelve-foot fence I'd come down there and kiss you whether you'd let me or not. Throw me one.'

"'Here. Throw it back.'

"At this point in the tragedy I folded my arms like an Arabian and silently faded away, paralyzed with repugilance. Yet I had known all along that the finish would be exactly this and no other."

"Hey, dad, we got 'er up! Looky! That all right?"

It was Froggy. He had come back and worked at setting up the post for the new bench. The old roller swung his fat feet over the side of the bench on which he had been reclining, and sat up.

"Looks pretty good, Froggy. Looks pretty good, dog-gone if it doesn't!"

"Hey, dad! I got a duck-down pillow at home. Want I should fetch it out for the new davenport?"

"Fetch it along, Froggy." The old man grinned, yawned again, long and luxuriously and rubbed two fat eyes with two fat fingers. "Well, as I was saying, they were married. What time is it getting to be?"

"And I suppose lived happily together ever after?" I wheezed.

"Why, no. Stum sued for divorce before they'd been married two months. Mary didn't offer to fight the suit. As soon as the court granted the degree Stum headed for Medina County. Yancy Klunk died the next week after Stum got there, leaving the lad everything he had, and it was a bunch. Mary married Mike Strzelecki a little while after. I tried to send Mike to the pen for blowing up that tunnel, but we couldn't prove the thing on him. He did it, no doubt about that—did it with a can of black powder. Thought Fraser was Stum, you know. Of course he knew old Poky was down there too. That didn't make any difference with him. Mike hasn't worked a day since his wedding day. Poky is still on the job. See that old slop, yonder by the water box? That's Poky. Tough-looking case, eh? Well, Mary to-day is a harder-looking case than he is. Ya-a-a-ah-hum-ho! By George, I feel nappish!"

"What did you say were Stum's grounds for divorce?"

"Incominability of temper, I think it was. Ho-hum-ho! By jolly!"

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The Faultless Rubber Company
(Ashland Rubber Works)
Ashland, Ohio **U.S.A.**

WASTE MOTIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

Mrs. Prigley, a gawky straw-colored woman of no importance, paled and died during an early period of Prigley's rise in Harnessville. The screaming self-willed child left on his hands had been named Matilda for her mother; after her first semester at Miss Auber's School for Young Ladies she came back calling herself Mathilde, and it was about this period in his life that Lemuel decided that his fortune had outgrown the limits of Harnessville. Himself, he would have been perfectly satisfied with Harnessville and a pretty second wife, picked from the local beauties, but the precocious Mathilde had already grown rather exacting and ambitious.

Moreover, it was unfitting that a capitalist of the first magnitude should remain in a town where the newspapers still referred to him as Pineapple Prigley.

Lemuel settled on Lewisburg, having selected that city by the process of elimination so successful in his commercial history. New York, Chicago and Boston were too large; others insufficiently distinguished. But Lewisburg, then less than a quarter of a million in size, cherished at her core a Southern aristocracy as proud as any that flourished in the Old Dominion. More important still, Lewisburg had opened her heart to modern enterprise and Yankee money. It was to Lewisburg, then, that he came, leased for himself a solid brick mansion on Bolingbroke Square and dwelt with his daughter in complete isolation. He bought a factory site in the suburbs and built a minor plant which paid for itself and got his name in the newspaper, discreetly removed from the society page. Charitable enterprises passed the hat his way and gave him credit in a long thin column of nonentity. Otherwise his existence was unrecorded.

When Mathilde had passed her eighteenth year and come back from Miss Flick's Finishing School in New York a brilliant stroke of Prigley efficiency saved the day in time for Mathilde's coming-out party. Seats were on sale for a charity ball, and the morning Advocate-Chronicle had an announcement to the effect that tickets could be had of Miss Mirable Becket, omnipotent society reporter for that journal. Therefore Mr. Prigley put on his hat and called on Miss Becket.

"Gimme ten," was the laconic order from the proprietor of Pineapple Polish.

Miss Becket was only too willing to oblige, but when sufficient tickets to admit ten had been doled out the vulgarian, after shuffling them in his knotty, nervous little hands, gave them all back with the snapping explanation: "Don't want seats. Want boxes."

"Ten boxes?" gasped Miss Becket.

"How much altogether?" He had produced a check book from his neat little coat.

"Two hundred dollars apiece, Mr. Prigley. But you're really too generous," said the tactful person. "The committee have made it a rule not to sell more than one box to any individual. Of course if you're planning so large a party ——"

"I'm not planning any party," barked Lemuel. "Who the devil do I know in this town that would come to my box? Rules are rules. Good thing. Here, put me down for one box."

He scribbled off a check, and when she took it she was surprised at the amount, which was two thousand dollars.

"I shall be delighted to make a feature of this if you will let me," she said. "If we could only mention some of your guests——"

"Look here." Lemuel E. Prigley scratched his frowsy curly head. "Look here, Miss Reporter. You know everybody. Everybody that counts, I mean. There must be some of the big bugs in this town hard up. Somebody on the inside, but not going round buying boxes. Understand?"

Now Miss Becket, who was herself a lady of a proud old family, thought somewhat sadly of several ladies of proud old families who, had they not been cursed with that hereditary pride, would be only too glad to occupy a box in the grand tier as in the days of ancient splendor. The direct methods of this peculiar Nabob from Nowhere invited candor apparently, for Miss Becket asked after a while:

"Do you know Miss Jessica Stanchfield?"

"Don't know anybody," barked Lemuel. "But just hand her over this box, will you? My compliments."

Thus began Lemuel Prigley's acquaintance with Jessie Stanchfield. It proved a

She Took Him by the Lapels of His Coat and Smiling Whimsically Whispered Again, "Now are You Going to Mind What I Say?"

mutually profitable relation, in which Miss Stanchfield opened the doors and Lemuel paid the bills.

The very day after the ticket episode Miss Becket called up Mr. Prigley, and acting as intermediary invited Mr. Prigley and Miss Prigley to tea at Miss Stanchfield's apartment that afternoon. They went, did father and daughter, to a tiny box of a drawing-room on one of the moss-grown little streets which still cling to the aristocratic quarter. Miss Stanchfield, who had once led Lewisburg a pace, showed traces of early beauty through obscuring pads of fat. She remained, however, a great lady, and she carried off the affair of the box as only a great lady can. She didn't mention it until they were taking their leave.

"You'll go to the charity ball, I suppose?" asked Miss Stanchfield, graciously giving her hand.

"Haven't decided," replied the rough product of Pineapple Polish.

"Oh, I hope you do!" Then, as though it were merely a happy afterthought: "I haven't made up my party. Won't you and your daughter sit in my box? How very nice!"

So that was arranged. Lemuel Prigley went home considering diplomacy; indeed, he was a diplomat in spite of his uncouth devices and barking delivery of speech. He had broken into society by a side door, he felt—an elegant, proud, distinguished side door, but still not the main entrance. And it was well. His instinct for efficiency told him that nothing would have come of a frontal attack. So he and Mattie would make their first public appearance sitting in the best box alongside the best families.

Now what was the system to be played with Miss Jessica Stanchfield? Quite obviously the lady who was the daughter of General Stanchfield and the sister of Ambassador Stanchfield lacked money and loved glitter. The way she had accepted his box by putting him in her social debt furnished a key to everything.

During the five years which followed that triumphant appearance at the charity ball the improvement in Miss Jessie's worldly condition was in direct ratio to the Prigleys' ascension in Lewisburg society. Her dearest enemy could never have said that Jessie accepted money for what she did in behalf of the opulent strangers. But favors seemed to come to her by an insidious process of infiltration. A mink coat which Mathilde could not endure on herself looked stunning on Miss Jessie; stunninger still an illimitable wardrobe of fluffy things for spring, summer and indoor wear. Mathilde's little pet sedan was always waiting in front of Miss Jessie's door, sometimes with Mathilde in it, sometimes not. When father was too busy to frivol then Mathilde, carrying a check book, was beholden to the kindness of Miss Jessie, who would chaperon her to New York or Chicago during the opera season. Thus Mathilde became an accomplished young woman of the world and Miss Jessie Stanchfield's maiden heart began to warm again with the suspicion that Mathilde's world was not such a bad one after all.

This balmy afternoon, rolling smoothly along toward that smart quarter of the town where Miss Jessie Stanchfield now had an apartment, Lemuel Prigley had a hearty feeling that it would be only right to give Jessie the first news of Mathilde's engagement. It had been personally conducted, Stanchfield-arranged from first to last. During these years of social upbuilding Lemuel had never given a party, ordered a wardrobe, bet on a horse without first consulting Jessie. And of course there was a difficult wedding to be arranged.

As he announced himself at the switchboard downstairs and took a lift to the third floor of Lewisburg's only luxurious apartment house he enjoyed a secret satisfaction at the thought that he had got Jessie so nicely located. He wondered if she knew he was eighteen hundred a year out of pocket for this marvelous bargain in real estate which he had so innocently shown her. It made no difference. Twenty years ago Jessie would have made a fine wife for some ambitious man. The thought rather scared him. He had his own ideas about marriage. As soon as the tyrannical, snobbish Mathilde was out of the way Lemuel would look out for himself. None of your cold-blooded alliances with old women. The new Mrs. Prigley would be young, beautiful, a blonde preferably, with golden silk in her eyelashes.

He found Miss Jessie surrounded by the Stanchfield furniture in a drawing-room sufficiently elegant to set off the patrician beauties of the Stanchfield collection. Her plump face was as pink as a baby's as she came forward somewhat unwieldily and gave him her hand. What a pity she had let herself get fat, thought Lemuel, and had a vision of beauty, not entirely vanished perhaps, but lurking somewhere behind an adipose screen.

"Heard the news?" he barked, closely following his formula for conversational efficiency.

"News? I hope it's good news. Lemuel, you're all excited. You don't look a day over twelve."

"Matty's engaged."

"No!" Her plump shapely hands came together and her clear, prominent eyes brightened. "Not to Allie Towers?"

"Exactly. Announced it herself. Four fifty-seven this afternoon."

"Lemuel, you sweet old thing!"

And Miss Jessie Stanchfield did an unprecedented thing. She came over to where he was sitting and leaning impulsively kissed him in the center of the little pink island which the years had cast up amidst his foamy locks. It gave him a pleasure which he at once resented. After all, he was not the bride, to be the target of congratulatory osculation. It had been quite a lifetime since any woman other than his daughter had kissed him.

"I was never so surprised in all my life," she informed him, resuming her chair.

"No, indeed." He had no intention of making the remark seem dry.

"They'll be perfectly blissful," she went smoothly on in her pretty voice. "What a lucky child Allie is! And Mathilde will make a wonderful man out of him. The Towerses have ability, great ability. Then his mother's side—she's a Prentiss, you know."

That seemed to settle something, but Lemuel's mind was far away.

"Think they'll make a duke out of him?"

"How outrageous you are, Lemuel!" She gave him her charmingly affectionate smile. "He'll be nothing but an earl, even if you succeed in murdering Lord Collingvyne."

Lemuel wanted to ask about the hypothetical child, Sir Prigley Towers, but the moment seemed inauspicious.

"Came to talk about the wedding," he barked. "Want everything right. Best there is. Nothing shoddy—understand?"

"And you want my help?" she asked in the tone she sometimes used to imply that his methods might be improved.

"That was the idea."

"Has Mathilde set the day?"

"I set it. June fifteenth."

"That was simple, wasn't it?" smiled the worldly Miss Stanchfield. "It gives rather a short time, but it can be arranged. There must be a luncheon early this week so that you can announce it properly. Mathilde and I can arrange that."

"Don't care what I spend. Want results," he persisted as she sat a while in thought.

"An outdoor wedding can be made very lovely," she said, "with your beautiful grounds and house. We can have the rose garden as a background for the altar. That splendid row of hydrangeas will mark the aisle. Of course it will be High Church with a vested choir from Saint Cuthbert's. A stringed quartet for the supper music. Then the guests ——"

"Look here!" broke in Lemuel, who had been following his own train of thought. "What's the matter with doubling up on the performance?"

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Stanchfield; and it was evident that she wished the matter clarified.

"I mean this: Double orchestra, double choir, extra set of preachers, everything in proportion."

"Is Mathilde going to be so hard to marry as all that?" Perhaps the question was a little wistful.

"Pshaw! You don't get me. What's a wedding for? Make the world know you're married. No halfway stuff for me. I want this to be the biggest wedding ever pulled off in Lewisburg."

"And the vulgarest," Miss Stanchfield might have replied. Instead she smiled her tactful smile and swept with a sort of plump grace toward her desk, which held a record of all the desirable names in the state.

II

LATE on the afternoon of June fourteenth that commercial prodigy, Harry Wiggin, came riding up the hill in the mood of a distracted lover. So turbulent his mood that he forgot the conventional relation between gas and spark, wherefore he was brought back to sordid mechanical facts by the stalling of his engine; but no sooner had he plied the self-starter and resumed the grade amateurishly on second than he continued to reflect upon the stern code of the cave gentleman.

Assuming that the girl, as a species, has no mind of its own, then obviously it is the duty of man, as an institution, to blow the breath of reason into that lovely echoing void which lies between the penciled eyebrows and the first fine tress of gold. Or, to harden the liquid abstract into the enduring concrete, the time had come when it was up to Harry Wiggin to bespeak Miss Ireen McKane bluntly in the name of true love.

With that thought Mr. Wiggin's expression became misleading. By the set of his jaw you would have said that young Harry had come to murder instead of to woo. He brought his grasshopper-green car so spitefully round the curve as all but to destroy

(Continued on Page 142)

LINCOLN

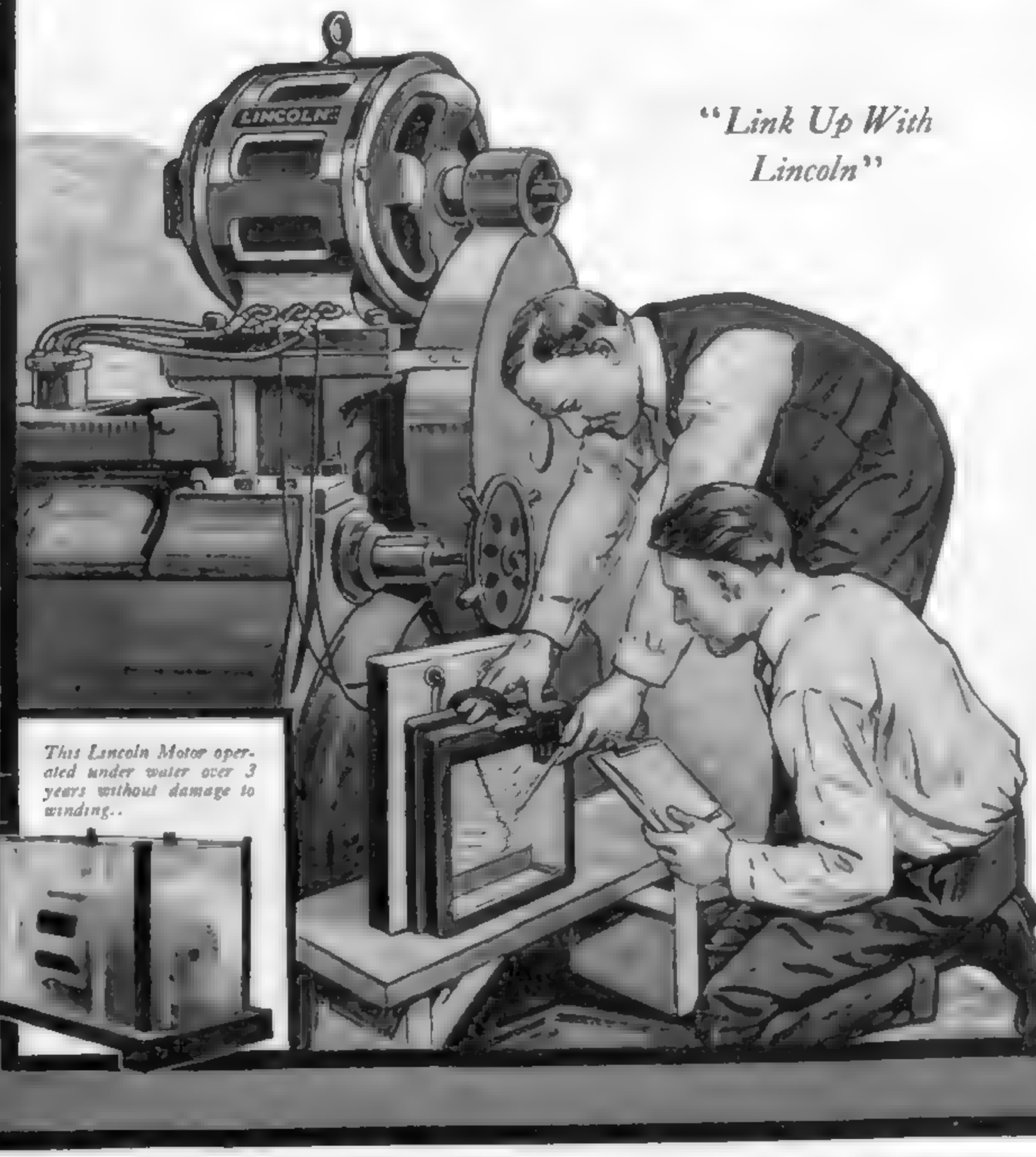
Lincoln Motors Are Fitted to the Machine When it is Built

Right at the factory where machinery is manufactured Lincoln Engineers begin their task of fitting a Lincoln Motor to the machine it is to drive.

There they can work with the man who designed the machine. They can determine with him the speed, the kind of power, the amount of power, that will give the intended results. They can make engineering tests—not on one machine—but on many—and thus finally settle on the motor which will best suit that equipment under all conditions of operation.

The machinery manufacturer will find Lincoln service a distinct aid both in selling his product and in insuring its satisfactory operation.

The Lincoln Electric Co. **Cleveland, Ohio**



"Link Up With Lincoln"

This Lincoln Motor operated under water over 3 years without damage to winding..

Lincoln Branch Offices and Engineering Service will be found in the following cities:

New York City	Columbus
Buffalo	Pittsburgh
Syracuse	Philadelphia
Baltimore	Boston
Cincinnati	Charlotte, N. C
Chicago	Minneapolis
Detroit	Toronto, Canada

Montreal, Canada

The following are a few of many classes of machinery which have been "fitted" with Lincoln Motors:

Baker's Machinery
Brick and Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers and Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators and Hoists
Fans and Blowers
Foundry Machinery
Ice Machinery
Machine Tools
Paper Machinery
Presses
Pumps and Compressors
Punches and Shears
Textile Machinery
Woodworking Machinery

MOTORS

They Give the User the Full Advantage of Electric Motor Drive

The only way to get the full advantage of electric motor drive is to have an electric motor that exactly fits each job or each machine.

That is the reason for the Lincoln plan of selling the motor direct to the machinery maker. Because of this plan, you can always depend on a machine which comes to you equipped with a Lincoln Motor. It will have power—enough power—and the right kind of power to give you the maximum output with minimum power cost.

Specify your equipment "complete with Lincoln Motor"—it will insure you the full advantages of motor drive, as pictured below.

The Lincoln Electric Co. Cleveland, Ohio

Ceilings Clean and Free

The wiring in a neat conduit carries power to any point in the room, keeping ceilings free from fixtures which obstruct light and collect dirt.

Idle Machines Take No Power

When the machine is not in use its power is shut off. One man or several can work overtime, using power only for machines actually operating.

Reduced Risks for Shop and Men

There is no sparking or danger of fire from Lincoln Motors and no moving or whirling parts need be exposed to endanger workmen.

Machines Can Be Located Anywhere

The machine with motor on it can be located anywhere to suit production layout without planning for countershafts, etc.

Economical, Reliable Power

Electric power can be transmitted from central station with no loss from friction or slippage and with every assurance against shut down.

(Continued from Page 139)

several of Mr. Prigley's expensive jardinières; and the Cossack skill with which he came to a stand between a florist's wagon and a caterer's car brought a grunt of alarmed admiration out of old Moab, the colored butler, who stood on the veranda patronizing several inferiors of his own race as they filed past under burdens of folding chairs.

Harry Wiggin did some lightning calculating. Never since that embarrassing encounter in late May had he been so bold as to come courting Ireen McKane in the Prigley house. She did a greater part of her work in the downtown offices, where he saw her frequently, unobserved of him whom the office called Old Pineapple behind his back. But to-day affairs had come to a crisis and he must see her even at the risk of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

He had just opened his mouth to ask if Miss McKane was to be seen when Miss Mathilde Prigley, all in lawny pink, and every yard a bride elect, came bouncing out and looked him straight in the face. Now Harry Wiggin had no reason for liking Mathilde Prigley, and Mathilde understood why, perhaps better than he did.

"How do you do, Mr. Wiggin."

"How do you do, Miss Prigley. Looks a little like rain, doesn't it?"

Pleasant remark on the weather in view of to-morrow's open-air wedding!

"Doesn't it!" She showed too many faultless teeth—Harry had once admired her smile. "You'll find daddy outside."

"I hope he's not busy," he temporized, lacking courage to mention Miss McKane.

"Not too busy to see you, Mr. Wiggin. You've come on business, haven't you?"

This last remark was intended to cut, but it saved Harry from telling the truth, which, after all, would have got him no farther than the spot upon which he stood at that moment.

"Thank you," said Harry Wiggin and strolled casually toward the pergola.

We have all seen the comedy millionaire and the dainty soubrette seated together under white trellises and pink-paper roses in the second act of almost any musical production. Harry Wiggin seemed to see them once more as he came up the pretty brick walk toward the pergola. It was as though the orchestra would give the cue at any moment, whereupon Mr. Prigley would say in the piercing tone of stage confidence, "That reminds me of a little song," and the dance would culminate in one of those theatrical love affairs where the lover and his loved one prove what they say by kicking over each other's heads.

Harry didn't like it that Ireen and Old Pineapple should be sitting so close together. That Pineapple was reading out of one notebook and Ireen writing into another did not soften the situation for poor Harry. Once he thought he saw Lemuel raise his nervous eyes and peep slyly at Ireen's golden hair. This made Harry furious. What was that hair to Prigley? It wasn't his. Neither was it Harry's for that matter, but he intended that it should be.

Harry Wiggin sneezed. Lemuel jumped rather guiltily, according to the appraisal of the interloper.

"Well, well, Harry!" said his employer, kindly enough.

"Bamburg's in town," said Harry, using an important piece of news to save the situation. "I thought I'd see you personally and not risk the phone."

"Good. What's he got?"

"The Buffalo option."

"Figures?"

"One fifty. Shall I tell him it's off?"

"Tell him nothing. Great hucks!"—Lemuel's pet oath—"Why do people bother me on my ——"

Harry was sure he was going to say "wedding eve," but old Pineapple turned again to his notebook.

"Sit down, Harry," he said impatiently. "Got these gol-hucked wedding presents to go over. Nearly through."

His crooked little forefinger went searching for the place. Ireen's angelic face had blanked to a secretarial look, soft clouds had gathered over the pure lakes that were her eyes.

"Hundred and ten!" barked Lemuel. Ireen scribbled shorthand. "Judge and Mrs. Hambry Lewis, sort of Florentine cuspidor—maybe it's for flowers valuation ninety dollars. Hundred 'n' 'leven - Mr. and Mrs Claypoole Hyse electric soap dish ——"

"Wasn't it an electric chafing dish, Mr. Prigley?" suggested the thrush note of Ireen.

"Have it your way!" he barked. "Electric chafing dish—valuation forty-five. That's all. Put it on the adding machine and bring me the total."

Ireen was gone without a glance for the man who was dying of love of her, and Prigley's next remark was shockingly disagreeable.

"When I get married again no presents—understand? No presents."

"They are a bother," agreed Harry for agreement's sake.

"Bother? All blighting foolishness. This wedding business is the height of inefficiency.

"Understand? Waste motion, waste money, waste time. Come over to the house, Harry, and let me show you."

The successful underling, who could not say nay, followed Lemuel Prigley's mincing steps across the lawn and into the library of the big house, where several tables, joined together into an extemporized counter, stood burdened with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. It was as though every tool in the hardware trade had been silvered, etched, furnished with ebony or ivory handle, embossed, laden with bottles, urns or vases of crystal, lined with gold or tortured into fanciful shape. Whole surgical kits of hideous instruments engraved with the bride's monogram; oil paintings, water colors, statuary; somebody had added a hideous purple bedquilt to the mountainous display of loot which Mr. Prigley stood inspecting, his little bushy head, looking more than ever like that of a watchful Angora cat, cocked to one side.

"Wicked sham!" he blustered. "What's the idea of marriage? Make two people happy, succeed, replenish the earth. This accomplish anything? People think they pay their way by sending presents. Bosh!"

As if to substantiate his statement Miss Ireen McKane, never looking at Harry, came in with a slip of paper fresh from the adding machine.

"Eleven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars," read Mr. Prigley. "Less than I thought."

He turned and barked at Harry.

"Bad business, these weddings. Rotten business. Eleven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars! D'you know what it cost me? Estimation. Refreshments, champagne, flowers. Decided to bring two orchestras from New York. Hired Madame Dracula of Metropolitan Opera House to sing The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden. Matty demands the best. Can't blame her. But d'you know the figures?"

"I should think it might come pretty high," ventured Harry, in his mind agreeing with Lemuel that weddings were weddings.

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars. That's allowing transportation for Madame Dracula and two orchestras, two quarts of wine for every guest and three ministers—bishop, dean and curate. Then there's that solid wall of orchids behind the altar ——"

"What the deuce do you need orchids for?" asked Harry bluntly. "They'll hide the rose garden."

"Whose wedding is this?" barked Lemuel, whereupon Harry was stilled.

"Damnedest piece of inefficiency there is!" went on the bride's father. "Eleven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars in presents; and thirty-eight thousand dollars to stage the show. Profits eaten up by overhead charges. How much am I out, Miss Ireen?"

"Twenty-six thousand, five hundred and thirty-four," read she, the dull figures not making her voice less sweet.

"It's as crazy as Petrograd! Yes, sir. All to marry two more or less commonplace individuals. Why, for that amount of money, rightly applied, I could pair off half the engaged couples in Lewisburg. Just as happy. By hucks!"

A brilliant enchanted light, a creative light seemed to flare up somewhere behind the bright gray eyes of the man who thought of Prigley's Pineapple Polish. Efficiency, vulgarity, philanthropy sang together in his soul until the fluffy gray hair and bristling mustache seeemed to stand on end under the stimulus of some benign electric force.

"Wouldn't it?" he taxed his hearer almost savagely. He never told anybody how nearly he and Jessie had come to the parting of the ways apropos of Madame Dracula and the extra orchestra. Poor simple Jessie had thought that the choir and a local string quartet were quite enough.

"That's a lot of money," agreed Harry, "and it would probably pay for a lot of weddings."

"Lot of 'em? Hundreds! Why not standardize marriages? Foolish? No! They standardize funerals, restaurants, maternity hospitals, college education. Great saving. Vast saving! Make people any less happy? Say not!"

Doubtless Mr. Prigley would have had his standardized marriage system perfected from ribbons to ritual had not old Moab appeared like a shadow out of the gloom to announce "Doctor Bascomb and de bridegrooms, sah." Whereupon Lemuel went popping out of the room like a progressive string of firecrackers. Doctor Bascomb was dean of St. Cuthbert's and Harry gathered that "de bridegrooms" were none other than the groomsmen come for a final rehearsal of to-morrow's complicated performance.

Ireen McKane stood irresolute by the door, the notebook shaking in her foolishly small hands.

The skies had cleared above those two pools of purity and they were looking, liquid and blue, at the man they had enchanted.

"Harry," she began, after a spying look into the hall, "why are you mad at me?"

"What's behind all this business?" he asked her roughly, coming over to her corner.

"What business?"

"I haven't got time to split hairs. Pineapple will be back in a minute. Tell me why he's been locking you into this Bluebeard's castle for the last week, sending you home in his car all sealed up as if he was afraid you'd fly away? Why haven't you let me see you at your house?"

"My mother isn't well," she told him, looking white and interesting as she said it.

"Is there anything about me that would make your mother worse?" he asked, quite unsympathetic.

"Harry! How can you ——"

"It does sound pretty rough," he agreed, "but the last time I called she was out in front mowing the lawn. She was well enough to snub me out of the yard."

"She has attacks." Ireen stuck to her point.

"I see. And I bring them on. Look here, Ireen, isn't it true that your mother's determined to have you marry old Pineapple?"

"You shouldn't talk that way about my mother," she told him haughtily.

"Well, it's all over the office that Pineapple's in love with you and that you're going to marry him."

"And you believe all that?"

She stood braced against the corner of the door now, facing him like a dove at bay.

"I don't know what to think," he growled.

"Do you think I'd consider Mr. Prigley?" she faltered.

"It isn't what you consider. Pineapple has a way of arranging things to suit himself. It'll break my heart, Irene, but I'm going to ask you for the last time. If I leave you alone I know how it'll come out; and I've been ordered to Cuba."

"When do you go?" she asked in what he thought an unsuitably hard tone.

(Continued on Page 146)

After Her First Semester at Miss Auber's School for Young Ladies She Came Back Calling Herself Mathilde

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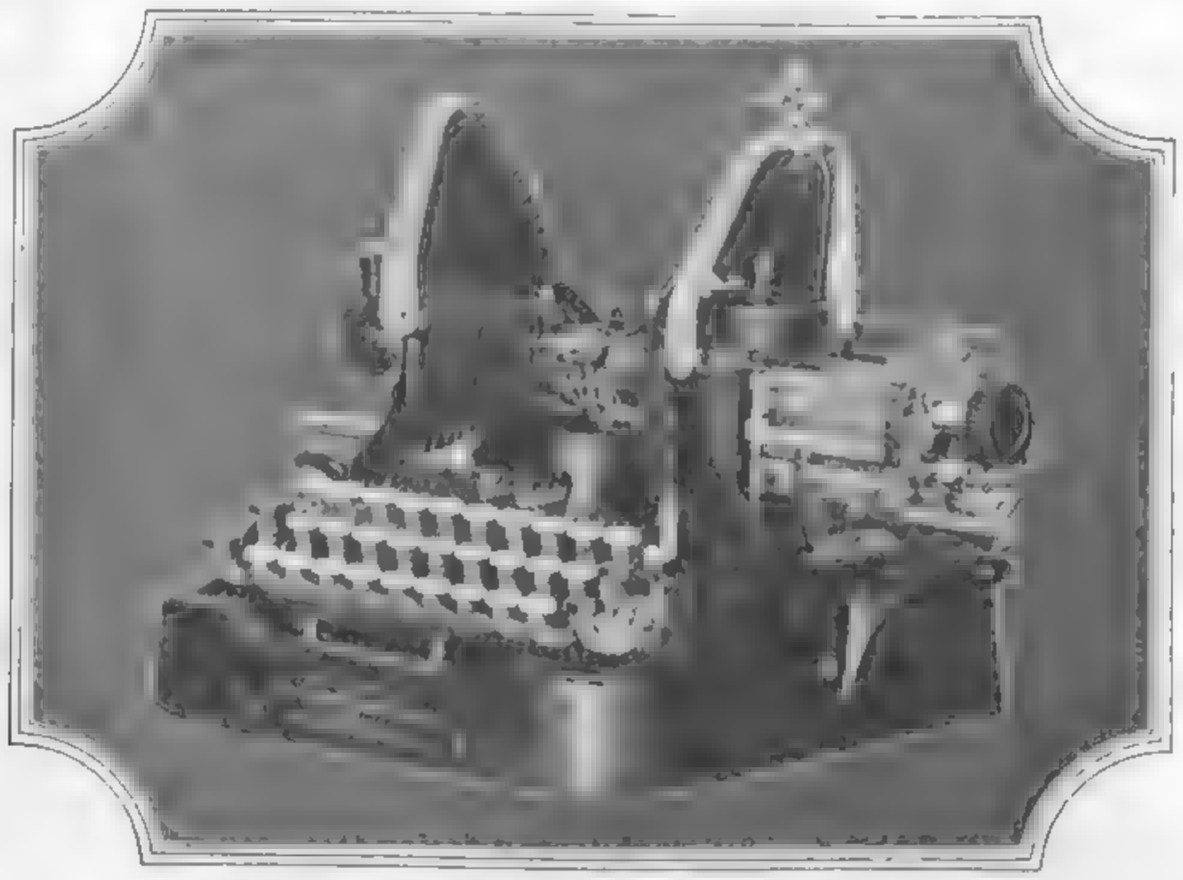

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For $57 you now obtain the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100.

We are able to save you nearly half because of our radically new and economical method of distribution. During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

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In every particular this Oliver 9 is the finest that 24 years of experience can produce. A better typewriter is impossible. It has all the latest improvements. Its durability and workmanship have given it world-wide fame. It has a standard keyboard, so anyone may turn to it without the slightest hesitancy. You can't buy a more satisfactory typewriter at any price. But we do not ask you to take our word for this. We believe that an ounce of PERFORMANCE beats a ton of promise. That is why we say, "Try an Oliver 5 days free." Who could make such an offer of free trial and ship without money unless they had absolute confidence in the quality of their product proved by years of experience?

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WHY does a high-priced, high quality tire sometimes fall short in service? It has the materials in it; is properly designed. 10,000 to 15,000 mile records are not infrequent.

When a quality tire disappoints you, it usually is defective in construction. Its strength has probably been weakened internally by the fabric's being buckled, wrinkled or pinched in the process of curing. The casing looks all right; but it won't last. McGraw Tires uniformly yield the mileage you expect from a high grade tire because there are no such structural defects in them. These are prevented at the source by the McGraw Duplex Method of curing.

What the Duplex Method *Is* and *Does*

The Duplex Method is a McGraw process of vulcanization which prevents fabric buckles and mold pinches—the worst menace to tire life.

It consists in deferring compression of the tire in the vulcanizing molds until the rubber becomes heated and plastic. Then, when hydraulic pressure is applied to vulcanize the tire, the rubber "flow" is not stiff enough to pull the fabric out of place. The fabric layers "set" smooth and even. No creases can form. Pinches and buckles are avoided. The tire is a perfect structure.

McGraw Tires come from the curing molds as perfect as it is humanly possible to make them. They yield the full mileage expected of them.

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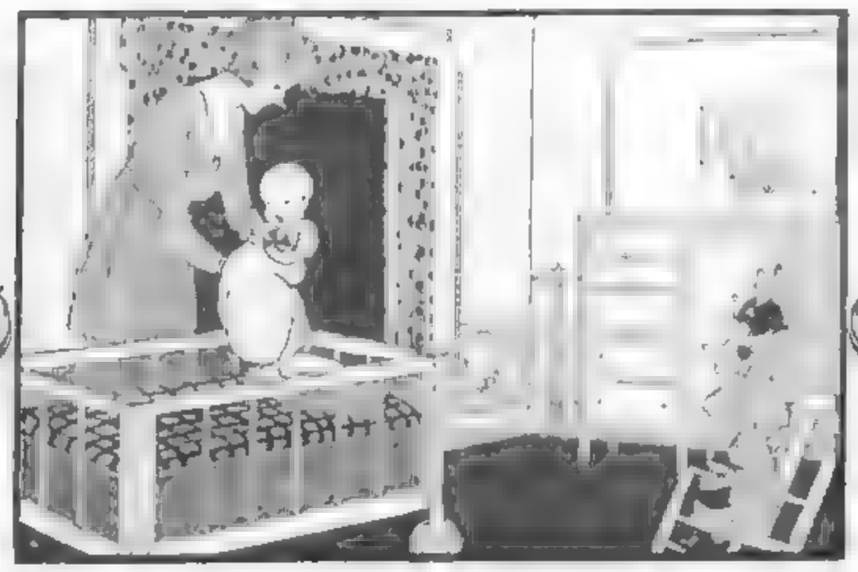
TIRES



THE NURSERY IDEA

"If I had but three rooms, one would be a nursery," said a modern mother who had learned that caring for her baby in a Happi-tyme Nursery had cut her work in half and had meant an endless amount of joy and comfort for the baby.

Let us send you our booklet, Kiddie Kare and Komfort, showing a complete line of nursery and playroom furniture including time saving equipment for the mother and comfort for the child, from bassinet days to its teens. We will also send you the Happi-tyme dealer's name in your town.

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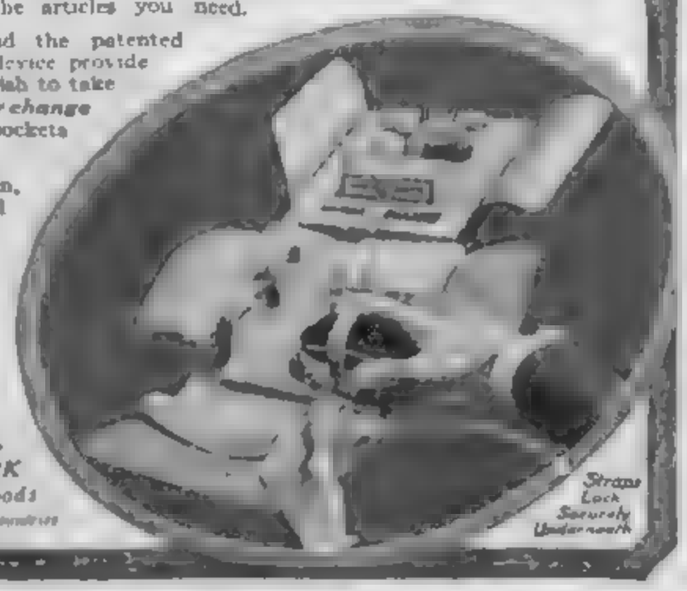
Get an *empty* FITALL, which securely holds *all your own toilet articles.* It permits the convenient carrying, in small compact space, of everything you use daily, including your razor and complete shaving outfit. It does away with that bothersome searching through your luggage for the articles you need.

Easily adjustable straps and the patented FITALL NO-METAL locking device provide spaces for just the fittings you wish to take along. *Once adjusted, no further change is needed.* Three capacious pockets hold "extras."

FITALLS are for men or women, in a variety of flexible leathers and attractive water-proofed fabrics. $1.50 up.

Look for the FITALL label in every kit. It insures your getting the genuine with all the exclusive practical features. If your dealer can't supply you, write for free descriptive booklet.



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(Continued from Page 142)

"I leave for New York day after to-morrow."

Her look remained indifferent until her chin began to quiver; then her whole face seemed to give up trying, for her mouth came down at the corners and the blue lakes which were her eyes overflowed. Quite disregardful of danger Harry took her very comfortably in his arms and permitted her to cry it out on his collar.

"I don't want you to go!" she kept saying, and when he had assured her of a few dozen things calculated to cure her troubled little heart he stood aside, peered cautiously out of the door and said: "Time's short. They'll be in here any minute. I'll go to the marriage-license bureau the first thing to-morrow morning and come right here for you."

"What are you going to do?"

"Run away with you."

Mr. Prigley was heard barking at the dean of St. Cuthbert's somewhere outside in the hall.

"Will you?" Harry repeated breathlessly, gripping her wrist.

"Please, please!" murmured Ireen, looking as stupid and as lovely as a Florentine polychrome.

He kissed her fluttering lips, then hurried out into the hall to be introduced to the gentleman who on the morrow was to settle Mathilde Prigley's fate. Harry hastily departed with the idea of settling his own.

III

THE battle is the test of the field marshal. By that stern rule Lemuel Prigley looked like a failure on the morning of the fifteenth, for there was a serious breakdown in the supply train leading up to the French Renaissance house on the hill where the dread engines of social warfare were being mobilized for the brilliant combat to take place at six o'clock. A florist's wagon, groaning under several thousands of dollars' worth of orchids, got itself stalled at a bad turn of the road just below the hill, and a caterer's car coming up the grade was unable to show the deference peculiar to caterer's cars, for its fenders came crashing against the florist's rear wheels with the result that surrounding Nature was strewn with orchids at five dollars a spray.

When Field Marshal Prigley came down in person to see what it was all about he found a quarter of a mile of commercial vehicles waiting along the road while a corps of busy chauffeurs picked orchids out of trees or off fences where they seemed to flourish with a luxuriance unusual in temperate zones. Lemuel's efficiency theories were as nought; therefore he got down on his knees and joined the others in the poetical occupation of garnering cut flowers from the greasy macadam road.

However, his presence had an accelerating effect, and by the time the munitions train was again moving toward headquarters his own car, containing the generous bulk of Miss Jessica Stanchfield, came rolling into view. Standing watchful at the gate, Lemuel could have cried out his gratitude for the timely succor. As he took the seat beside her and held her hand longer than was customary in their experience together he had the wistful thought: "What a pity she isn't a shade thinner and a minute younger! And I wonder if she'll approve and be as useful when she knows what I'm going to do?"

But Miss Jessica Stanchfield was dimpled, merry, helpful, soothing as usual that morning. Just what Efficiency should be—results without friction or apparent effort. She was no sooner in the house than she had assembled the upper-class servants and using the affectionately masterful tone which only a Southerner knows how to use toward the domestic African, she related their duties for this day of days. For the first time in his successful career Lemuel stood humbled before a superior executive genius. She led him from room to room, indicating every spot where the actors concerned in the drama should assemble, arrange their costumes, deck themselves with suitable boutonnières. Alsop Alexis Towers, doubtless suffering from the effects of a bachelor dinner, had sent his mulatto valet with handbags containing an appropriate traveling costume. It was Miss Jessica who settled upon the place where these bags were to be unpacked and it was Miss Jessica who supervised the laying out of the clothes, even to an extra collar button.

Miss Jessica, you might think, was too busy to bother with her own ideas. Possibly. But when she heard the intermittent purring of a typewriter in the white-finished little office adjacent to the upstairs library, that impulse of uncommon sense which we call intuition prompted her to look in and say good morning to Miss McKane. The poor thing looked rather pale, thought Miss Jessica, and her lovely eyes were rimmed with red. How beautiful she was! Miss Jessica's heart stopped.

"Don't you stop even for weddings?" asked the spinster in her caressing tone.

"No, Miss Stanchfield," replied Ireen, making a brave attempt to smile. Then as if upon an impulse to confidence, "This is something for the wedding that Mr. Prigley wants done in a hurry."

For the wedding! What eccentric whim now? Surely this was a late date for wedding lists! Keenly Miss Jessica glanced over the young woman's shoulder and caught several names, coupled together down a long column.

"Charley Waide and Hildegarde Combs.
"Algernon Prince and Beatrice Roberts.
"Hector Stewart and Irma DeLong."

And so on down the line. There was not a person on the list over thirty-one, and as the unofficial social registrar of Lewisburg Miss Jessica Stanchfield recognized the names paired off as those of young people more or less associated together in the public mind.

"What in the world now?" she marveled.

"I don't know, Miss Stanchfield," replied Ireen flutteringly as one who has said too much of office secrets. "He only asked me to copy them down."

"I see."

Miss Stanchfield smiled as she turned to go. "What a heavenly child!" she said to herself, scarcely knowing whether she was referring to Ireen or to Lemuel.

She found the bride elect in one of her difficult moods. Her veil, which had been shipped with her trousseau from a fashion shop in New York, was all wrong, and Mathilde, like a red-haired Fury in a baby-blue peignoir, looked almost beautiful in her rage. Life to her was a great desolation and included an unsuitable bandeau of pearls which Twillaway had sent her halfway across the continent by special messenger. Miss Jessica was a soothing poultice on Mathilde's sore vanity, and, as soon as plump skillful fingers had reassembled and redraped the veil to new lines of loveliness and had arranged the pearls at a becoming angle over the reddish hair Mathilde melted into tears and declared that she would be lost entirely without Miss Jessie.

"Never fear, honey," said the super-spinster with an affectionate pat. "You can always find me. I'm perpetual, you know."

"You've b-been a sort of m-mother to me!" sobbed the willful child. "And now d-daddy's going to make a fool of himself over that g-girl."

"What girl?" The tone was sweet and smooth and the soft body never flinched.

"That—that horrid stenographer. I know him. If he gets his mind set on anything ——"

"It takes two to make a marriage," said Miss Jessica, as though she had a right to judge of such things. "What does the stenographer say to all this?"

"Can't you see her making eyes at him? Do you think she'd pass up a chance like that?"

Miss Jessica supposed not; and scarcely an hour of that turbulent day had passed ere she received the first verification of Mathilde's hot words.

She had found Prigley on the rear veranda, his usually sharp eyes somewhat dreamy as he gazed over a colony of tables above which able engineers were stretching striped canvas as a precaution against sudden showers. It was on the matter of showers that she had come to speak to him. If it looked rainy at half past five, she suggested, altar and decorations could be moved to the ballroom and the ceremony performed indoors. Lemuel, it seemed, had thought of just that thing and had already drilled his troops for such an emergency. But his tone seemed far away, and her curiosity was roused to the point of an impertinent question when the telephone just inside the open window rang sharply. A moment later a yellow maid appeared:

"Mrs. McKane on the phone, Mistah Prigley."

Now Mr. Prigley's business was none of Jessica Stanchfield's, yet it was no fault of hers that early middle age had not dimmed her hearing or that Mr. Prigley's bark seemed to take her into his confidence.

(Continued on Page 149)

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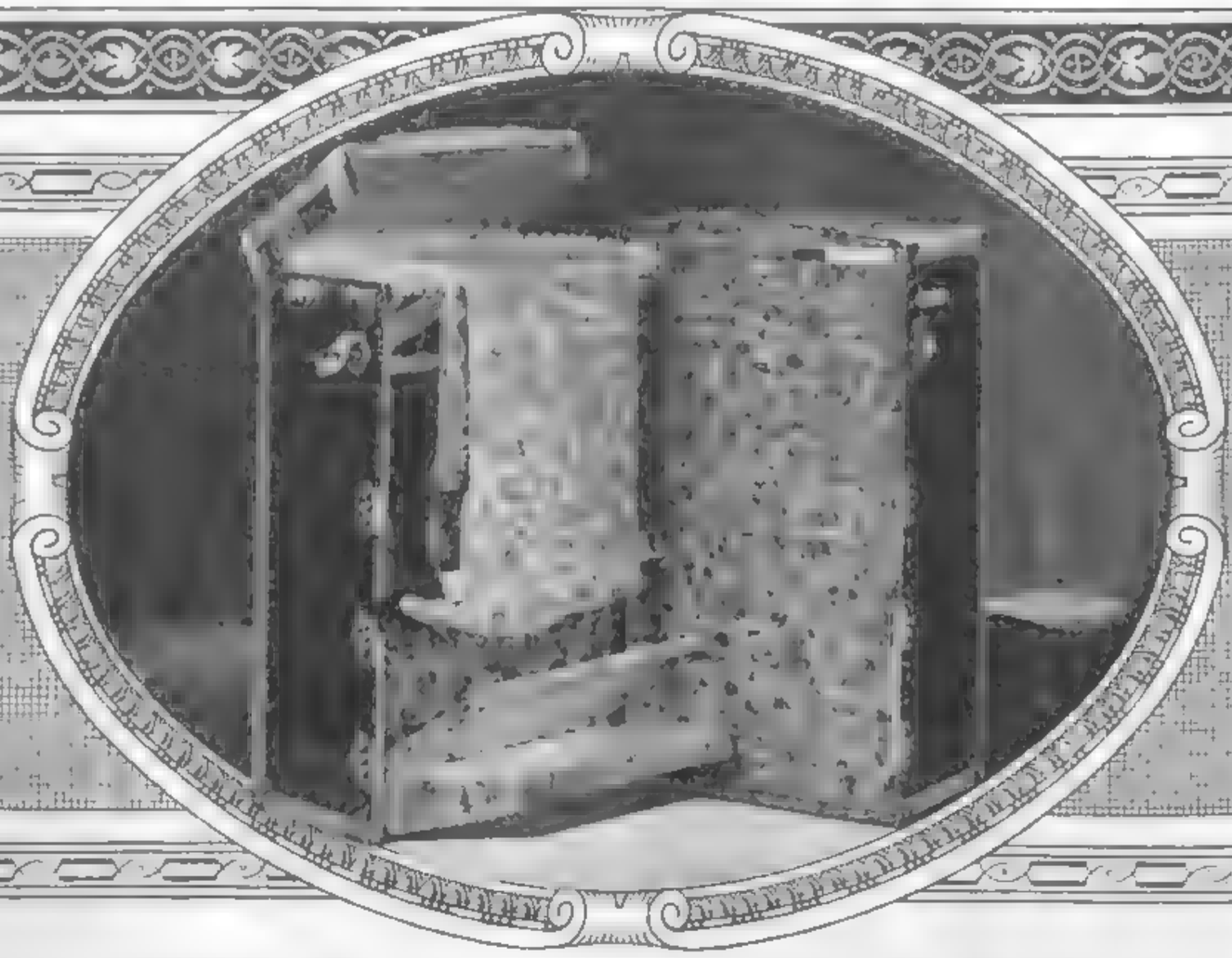

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NOTHING is too good these days that delivers value and service for every dollar invested. The American Public is beginning to understand the high cost of cheap luggage —and the economy of quality luggage.

Now, when we say "quality luggage," we mean *practical* luggage — sound in material and workmanship — exquisitely finished—and bearing that "custom-made" look.

Being the largest makers of Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases in the world, the Belber Company commands the materials it wants. It has every purchasing advantage because of its world-wide trade and great consuming power. It has the pick of the skilled craftsmen.

We say to you that there never was a time when a little *extra* in your expenditure for a Wardrobe Trunk was surer to *add two-fold* or even *three-fold* to the *value* of your purchase.

Belber Luggage is made for the cosmopolitan American citizen—the man or woman of position, who enjoys the good things of life and knows how to estimate and use them.

WARDROBE TRUNK No. 88. Made of 3 ply basswood, covered and interlined with brown fibre, studded. Binding, heavy granite fibre. Heavy brass-plated steel hardware. Yale paracentric lock with a patented Belber boltless interlocker. This locks the trunk in four places at one operation. No stooping is necessary.

Lined with flowered cretonne. Has laundry bag, shoe box, and an assortment of hangers. Contains five drawers with patented hat drawer at bottom. Drawer locking device locks all drawers with one operation . . . *Price, $135*

You can buy Belber Wardrobe Trunks at lower prices, too, and *higher*. Your Belber dealer will show them to you, *a range of prices*—and with them Belber Dress and Steamer Trunks, Traveling Bags and Suit Cases.

And when you consider the line, bear in mind that the *higher the grade the wiser your luggage investment.*

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY
The Largest Manufacturers of Wardrobe Trunks, Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases in the World
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sales Offices:
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, San Francisco
Factories:
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Woodbury, N. J., Oshkosh, Wis.

Belber TRAVELING GOODS

(Continued from Page 146)

"Yes, Mrs. McKane. . . . Prigley. . . . She did? . . . He did? . . . I see. . . . No, she's here. . . . Haven't seen him since last night. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . I'll fix that. . . . Many thanks."

There was the click of a receiver restored to its hook, a pause, and then Lemuel Prigley barked into the telephone a number which Jessica Stanchfield knew very well. He soon had his office on the wire.

"This Mr. Prigley. Want Wiggin."

Again a pause. Miss Jessie liked Harry Wiggin and she felt that Lemuel's manner did not portend the young man's pleasure.

"Harry? . . . Mr. Prigley. . . . Important man here. . . . Mexican named De Luna. . . . Yes, D-e L-u-n-a, De Luna. . . . Right. . . . Wants to see horses. . . . Promised to show him my stock farm. . . . He's at the Pickwick Club. Take your car and get him right away. . . . Sorry I can't go myself. . . . Allen will have lunch for you at Weathervane. Take your time and show him everything; if you play it right there may be something big for us. . . . What's that? . . . No, no one else will do; you're the only man I could trust with this. . . . Orders, Harry. 'By."

Lemuel did not come back to his place on the veranda. Who was De Luna? Why must he see horses on Mathilde's wedding day? What did Mrs. McKane have to do with De Luna? Or did she? What connection had her apparently warning message with nice Harry Wiggin?

Alternately convincing herself that these things were none of her business and that they were very much her business Jessica Stanchfield plunged manfully into the day's work. There were times, she realized with a sort of humorous satisfaction, when Lemuel was as helpless as a child.

About one o'clock she had occasion to return to the little office on the second floor, and hearing no purring from the erstwhile busy typewriter she was amazed and somewhat embarrassed to find its operator leaning on the table, her bright head buried in her arms.

At the rustle of skirts Ireen jumped nervously to attention, but it was too late to conceal the little rivers that had welled from those blue lakes and were reddening her naturally fine complexion.

Strangest of all wedding days! Jessica Stanchfield had come to help and in the capacity of family friend she was going from room to room, offering consolation as one might do before a funeral. However, her kind heart melted at the sight of the bewildered, stricken little face, and big with the maternal instinct she came over and took the crying child in her arms.

"Tell me," she whispered.

"I can't do it!" Ireen said. "I can't!" Her face was buried in the big soft arms, and it seemed easier to talk that way.

"Can't what, dear?"

"Marry Mr. Prigley."

"There's no law to make you, dear," Miss Stanchfield wisely pointed out. "Who wants you to?"

"My mother does and—and Mr. Prigley does."

There was something of a pause during which both women, each in her own way, recovered from the shock. Finally Jessica released her clasp and Ireen sat back, her tears dried.

"Harry came here last night," she said rapidly, pathetically eager to enlist this new friendship, "and I sort of told him I'd marry him."

"Harry who?"

"Harry Wiggin. I couldn't quite promise him—but we're awfully in love. And he said he'd get the license this morning and come round for me. Last night I told mother what Harry had decided and she went wild."

"Does your mother want you to marry Mr. Prigley?" asked Jessica.

Ireen nodded an affirmative and looked toward the window. Finally she burst out: "Mother doesn't care about Harry. She thinks he's common."

"She's doesn't think Mr. Prigley is—uncommon—does she?"

"I don't know. But she's proud as Punch. We've always been so frightfully poor and—humiliated. Mother's Chief Justice Fallon's granddaughter, you know."

"I didn't," declared Miss Stanchfield, having heard something calculated to impress parochial aristocracy.

"And she's always had that idea—to get me a place in the world. I can't bear to hurt her. She's so sick and I love her so."

Ireen began to cry again, but she made a brave show at drying her eyes preparatory to another attack on the keys.

"Tell me." Jessica cleared her throat. "Did Mr. Prigley propose again to-day?"

"Yes."

"And did you accept him?"

"No—sort of—I don't know what I said. I can't refuse him, I'm afraid. I tried to put him off. What in the world shall I do?"

She gazed wide-eyed at the typewritten sheet as though looking there for counsel.

"What shall I do?" she repeated softly.

"See here, my child," said Jessica Stanchfield, coming over and putting an arm across Ireen's slender shoulder. "In this world somebody's got to be hurt. It isn't going to be you if I can help it. You're under my wing now, do you understand?"

She gazed down, envious of the pure fine hair, simply parted like the gilt tresses on some sweet Italian saint. She thought in a flash of her own twenties, wasted and sterile because of a misplaced family pride.

The unequaled Prigley-Towers wedding, now historic in Lewisburg, was all but over when Harry Wiggin and the quite unnecessary Mr. De Luna came whiffling up the drive. Harry was in a towering rage at De Luna and himself and at Mr. Prigley in particular. Why in the world, except for spite, had his cranky little employer chosen Harry's elopement day to send Harry far out into the country to show blooded horses to a racing Mexican whose English was mostly limited to sporting oaths? Harry had gone to the City Hall and got his marriage license early in the morning, then he had done himself proud in the way of nuptial jewelry; but some ill wind had blown him back to his office just in time to receive Lemuel's strange message that he, Harry Wiggin, should become an unpaid and unthanked guide to the Weathervane Stock Farms.

He had hoped to have the wretched business over in two hours, but Mr. De Luna was of the Latin breed that goes mad at the sight of thoroughbred racing stock. He maundered and jabbered and insisted upon staying to lunch; he got himself lost in the afternoon, and it was past five when the distracted lover, still without his charge, received a telephone message from a peremptory, unidentified lady, who announced that he must be at Mathilde Prigley's wedding. Harry, with much assistance, found the little man drinking buttermilk in the dairy, and restraining the temptation to murder, lifted Mr. De Luna, almost by force, back into the green runabout, which started recklessly, sans explanation, back to Lewisburg.

Harry had but a faint indignant idea of his intentions as, somewhat after the hour of six, he whizzed up the drive and into sight of the magnificent event to which, as a matter of cold fact, he had not been invited. He only had a crazy notion that Ireen would be there and that regardless of the other and more spectacular bride he would be able to snatch her away and fly to the most convenient Gretna Green.

As he crossed the lawn, followed by the thoroughly puzzled Mexican millionaire, he was aware of a crucial moment in the ceremony. A great throng, standing together like clusters of flowers under the dappled shade on either side of the ribbon-marked aisle leading up to the altar, maintained a listening silence. Under the pinkish glow of orchids the deep purple garments of choir boys showed, a dramatic mass of color. Harry edged into the crowd and was vaguely aware of two kneeling figures, one black clad and slim, the other bent under a Niagara of lace. But the lover's hot eyes were not there for the enjoyment of other people's happiness.

His gaze went roving, roving until, with a stopping of the heart, he thought he saw her standing somewhat apart from the guests, loitering beside a flowering shrub. He changed his position to make sure. It was Ireen; but that ribbon-marked aisle separated him from her as effectively as though it had been the Atlantic Ocean. If only she would look at him! How still her face was, how tragically wide-eyed she was staring at the spot where the surpliced minister was pronouncing the ecclesiastical blessing.

Someone touched him on the sleeve, and turning he saw a rather stout, pink-faced lady clad in the same tint as the expensive flowers behind the altar. Harry was too rattled for the moment to recognize the well-known features of Miss Jessica Stanchfield.

She beckoned him aside and whispered quite pleasantly.

The Little Draft Man Helps the Furnace do its Work

THE "Little Draft Man" is a simple mechanical device that will start your fire every morning while you sleep. You set the regulator at night and forget about it. In the morning the "Little Draft Man" opens the damper and closes the check. It saves that shivery morning trip to open up your furnace. Enjoy the comfort of getting up in a warm house.

With the "Little Draft Man" installed, morning furnace troubles are ended. Give the furnace fuel—the regulator does the rest. Turn the "on" or "off" handle to start or check the flow of heat any time of the day. Before going out to spend the day set the regulator—house is warm when you get back. The "Little Draft Man" saves fuel, saves bother, protects health. It has no electrical connections. Nothing to get out of order. It *always* works. It connects with any make or type of furnace, old or new, and can be installed, without trouble, in a few minutes.

The price of the "Little Draft Man" is only

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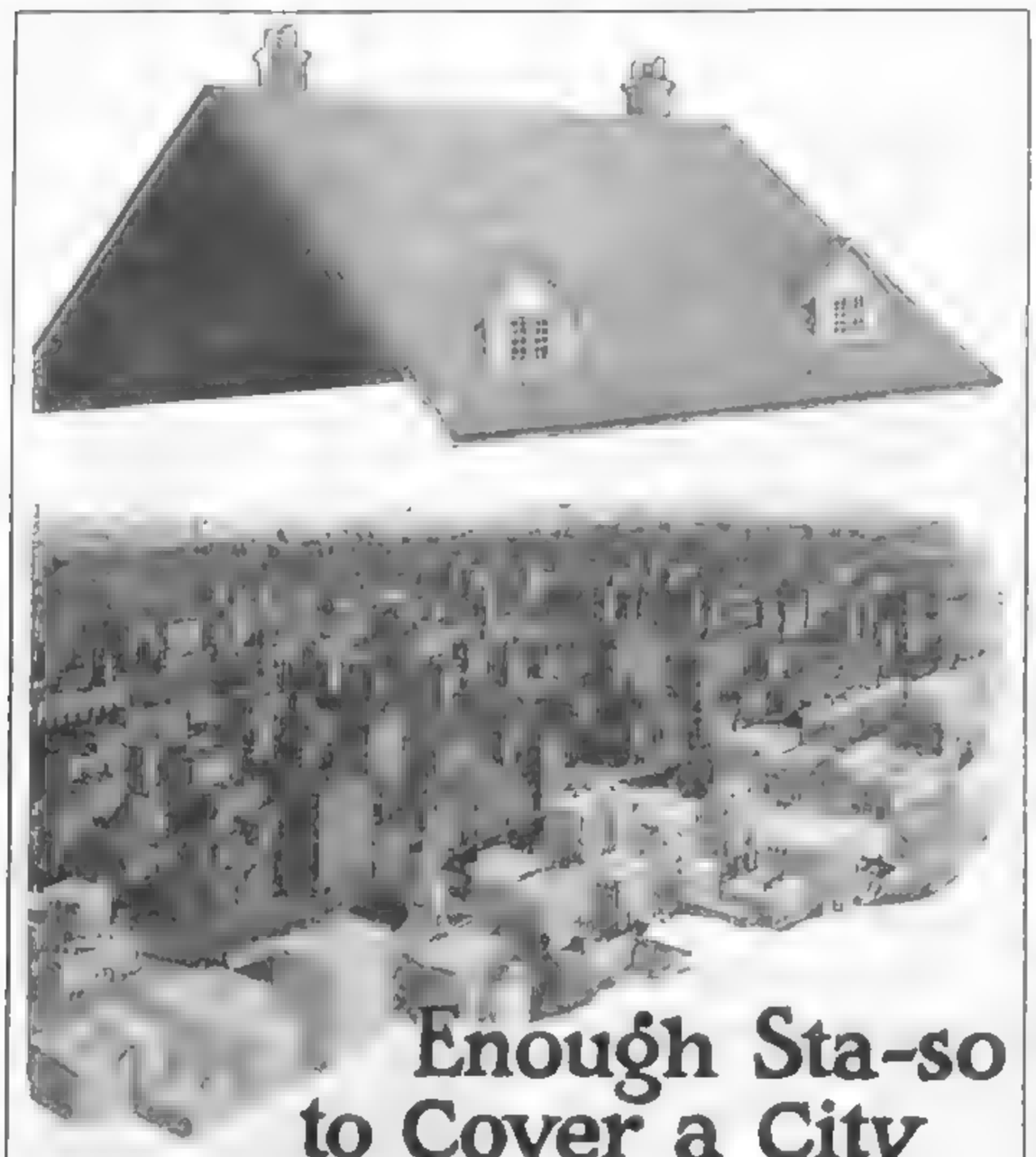

Enough Sta-so to Cover a City

AMERICAN roofing manufacturers bought enough Sta-so last year to surface a roof covering thirty-six square miles.

Sta-so is colored slate roofing surface that will not fade; it gives the roofing service you want on your home.

Sta-so cannot fade because it comes from the ground in the same rich Indian red and cool Sage green as you see it on the handsomest roofs. You will never have to paint or stain your Sta-so surfaced roof—never. Time only softens and deepens the tints.

Sta-so resists fire to the uttermost.

Sta-so is practically weather-proof.

Sta-so will wear for a generation.

You cannot ask more service of any roofing surface. You cannot get more service than Sta-so will give.

Sta-so surfaced roofing has all the advantages of other roofings and costs less. On the average, tile costs three times as much; solid slate twice as much; the best grade of shingles as much or more—usually more.

Sta-so slate surfaced asphalt roofing comes in roll and shingle form; is flexible; is readily adapted to curves, bends and odd spaces. You can lay it on any surface where you can lay tile, solid slate or wood shingles.

Look for and find the Sta-so label if you want positive assurance that your slate surfaced roofing will never fade or turn black.

These manufacturers of roofing products bought enough Sta-so last year to surface *one billion* square feet of roofing.

Amalgamated Roofing Co.	Chicago, Ill.	Keystone Roofing Mfg. Co.	York, Pa.
Barber Asphalt Paving Co.	Phila., Pa.	National Roofing Co.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Barrett Company	New York, N. Y.	B F Nelson Mfg. Co.	Minneapolis, Minn
Beckman-Dawson Mfg. Co.	Chicago, Ill.	Pioneer Paper Co.	Los Angeles, Calif.
[illegible] & Son	East Walpole Mass.	Reynolds Shingle Co.	Grand Rapids, Mich
[illegible] Carey Mfg. Co.	Cincinnati, O.	Richardson Paper Co.	Cincinnati, O.
[illegible] Company	Boston Mass	[illegible] Co.	St. Paul, Minn
[illegible] Mfg. Co.	St. Louis, Mo	Standard [illegible] Co.	New York, N. Y.
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McHenry Millhouse Mfg. Co.	South Bend, Ind	H F Watson Co.	Erie, Pa
		A. H. White Mfg. Co.	New Orleans, La

"Come this way, won't you?" And after he had followed her a few astonished steps, "You'll have to go through the rose garden to get round."

They stood just a minute hidden on the rather unbecoming reverse side of the orchid screen, and so near to the altar that they could hear every booming syllable of the minister's voice.

Harry's unexpected guide took him by the lapels of his coat and smiling whimsically whispered again, "Now are you going to mind what I say?"

"Every word," he responded, perfectly puzzled, but somehow overcome with gratitude.

"Then stand right there." She indicated a spot at the very edge of the orchid screen. "And don't you move till I tell you to."

He obeyed like a soldier, and when she had vanished—with remarkable grace for a lady of her bulk—he could peep round and see the very bush beside which Ireen stood. He could even catch a glimpse of her adorable little walking skirt, and his every atom clamored to disobey orders.

It was over. The bride had no sooner submitted to the first kiss of her husband and the recessional started down the aisle than Lemuel Prigley leaped briskly to a folding chair, clapped his nervous hands and proceeded to spring the sensation of the day.

"Stay where you are!"

The audience, which had already begun to surge toward the ribbon ropes, became suddenly still at the sound of this unexpected barking command. Lewisburg, now well used to Lemuel's eccentricities, should have been surprised at nothing, however little they were prepared for what was to come.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Lemuel's penetrating bark went over their heads, "efficiency is the keynote of success. Waste not, want not. Great idea. Saving won the war. Now in my opinion nothing is so wasteful as a modern wedding. This has been the grandest wedding ever pulled off in Lewisburg, even if I do say it myself, and it is my own daughter gets the benefit. I don't regret a cent of it. Glad of it. But the whole thing's inefficient."

Somebody giggled, but Lemuel went right on:

"Now I want to make you all a proposition. Here's my idea. No use in young people starting out in life spending ten years' wages on flowers and fixings. Save it for a nest egg. I've gone into this matter."

He turned impatiently to Ireen, who came forward with a typewritten sheet.

"Here is a list," he declared, flourishing the paper, "of all the young people in Lewisburg who ought to get married. Lots of 'em in this audience at this very minute. Now we've got here this afternoon the best plant in America for turning out the finished article. There's cut flowers, three preachers, two choirs, a double orchestra and an opera singer, just going to waste. None of 'em's tired. Just worked ten minutes. Now that they're here and not het up yet there's no reason why they shouldn't perform all the ceremonies that come along. Won't cost a cent. Just say the word and we tie the knot. Now who'll be first to step up?"

A sound that was half a sigh, half a giggle, ran through the audience. Several young men, standing close to suitable young ladies, shuffled uneasily. An ill-bred humorist was heard to say, "Now's your time, Tony." Several elderly ladies of the conservative party might have been heard to declare that this was too much ere they moved disgustedly away. There fell a dreadful aching silence during which Pineapple Prigley turned round and round, one finger lifted in the gesture of an auctioneer counting his fatal three.

"What's matter?" he barked. "Give you society folks a chance to save money, be sensible, observe teamwork—and you all act scared. Why, I'll venture to say there's twenty young couples in this audience who could avail themselves of this opportunity and save something for a nest egg. Who, now?"

Only a nervous shuffling of the feet.

"You needn't hesitate on account of the marriage license," barked Lemuel in louder and louder tones. "There's a marriage-license clerk over at that table"—he pointed, and sure enough, a squint-eyed clerk could be seen grinning behind an open book—"and there's no use making the orchestra wait till it gets stiff."

The irresolute ones were now beginning to look a trifle silly.

"Very well," declared Lemuel, snapping his little jaw under his huge mustache as he carefully folded his list of eligibles and thrust it into his pocket. "If nobody wants my offer I'm going to say a word for myself."

He cast a swift glance down toward Ireen McKane, who stood as if petrified.

"Here is a dear little girl," he resumed, laying a fatherly hand on her bright head, "who hasn't wasted and frivoled time and money. She's had to work for a living, and when she spends a cent she knows where it goes. Maybe you don't know her now, but you'll be proud of her acquainance pretty soon. Her name's Ireen. Miss Ireen McKane. Step a little closer, Miss Ireen, and let 'em see you. And she's to be the first efficiency bride."

There was a certain rushing movement in the crowd behind Lemuel Prigley, who was too deep in his entrancing announcement to be disturbed.

"So much for the bride. And as for the groom, he is perhaps a little better known to you. A man of affairs who came to you a stranger and was royally welcomed. Perhaps you are not unacquainted with the name of ——"

"Henry S. Wiggin!"

It came shrill and penetrating like the shriek of a whistle. Lemuel, his mouth open under its bush, turned nervously to behold Miss Jessica Stanchfield, her hands raised like the support of an arch, elevating the joined fingers of Harry Wiggin and Ireen McKane.

"What the devil's this?" barked Lemuel in as nearly a whisper as he could command.

"The first couple," declared Jessica quite distinctly. "Now don't keep the orchestra waiting till it gets stiff. That wouldn't be efficient, you know."

Lemuel stepped down from his chair and gave away the bride. The wedding was not so elaborate, perhaps, as its designer might have wished. The surpliced choir had retired upstairs to change its clothes, but the orchestra discoursed Lohengrin and Madame Dracula repeated The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.

In a daze the old man who had entertained so false an idea of renewing his youth listened to the responses, efficiently stepping forward at the precise moment to give the bride away.

For the first time in his life he was humbled in the face of failure. The lovely creature he had visioned as ruler of his home, consoler of his age, knelt before him, clasping the hand of the man she so obviously wanted. He could not see her angelic little face, but he felt sure that her eyes were filled with happy tears.

He kissed her immediately after the bridegroom had rendered homage, then he stood moodily aside.

A plump comfortable arm was thrust through his and he found himself grinning into the dimpled countenance of Jessie Stanchfield.

"By hucks!" swore Lemuel. "That was the first big deal that ever blew up right in my face. Everybody fell down on me. And then the last minute ——"

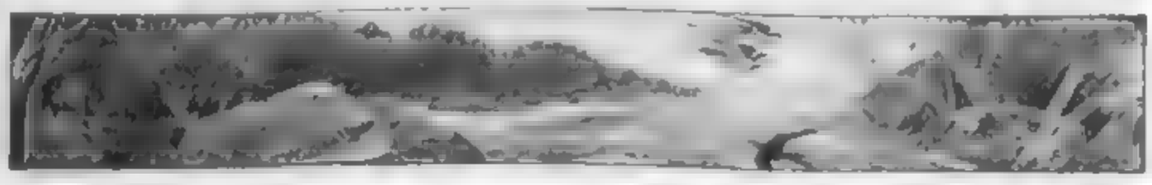
"That was one of the prettiest weddings I ever saw," declared Jessica smoothly.

"Was it? Why, girl, I planned this whole show so that I could get married myself."

"The orchestra's still here," she suggested ever so sweetly, "and the greatest preacher in the state is less than three feet away from you."

"Huh!" said Lemuel. Then, the keen generic light again flashing behind his gray eyes: "Say, Jessie, you grab the preacher and I'll order the license."

Therefore the orchestra repeated Lohengrin's nuptial music; but Madame Dracula, being temperamental, refused to sing the same song three times in an afternoon. Later she had to sue for the double fee she demanded.



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The sportsman's gauge for upland game

THERE'S the same keen sport to bagging upland game with a 20 gauge gun as there is to landing big fish with light tackle.

The quick handling of the 20 gauge enables you to get onto your game quicker, but it calls for fast, clean gun work.

Before you take to the woods this Fall get your hands on a Model 12 Winchester in the 20 gauge. Put one to your shoulder, try its balance, see how beautifully it handles. Your sportsman's instinct will tell you it's the gamiest little weapon you can choose.

Lets the shell make its pattern

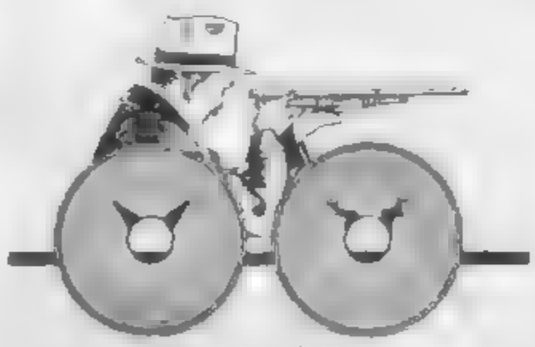
The barrel of the Winchester 20 gauge, like all Winchester barrels, *lets the shell do its full work.*

Good shell patterns are either *allowed* or *prevented* by the character of the *gun barrel*—the chamber, bore and choke.

Faulty chambering even more than faulty choking tends to mash and "ball" the shot, making the pellets fall short or fly wild.

And if a gun is faulty in its most vital part, the chamber, the chances are that the bore is also carelessly made.

From chamber to choke, the barrels of the famous Winchester repeaters are bored to make the shell throw its highest pattern. They are free from shot jamming defects.



The "Line" Test

Perfect bore of Winchester barrel revealed under "Line" test.

Irregularities revealed in inferior shotgun barrel under "Line" test.

Point a Winchester barrel toward the light and look through the bore. It looks like a highly polished mirror. Not a false shadow throughout the bore.

Sight through the bore at a horizontal black line on the window. This line will throw a "V" shadow on the bore. Tilt the barrel till the point of the "V" touches the muzzle. The perfect "V" shows absence of irregularities.

This is the "Line" test of a perfect bore. No faulty barrel can pass this test—the "V" will be distorted.

What (W) means

This mark on a Winchester barrel means that the gun has passed the "Winchester Provisional and Definitive Proof" test, having been fired many times for smooth action and accuracy, and strength-tested by firing 25 to 40 per cent excess loads. This stamp stands for Winchester's guarantee of quality, with 50 years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

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Leading hardware and sporting goods dealers in every community carry Winchester Arms and Ammunition. They will be glad to assist you in selecting the gun best suited to your needs. A complete catalog of Winchester guns and loaded shells will be mailed to you free upon request. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Dept. 428, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

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The chamber, bore and muzzle choke of all Winchester Shotguns are **REAMED** to micrometer measurements for the particular Winchester shells they are meant to shoot. You will get the highest and most uniform pattern results by shooting Winchester shells in Winchester guns—the two are made for each other

MODEL 12. Hammerless take-down repeating shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs.; in 20 gauge, weight about 6 lbs.—more popular with women and boys than shotguns, because of its lightness and very slight recoil

MODEL 97. Take-down repeating shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating shotgun with a hammer.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 26)

Corkhill, the district attorney who was prosecuting the murderer of Garfield, said to me: "You will never fully understand this case until you have sat by me through one day's proceedings in court." Next day I did this.

Never have I passed five hours in a theater so filled with thrills. I occupied a seat betwixt Corkhill and Scoville, Guiteau's brother-in-law and voluntary attorney. I say "voluntary" because from the first Guiteau rejected him and vilely abused him, vociferously insisting upon being his own lawyer.

From the moment Guiteau entered the trial room it was a theatrical extravaganza. He was in irons, sandwiched between two deputy sheriffs, came in shouting like a madman, and began at once railing at the judge, the jury and the audience. A very necessary rule had been established that when he interposed whatever was being said or done automatically stopped. Then, when he ceased, the case went on again as if nothing had happened.

Only Scoville intervened between me and Guiteau and I had an excellent opportunity to see, hear and size him up. In visage and voice he was the meanest creature I have, either in life or in dreams, encountered. He had the face and intonations of a demon. Everything about him was loathsome. I cannot doubt that his criminal colleagues of history were of the same description.

Charlotte Corday was surely a lunatic. Wilkes Booth I knew. He was drunk, had been drunk all that winter, completely muddled and perverted by brandy, the inheritant of mad blood. Czolgosz, the slayer of McKinley, and the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth were clearly insane.

II

McKINLEY and Protectionism, Cleveland, Carlisle and Free Trade—how far away they seem!

With the passing of the old issues that divided parties new issues have come upon the scene. The alignment of the future will turn upon these. But, underlying all issues of all time are fundamental ideas which live forever and aye, and may not be forgotten or ignored.

It used to be claimed by the followers of Jefferson that Democracy was a fixed quantity, rising out of the bedrock of the Constitution, while Federalism, Whiggism and Republicanism were but the chimeras of some prevailing fancy, drawing their sustenance rather from temporizing expediency and current sentiment than from basic principles and profound conviction. To make haste slowly, to look before leaping, to take counsel of experience—were Democratic axioms. Thus the fathers of Democracy, while fully conceiving the imperfections of government and meeting as events required the need alike of movement and reform, put the visionary and experimental behind them to aim at things visible, attainable, tangible, the written Constitution the one safe precedent, the morning star and the evening star of their faith and hope.

What havoc the parties and the politicians have made of all these lofty pretenses! Where must an old-line Democrat go to find himself?

Two issues, however, have come upon the scene which for the time being are paramount and which seem organic. They are set for the determination of the twentieth century: The sex question and the drink question.

I wonder if it be possible to consider them in a catholic spirit from a philosophic standpoint. I can truly say that the enactment of prohibition laws, state or national, is personally nothing to me. I long ago reached an age when the convivialism of life ceased to cut any figure in the equation of my desires and habits. It is the never-failing recourse of the intolerant, however, to ascribe an individual, and, of course, an unworthy, motive to contrariwise opinions, and I have not escaped that kind of criticism.

The challenge underlying prohibition is twofold: Does prohibition prohibit, and, if it does, may it not generate evils peculiarly its own?

The question hinges on what are called "cumptuary laws"; that is, statutes regulating the food and drink, the habits and apparel of the individual citizen. This in turn harks back to the issue of paternal government. That, once admitted and established, becomes in time all-embracing.

Bigotry is a disease. The bigot pursuing his narrow round is like the bedridden possessed by his disordered fancy. It sees nothing but itself, which it mistakes for wisdom and virtue. But it also begets hypocrisy. When this spreads over a sufficient area and counts a voting majority it sends its agents abroad, and thus we acquire canting apostles and legislators at once corrupt and despotic.

They are now largely in evidence in the national capital and in the various state capitals, where the poor-dog, professional politicians most do congregate and disport themselves.

The worst of it is that there seems nowhere any popular realization—scarcely any popular outcry. Do we grow degenerate? Are we willfully dense? "In a nation of blind men," we are told, "the one-eyed man is king." In a nation of undiscriminating voters the voice of the agitator is apt to drown the voice of the statesman. Teaching everybody to read, nobody to think—the rule of numbers the law of the land, partyism and populism in the saddle—legislation, state and Federal, becomes largely a matter of riding to hounds and horns.

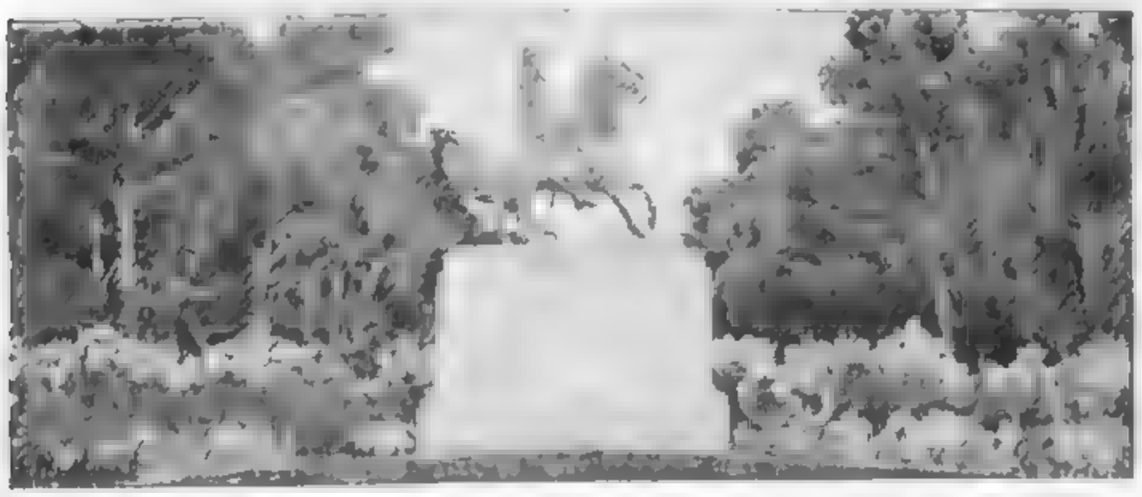
III

I KNOW full well how philosophy, seeking to teach by example, is whistled down the wind of popular indifference and incredulity. But I also know that the "peepul," so limpid on the tongue of the politician, is measurably and collectively—not to put too fine a point upon it—a variable quantity.

It seems of the very nature of the human species to meddle and muddle. On every hand we see the organization of societies for making men and women over again according to certain fantastic formulas existing in the minds of the promoters. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the visiting Frenchman, "fifty religions and only one soup!" Since then both the soups and the religions have multiplied until there is scarce a culinary or moral conception which has not some sect to represent it. The Uplift, a disease, is the keynote to these.

Society and partyism are jointly and equally at fault. Under the pretense of liberalizing the Government its organic character is being sacrificed to whimsical experimentation; its checks and balances, wisely designed to promote and protect liberty, are being loosened by schemes of reform more or less visionary; while nowhere do we find intelligence, enlightened by experience and conviction, supported by self-control, interposing to save the representative system of the Constitution from the onward march of the proletariat and the self-elect.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.



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BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 36)

a little while and sidled round the table. I thought sure he was going to start something then. But he just stood there a little while. Then he stepped up to the young felleh and laid a hand on his shoulder and says, 'Taxes is due. The collector is waiting for you below.' The young felleh twisted his head to look up at Old John and Old John looked down at him. This sort of surprised everybody, coming right in the middle of a hand; and Old John says to the crowd, 'I'm a soothsayer from Sayre, Ohio,' and went out. He was always saying queer things like that, so probably the crowd forgot it all in half a minute.

"He went down the back stairs, me following. There was a wooden sidewalk run along the side of the building and it was about two feet higher than the ground and Old John says to me, 'We'll pitch our tents in Israel right here a spell,' and he set down on the sidewalk and I set down beside him.

"Probably it was two three o'clock in the morning then; a warm night and lots of moonlight. We waited there maybe half an hour. Then the young felleh with the busted chin come out of the back door and saw Old John and me setting there and kind of hesitated. 'Come hither,' says Old John to him. The young felleh stepped across to us and Old John didn't get up or nothing. He just set there on the sidewalk and says to the young felleh, 'I don't care what you do to them lunks upstairs, but you can't palm forty-six dollars out of me. Produce!'

"The young felleh looked mighty sullen, but I reckon Old John and me didn't look very good to him. Probably I was kind of grinning and John's hat was stuck on the back of his head. He wasn't a man that anybody would want to trifle with. So the young felleh stuck his hand in his pants pocket and pulled out a fist full of money and started to count out forty-six dollars and Old John just grabbed the money out of his hand and says, 'Never mind the change,' and sat there looking up at him. The young felleh looked like fight for a minute and squared his jaw. And I slipped my hand in my coat pocket. I always carried a blackjack handy in those days. Then the young felleh just pulled his cap down over his forehead again and walked off, looking plumb discouraged, and John and me walked back to the fairground and slept in the wagon.

"Next day this young felleh comes out to the fairground and sees Old John at the wheel of fortune. He stands round watching him a while, and Old John kind of watching out of the tail of his eye, wondering what he'd got on his mind. Pretty soon everybody goes off to watch the horse races. They didn't have any trotting horses, but they had running races with broncos. Then the young felleh comes up to John and strikes him for a job. They had a long spiel about it together and finally John offers him a job.

"You see, Old John had been getting terrible sore on Elt Grew because Elt had been boozing too much. The rule was, 'No booze in working hours,' but Elt had been getting himself pickled every afternoon and by time his evening spiel come along he was too much saturated. John had been cussin' him out about it, but he and Elt had been together a good while and it wasn't so easy to get hold of a man who could do the phony-jewelry game. John told the young felleh to stand round and watch Elt that evening and next day and practice up on the part. And when we left Buffalo Center—fair only lasted three days—Old John fired Elt Grew and put this young felleh on in his place. The young felleh said his name was Tom Wilson—and he's the man you call Alfred Dinsmore."

Purcell stared at that and passed a bent forefinger over his lips.

"Don't have to take my word for it; you can prove it all yourself," the negro drawled. "He was with us three four weeks and Old John took a shine to him. By and by we went over the line into Nebraska to Billingtown, where we'd been three four times before. Pretty good business there. This was a town of about twenty five hundred—pretty good country round. The fair lasted all week. Tom Wilson was spieling in Elt Grew's place.

"Well, nothing much happened till Tuesday. But I saw Old John wasn't feeling right. I reckon probably he'd got kind of low-spirited on account of parting with Elt Grew, for they'd been together a long time. They'd been at Billingtown together two three times—which kind of brought it up fresh in his mind. You see, except on Saturdays, we usually didn't open up on the fairgrounds until afternoon, only Ben Lukens, who was kind of a lunkhead anyway, would have his ring game going. Tuesday, John and I goes up town, for he has some business. Comes half past ten, he goes into a saloon and takes a drink. He was feeling sort of lonesome, I reckon. I knew that was a bad sign—drinking in the morning. He takes a good many drinks that forenoon and about one o'clock he goes over to the bank. I don't know just what it was for, but he was going to buy a draft to send East. The amount was a hundred and sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents. He goes up to the counter with a bundle of money in his hand and asks the cashier for a draft on New York for that much.

"This cashier's name was Latham. He was a big fine-looking man with a brown mustache. Well, this cashier writes out the draft and takes John's money and counts it and hands back the change and says very quiet and polite, 'Thirty-five cents exchange for the draft.' Seems John had bought a draft like that somewhere a while before and they'd only charged him fifteen cents for it. Of course it didn't really amount to anything anyhow. But the booze had got its hooks in Old John by that time and he was spoiling for a row. So he begins to roar over the thirty-five cents. The cashier speaks very quiet and polite, but tells him thirty-five cents is the charge. I could see that cashier was having a bad effect on Old John anyway. He was a handsome man, you know, and shaved smooth and the ends of his mustache twisted neat. His collar was very shiny and his clothes like he stepped out of a bandbox and he spoke in such a smooth, polite kind of way. Knowing Old John well as I did, I could see he was kind of aching to muss that man up.

"He sure did act outrageous, calling that cashier the worst kind of names and yelling, 'Robbers! Hold up! Police!' till you could have heard him in the next county—and keeping it right up too. The front door was open and people come running from all round. I knew there was sure to be trouble and had my hand on my blackjack. I could see that cashier turning pale, but he tried to keep cool and tell the people that run in that it was just a drunken man. But Old John kept it right up, calling the worst kind of names. In a couple of minutes a kind of slim wiry man with a bushy beard and a slouch hat come running in. The cashier says to him, 'All right, Fred,' quietlike, and walked round in front of the counter. I saw he had his hand in his pocket. It looked pretty bad when the cashier came walking toward us and I got ready.

"But it surely happened too quick for me. That wiry man with the beard jumped just like a cat and hit Old John a terrible wallop over the head with the butt of a gun and same time the cashier stuck a gun against my stomach. You know how it is with a crowd. They kind of stand round with their mouths open until somebody shows 'em how. So in a second three or four men grabbed me. This man with the beard was the deputy sheriff. He and the cashier beat Old John up some; then the deputy took him off to jail. Naturally, I didn't have much to say and they let me go. About five o'clock that afternoon they took John out of jail before a justice, who fined him twenty five dollars and costs for disorderly conduct. He had three lumps on his head where he'd been hit.

"That was a lesson to Old John. He'd been in plenty rows before that, but he'd never really been come up with before. Where he made his mistake that time was starting rough-house in a bank. But I noticed always after that he wasn't so ready to start a row. It was certainly a lesson to him. But he took it mighty hard—Old John did. Seemed to kind of grind him through and through. He was terrible sullen and bitter. Of course everybody knew about it. The crowd round the wheel of fortune next day was bigger than ever. Even the women and children was coming up all the time. Of course they didn't come up to play the wheel, but just to look at Old John. There was a cut and big bruises on his cheek. The men in the crowd kept grinning when they looked at it. Old John glared back at 'em, but he stuck right to the job, spieling for his wheel of fortune. He was proud, you know. All that staring and grinning at him ground him right through and through.

"Still there wouldn't anything have ever come of it if it hadn't been for Pete Sykes. We knew Pete Sykes from the first time we ever showed in Billingtown. Since then he and John had got kind of confidential. Pete Sykes called himself a plasterer and paper hanger, but he didn't work at it very steady only when he was stony broke. There was quite a smart little gambling house in Billingtown and Pete Sykes hung out there a good deal—lookout at the faro table and so on. But there wasn't trade enough to keep the little gambling house going all the time, so sometimes Pete had to work at plastering. We'd always had him for a stool pigeon at the soap game. He was ready for any little job of that kind that came along.

"I reckon Pete Sykes sympathized with John over what had happened to him. Anyway, I know it was Pete Sykes that told him about the bank. This bank, you see, was in a brick building—mighty nifty, with white-stone trimming and tile floor and shiny counter inside. Pete Sykes had done the plastering and he knew the other men that worked on it—bricklayers and carpenters. This was the first brick building ever put up in Billingtown. They had to ship in the brick and the bricklayers too. It made a big show, you see; but it was kind of a phony building. When you went in there was a great big vault door with shiny bolts. Looked like you couldn't break it with dynamite. But Pete Sykes knew the walls of the vault was just two layers of common brick. A good man with a crowbar could break in from the outside in twenty minutes easy enough.

"Pete Sykes had kind of kept that in his mind. He was a nervy man. I reckon if he'd known anybody to tie up with that he could trust he'd have took a crack at that bank before. He knew Old John had plenty nerve for anything, and John was sure mighty sore at that cashier. There was a safe inside the vault—where the money was—but Old John knew something about that too. He'd knocked all round the country and mixed up with all sorts of people, so he knew just how they did it. They took some nitroglycerin stuff and mixed it up somehow—'soup,' they called it—and they put that round the door of a safe and touched it off with a fuse and blew the door off. Maybe Old John hadn't ever done it himself, but he'd talked with 'em and knew just how they did it. He was a man that was always picking up information.

"Well, Old John and Pete Sykes talked it over. They was ready enough. One trouble was, this cashier lived up over the bank. It was a two-story building and the cashier lived upstairs. But they reckoned that when they blew the safe it wouldn't take 'em more'n a couple of minutes to grab what money there was and beat it. If anybody should show up they reckoned they could stand him off for a minute or two. But probably nobody would show up before they got away.

"They raised a good deal of wheat round there and wheat was coming to market lively. The bank had to keep money on hand to pay for the wheat. About every day a big bundle of currency would come in by express from Omaha. The train got in a little after five o'clock; Old John told me to hang round the railroad station one afternoon. Just after train time this handsome cashier comes in with a little brown hand bag. He signs the book and the station agent gives him a bundle, big as that, with sealing wax all over on it. The cashier puts that in his bag and goes back to the bank—maybe twenty thousand dollars.

"Of course Old John was too foxy to start anything right then, after him having that trouble with the cashier. We just finished up that week at the fair and then moved on to Bleeker, where we showed next week. From there we're going to Standing Rock. That's a fifty-mile drive. In Bleeker John goes round complaining that two of his horses ain't well; he's afraid they've got distemper. He tells me to do the same. We closed up in Bleeker Friday morning, only leaving Ben Lukens and the ring game, for he's a lunkhead anyway, and drove to a little place called Inland and camped on the bank of a creek that hadn't hardly any water in it—a couple of miles out of town. John tells me to take one of the horses and

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

ride into town and get some condition powders. All this stuff about the horses being sick was to make an alibi, you see. This town is twenty-three miles from Billingtown. Half past nine Old John and me and the felleh we call Tom Wilson got on the horses and rode to Billingtown. By that time Old John has taken a shine to this felleh we called Wilson. We don't urge the horses any—saving 'em up for the ride back, so it's pretty near one o'clock when we get in.

"Just to the west edge of Billingtown there's what they call a draw out in that country—ravine, I reckon you call it here—long deep gully, you know. There was some scrub trees growing in it. We tied our horses to the trees and right there Pete Sykes bobbed up. He's been waiting for us. He lived in a little house without any paint on it not more'n ten rods the other side of the draw. Old John is carrying a grip with his stuff in it. Lord knows where he got the stuff—tools and the 'soup' and so on. But he'd got it all right. Pete Sykes pulls a crowbar and a cold chisel and a wooden mallet out from among the trees. Then John lines me and Tom Wilson up and gives us our instructions over again. There's a two-story frame building on one side of this bank, you see, and a one-story frame building on the other side; then comes an alley. And there's outside stairs on the back of the bank building that go up to the second story where the cashier lives. John has picked a night when there ain't any moon, but it's some lighter than we'd like. Tom Wilson is to stand out back of the bank by the stairs that come down and keep watch, and I'm to stand by the corner of this one-story frame building where I can keep watch of the alley. We're to give a whistle if anybody comes.

"Well, we started over town about two o'clock, each one going alone, and we met back of the bank. Tom Wilson and I took our places and Pete Sykes and Old John went to work at the wall. Every now and then I can hear 'em plain as day—chink, chink against the brick like they'd wake up the whole town. Seemed like it takes 'em all night, too—a terrible long while; I'm looking for sunup. Then Pete Sykes touched my arm and whispered to me, 'Ready now,' and I know they're ready to touch it off. He'd been to Tom Wilson too. I reckon Tom Wilson was all wound up just like I was—so tight I'm ready to bust. Then there's the awfulest noise you ever heard—like a whole navy blowing up, it seems to me—only it's kind of dull and muffled. Probably I ought to have stayed at the alley, but I knew they're about ready for the get-away, so I just naturally drifted toward the bank.

"Tom Wilson, by the foot of the stairs, must have been excitedlike, too, and looking round toward the bank. I seen a white figure come running down the back stairs. It was this cashier in his night shirt. Tom Wilson was sort of in the shadow of the stairs and I guess the cashier didn't see him. Anyway, Tom Wilson sees this figure when it's almost right on him. That was the account he give of it afterward. He sees the figure when it's almost right on him and he never says a word—just naturally blazes away. And the cashier sort of toppled over and caught at the wooden railing of the stairs and blazed at Tom and then fell down.

"Old John come crawling out of the hole in the wall and run out with a gun in his hand, looking round. I saw him quite plain—hat on the back of his head and looking mighty wild and bad. Pete Sykes was crawling out of the hole too. Then John yells a cuss at him and runs back and drives him in and crawls in himself. Lord knows how long they're gone, but when they come out they'd got the money and we all beat it for the draw without thinking to divide ourselves like we did when we come, but running in the dusty road where we don't make any noise.

"When we're pretty near there Tom Wilson sort of wobbled a minute and fell over. John come back and looked at him and says, 'He's hit.' Then he and Pete Sykes talk mighty fast. Pete says, 'Take him to my house; I'll see to it.' They talk a second and Pete and I picked Tom Wilson up, head and feet, and carried him to the back door of Pete Sykes' shack. The door's unlocked and we carried him in and laid him on the floor and Pete says to me, 'Beat it!' I certainly was agreeable to that. Old John was some ahead of me. When I got to the draw he had the horses untied and we lit out, me leading the horse Tom Wilson had rode. We rode all the horses would go for half an hour, but didn't make hardly any noise in the dusty road, and then we took it easier; but kept pushing right along and when we got back to camp we couldn't see that anybody'd been round there. We rubbed the horses down and Old John went off a ways and buried the money for that night. Then we turned in.

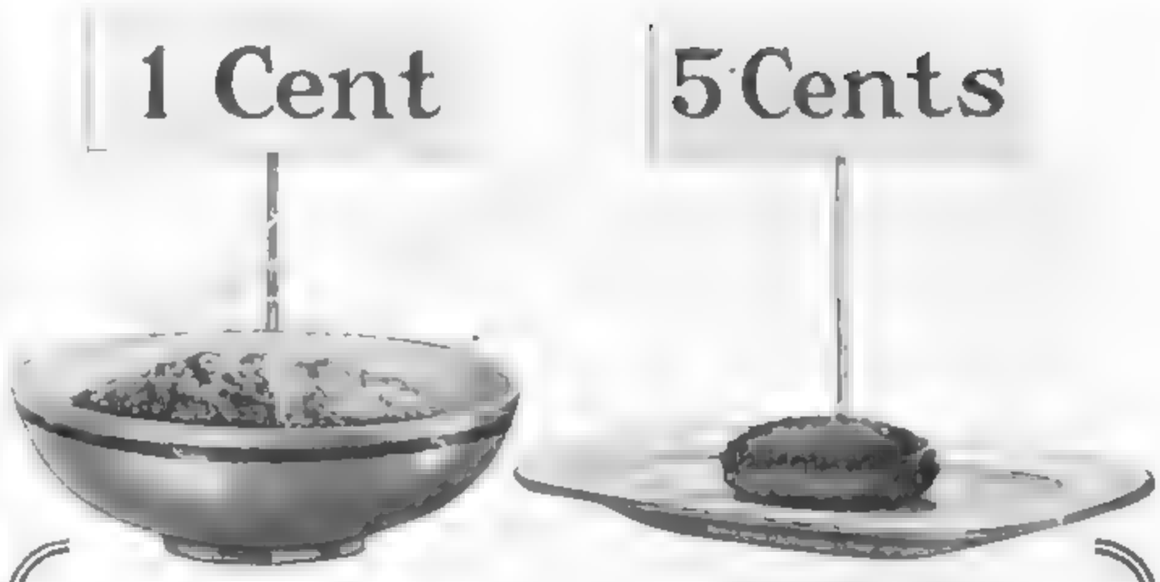
"Nobody come near us all next forenoon. If anybody did come round I was to say Tom Wilson and Old John had a row Friday afternoon and Old John fired him and he left us about three miles this side of a place called Kedron that we'd drove through and that's the last I saw of him. I had a regular story to tell about it. Old John and me had went over it carefully. But nobody come near. So about three o'clock that afternoon we hitched up and drove on to Standing Rock, where we got in eight o'clock that night. We sat round the wagon that evening and nobody said a word to us. Next morning we met up with Ben Lukens and John told him about firing Tom Wilson, and afterwards I told it to him. And we went on with our business, only we couldn't open up with the soap game and the phony jewelry, for we didn't have anybody to spiel. But somehow John got track of Elt Grew and telegraphed him, and Tuesday afternoon Elt showed up. John told him about firing Tom Wilson and they shook hands and Elt went back to spieling and so we was all shipshape again.

"I don't know what Old John was hearing from Billingtown then, or whether he was hearing anything, but he kept warning me to be mighty careful what I said, because likely there'd be detectives nosing round trying to get something on us. Of course there was a lot in the newspapers about the robbery of the bank at Billingtown and killing the cashier. The cashier was unconscious when they found him and never said a word before he passed out. There was a good deal of excitement about that. John says, 'You know what it means for us,' and put his hands round his neck. You can believe I was careful to say nothing to nobody and always watching out for anybody nosing round.

"It come along Thursday or Friday, I don't remember which. The crowd had gone over to the horse races and Old John and me was at the wheel-of-fortune booth when up come a gentleman and lady. They looked like folks that amounted to something. The man was sort of stout and had a beard cut down to a point with maybe three four gray hairs in it—good clothes and carrying a cane. He looked like somebody. The lady was a nice-looking lady, too, and walked with her hand on his arm like she was nervous. They come right up to the booth and the man talked right out to Old John. He said, 'You had a young man in your company at Bleeker—engaged in selling soap, I believe. We want to find that young man. This lady is his mother.'

"Well, Old John told 'em the story about firing Tom Wilson and they listened and the lady hung pretty tight to the gentleman's arm and her lips trembled so she put her fingers up to 'em now and then. The man talked right out like it was straight goods and asked John questions about Tom Wilson—how long he'd known him and where he met him and so on, and John told 'em—except he didn't say he met Tom Wilson in a poker room palming cards. He just said Tom Wilson come up to him and asked for a job. The man talked mighty nice and like he was on the level. By and by he said the young man they was talking about was a reckless kind of young man and he'd disappeared from home, and his family was very anxious about him, and so on. He said a friend who was acquainted with the young man had seen him on the fairground at Bleeker and soon's this friend got back to St. Joseph, Missouri, where the young man's home was, he'd told this here gentleman about it, for the gentleman was his uncle. So he had found out where Old John had went to from Bleeker and he and the young man's mother had come to find him. He talked very nice about it, and the lady was mighty nervous.

"Old John said he might likely come across that young man again and if he did he'd let him know. And the uncle gave Old John his card. His name was Elliott and he was a lawyer in St. Joe, Missouri, the card had his address on it. And Old John said he'd sure drop him a line if he ever come across that young man again. Old John was foxy, you know. He saw these people amounted to something; probably they had money and a pull, so that might be



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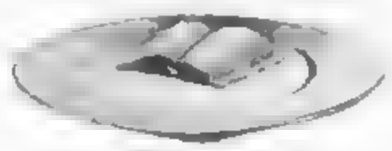

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or mackerel costs some 8 cents per serving—8 times the dish of oats.

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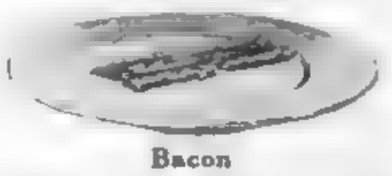

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a good thing in case of trouble coming up over what had happened. He talked fine and benevolent to 'em about the young man and young men generally. He says, 'Colts will be colts till they're broke.' And he calls the lady 'Mrs. Elliot' once or twice on purpose and she corrects him and says, 'Mrs. Dinsmore; Mr. Elliot is my brother.' And Old John gives the young man quite a fine character, and when they're gone he writes down 'Dinsmore' on the back of the lawyer's card so he won't forget it.

"Him and me talks it over after they'd gone and he wondered whether they was on the level, but I believed they was from the way the gentleman talked and the lady trembled and how her eyes looked. So that's how we knew Tom Wilson's right name was Dinsmore. Still nobody was troubling us about what had happened at Billingtown; and next week we went on to Blue Creek. There wasn't any fair there, but it was court week and we were going to stay two three days. Second day, up comes Pete Sykes and Tom Wilson with his arm in a sling. They walked right up to the wheel of fortune like they was thinking of buying some paddles. You paid a quarter, you know, for a wooden paddle with a number on it and if the wheel stopped at that number you won.

"Once in his life Old John was sure jarred. He pretty near stopped spieling and glared at 'em. This Sykes was a reckless sort of man when he got started. Seems in that fast talking they did when they found Tom Wilson was shot Old John had told Pete Sykes to come to Blue Creek, but he didn't expect him to walk right up to the booth in broad daylight with Tom Wilson along, his arm in a sling. But Sykes argued that was just as good a way to do it as any other. He said everybody was all off the trail about the Billingtown business anyway.

"Sykes told what had happened. Seems after we got Tom Wilson into his house he'd got him into a bedroom, they having two bedrooms. His wife was living with him in the house, but I reckon he wasn't a very pleasant man to live with. From the way he talked, she'd never open her head about it because she didn't dare. He'd looked Tom Wilson over himself and by and by his fever had come up and Sykes had gone out and got a doctor he knew. This doctor's name was Dill. That came out because Sykes said he'd give the doctor two thousand dollars to keep his mouth shut, and that was all the money he'd got out of the bank except about three hundred dollars. Old John had got the rest of it. Old John said two thousand was too much and he said Sykes mustn't try any holding-out games on him. And then Sykes gave the doctor's name. It was Dill, but I don't remember the initials now. Pete Sykes said Old John could go and ask him if he wanted to.

"You see, Old John was kind of sore and suspicious and Pete Sykes didn't intend to be done, either, and they had quite an argument about it; but sure they couldn't afford to quarrel and both of them knew that. This Doctor Dill must have been a skate. He played poker and drank and Pete Sykes knew him from the ground up. Pete Sykes said he had something on him—a woman he'd operated on against the law and she'd died—so Dill was bound to keep his mouth shut.

"Well, they'd kept Tom Wilson hid there and this Doctor Dill had looked after him; and so there they was in Blue Creek waiting for the divvy.

"Old John pitched into Tom Wilson; said he was an idiot to shoot when he could have held up the cashier. Tom Wilson was sullen and mighty nervous. He wanted to get some money and light out. They got to feeling sore at each other. Old John was riled anyway, because he thought the shooting was all foolishness and it put his neck in a noose, and because Tom Wilson had come down there with his arm in a sling.

"Pete Sykes said he promised Doctor Dill two thousand dollars more and Old John says Doctor Dill can go to hell. Old John's got twenty thousand dollars and some change. He divides it in four pieces and Pete Sykes says, 'You going to give the coon a full share?' meaning me. Old John says, 'Sure he gets a full share.' So they divide up the money and Pete Sykes and Tom Wilson go away and afterward Old John give me a thousand dollars. That's thirty-one years ago, and from that day to this nobody ain't ever said a word about the Billingtown business to anybody that had a hand in it."

The negro paused there for a moment, while Purcell shaved his lips with a bent forefinger.

"I've never took it to myself," the caller added with an aged smile, "because if Tom Wilson hadn't got rattled there wouldn't have been any shooting. That was just an accident."

Purcell, however, was not much interested in that delicate point in casuistry.

"How do you know Tom Wilson is Alfred Dinsmore?" he demanded.

"I'm coming to that," the negro replied with the implication of a polite rebuke. "You see, Old John was terrible sore about that shooting business. He thought it was all foolishness on Tom Wilson's part, and it put his neck in a halter. He thought it brought him bad luck. He used to call Tom Wilson the worst kind of names about it. Seemed like just after that they begun shutting down on him. Seemed like people begun to get down on gambling generally. He had all kinds of trouble getting permission to spiel at the county fairs and on the streets where he ain't never had any trouble at all before. They said the gambling games and the soap and phony jewelry wouldn't do any more. The country was getting more settled up all the time; more Eastern people coming in. They begun to get tony ideas. Gambling houses shut up all over; no more wheels of fortune.

"That made it pretty hard for Old John. He'd been working that country that way eight or ten years then and he'd got sort of settled in the habit. He tried giving prizes at the wheel of fortune instead of paying money—winner'd get a little alarm clock or a gilt vase. But that didn't catch on like the old game did; made it pretty hard for Old John. He'd done right well with his games generally speaking; but if he had good business one week, probably he'd lose all the money playing poker or faro middle of the next week. It was always sort of hand to mouth, as the saying is. So when they begun to shut down on him that way he was up against it—and mighty sore.

"We struggled along about five years, but they was always sort of whittling us down finer. The big wagon and one of the horses went and we drove round in a two-seated buggy. By and by the last horse and the buckboard goes. Old John and me is traveling on trains. We felt humiliated.

"Well, sir, it's five years and we was cleaned out. Old John had always kept that lawyer's card from St. Joe, and the way he's got it in his mind Tom Wilson is responsible for all our troubles. Old John was worse tempered 'n a she bear then, so we scraped the bottom of the bin and went to St. Joe. Old John didn't tell me a word about it then. He just told me to lay low and keep my mouth shut and keep out of all trouble or he'd cut my heart out. You see, Old John was peculiar that way. Lots of times he'd never say a word to me. Then by and by when he'd had a few drinks and was feeling good he'd tell me all about it.

"Certainly I had my own idea what we was doing at St. Joe, because I knew that was where Tom Wilson lived, and plenty times Old John had let words slip when he was cussing Tom Wilson out for the bad luck. I had my own idea, but I never said a word—just lay low like he told me. We was there six days and then Old John come in with a bank roll that would choke a horse and we lit out for San Antonio. Afterward he told me about it, like he usually did. He'd went to spying out the land and finding out about these Dinsmores. He found where they lived—in a good house on a good street. Then he hung out at a livery stable up that way and got 'em to talking. Everybody knew about the family—Dinsmore and Elliot. They were swells, you know, so everybody knew about 'em. Her husband was dead and had left her some money. He'd been in the grain business. There was two boys, brothers; but both of 'em had gone away from home a good while ago and one of 'em was dead. Other was up in Chicago. That's all the folks Old John talked with could tell about the sons.

"Of course that was sort of discouraging for Old John. He didn't know how to get the address of the son in Chicago and he wasn't sure whether that was Tom Wilson or Tom Wilson was the one that had died. It would be just his luck to have Tom Wilson the dead one. Looked like he was up against it. You see, that made him sorer than ever. He was a terrible desperate kind of man when he was sore.

(Continued on Page 161)

Achievement—150 Years Ago and Today

It was in 1769 that the great inventor James Watt patented the first commercially-successful *steam engine*—that wonderful device which soon remoulded the customs and improved the conditions of the civilized world.

It is indeed fitting that the year 1919—an even century and a half after Watt's invention—should witness another great achievement in steam-producing development. This achievement is the perfection of the Stowe Stoker, an absolutely *new type* of automatic stoker which marks a *new era* in economical steam production.

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Ultra-4-Forty

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F.O.B. FACTORY

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Extra heavy cold rolled steel with an alloy of chrome nickel
Greater margin of safety because of balanced oversize
More than the ordinary number of cross members
Extra depth of channel section, hot riveted, giving it strength and rigidity
Wide flanges give extra surface for body mounting, preventing warps, rattle, squeaks
Solid bronze front end spring hangers—added protection against crystallization and breakage from front end thrusts

"THE CAR WITH THE FOUNDATION"

(Continued from Page 158)

He hung round and kept watch of the Dinsmore house. The way he figured it, that house owed him a lot of money and was trying to do him out of it. One day he's walking down toward the house, up against a stone wall and terrible sore, and he sees this Mrs. Dinsmore come out of the yard and start up the street, and Old John walks right on until he meets her, him standing in the middle of the sidewalk, his hat on the back of his head. And he says, 'Excuse me, ma'am. Maybe you don't remember me, but I'm the county-fair man your son worked for in Bleeker, Nebraska. I'd like to have a little conversation with you.'

"Guess there wasn't any danger of anybody ever forgetting Old John, with his round red beard and hat on the back of his head. This Mrs. Dinsmore goes white as a sheet and pretty near falls over and says, 'Come into the house,' like a woman all up in the air. So Old John goes back to the house with her and she takes him in a room and shuts the door. She's so scared she can hardly stand up; pretty near faints away, Old John tells me; and she promised to come across with ten thousand dollars almost before he could get round to ask for it. She's scared stiff, you see. She tells him to come back there at eight o'clock that evening.

"Well, sir, she has come across so easy that Old John is sort of suspicious. He goes away and thinks it over—thinks maybe she's setting a trap for him. But you couldn't bluff Old John very easy—especially not when he's desperate like he was then, and the woman did surely act like she was scared stiff. So eight o'clock up he marches to the front door and she lets him in, and sure enough she's got ten thousand dollars there. She makes him swear on the Bible that if she gives him the money he'll go straight away and never say a word to anybody. Old John swears it with a face as straight as a deacon's and puts the money in his pocket and goes away.

"He can't figure it out exactly; but one thing he's dead sure of—she knows her son shot that cashier Latham at Billingtown and the son's alive or else she'd never have come across that way and been scared so stiff. How she found it out John don't know. Maybe he confessed it. But John is dead sure she knows it or she'd never have come across that way. He remarks to me, 'So we've got a little anchor to the windward, William.' It does seem like that changed our luck too. We went down to San Antonio and all round that Southwest country."

The negro broke off, deliberated a moment and observed gravely, "Probably, no need my telling you all about that, because it don't have any bearing on the main story. Old John and me got along first rate for five six years. I forget exactly how long it was. Then we got in bad again. There was right serious trouble in a place down there and we beat it. We didn't have much money left either. So we goes back to St. Joe, and the Dinsmore house has been sold and she's moved up to Chicago, where her son is. Naturally, we moved up to Chicago too. We was better off that time in one way. First time we didn't have anything but the name Dinsmore and the name of the lawyer, Elliot, that was her brother. We had to trace her down from that. But that first time in St. Joe Old John got her full name, so we had that to go on in Chicago, even if we didn't have any address. We went to Chicago and Old John put up at a hotel he knew about. He looked in the city directory and the telephone book and found some Dinsmores, but not the right name. He asked the hotel clerk how a man would go at it to find an address that wasn't in the directory or the telephone book, and when he told the clerk it was prominent people the clerk showed him a blue book that had the names and addresses of the prominent people in it. That way Old John found her address. It was down on the South Side, which was the swell part of town then. Old John spotted the house and hung round till he caught her on the street again and she come across with another ten.

"He struck her for twenty-five and she was scared stiff and swore she'd have to sell some jewelry to get ten right away. Old John proposed to go right after the son for the twenty-five; but she was scared stiff and talked so wild about calling the police or a lawyer that he thought she might get hysterical and start something, so he decided to take ten then and her promise to give him ten more a month from then. They fixed it up that he was to telephone her and she was to tell him when to come to the house to get the money.

"Old John was kind of dissatisfied and thought she was stringing him some and he ought to go after the son himself. But he concluded ten wasn't so bad after all. We took a trip to New York, which proved pretty expensive, for John had poor luck. End of the month we come back and got another ten and went to Montana and that country. There was talk about Alaska then, and by and by we went up there. Long and short of it is, it was near ten years before we got back to Chicago. John got fifteen then and about five years later we come back. That was near four years ago. We been on the pay roll ever since.

"You see, that last time—near four years ago—John was going to make a hog killing. The Dinsmores had moved then. They was living in that big, swell house up in Highlands, and everybody said Alfred Dinsmore had barrels and barrels of money. That mail-order business was bringing it in by the bale. Naturally, that made John ambitious and he struck for a hundred thousand dollars. That's one thing he ain't never told me much about. I know he met the son that time—Alfred Dinsmore. I reckon they sort of went to the mat. This son ain't the kind of man you can bluff very much. I reckon him and Old John went to the mat. Old John come away sort of sore and grouchy and dissatisfied and talked some about starting something; but of course he wasn't really in very good shape to start anything.

"Long and short of it is, the son agreed to pay him six hundred every month. It's the fifteenth of every month, unless that comes on Saturday or Sunday, then it's on Friday. I go up there to the big house and get it myself, eight o'clock every evening. I'm carrying a little grip, you know, like I might be bringing some papers or something. I go round to the side door. The butler always lets me in there and goes to another room with me—fine room with books all round the walls. There's Alfred Dinsmore himself. I say, 'Good evening,' and he nods back and I open my grip and take the money. Then I say 'Thank you, sir,' and make a little bow and he nods. The butler's there in the hall and takes me back to the side door and lets me out. You come up to the gate with me next fifteenth of the month and I'll show you my empty grip when I go in and the money in it when I come out. I recognized this Alfred Dinsmore for Tom Wilson first time I set eyes on him. Of course he wears a beard now to cover up his busted chin with the scar on it, but anybody that had a good look at him back there in Billingtown would recognize him now."

The negro seemed to have finished.

"And you take the money to Old John?" Purcell asked.

The negro did not answer for a moment, but rubbed a bony hand over the bald ridge of his head. Then he said very gravely:

"No, sir. Old John Colby passed out more'n a year ago. Alfred Dinsmore killed him. I'm sure of it. Old John wasn't never really satisfied with that arrangement about six hundred dollars a month. He went to see Dinsmore about it one evening. And that night he died—very sudden. I'm sure he was poisoned up there. This here Alfred Dinsmore is a bad man to go against. He's got the worst kind of knife you ever saw—buckhorn handle so long, and when you touch a spring in it out pops a blade big enough to cut your throat twice over. He showed it to me one evening when I was up there. He's a bad man to go against. I know he killed old John Colby."

The caller said it deliberately in a subdued voice and Purcell thought there was fear in his eyes.

"That's why you're never to tell anybody I told you this," he continued. "If Dinsmore knew I told you he'd cut my throat sure as sunup—no matter what happened to him for it. That's the kind of man he is. I wouldn't ever face him down myself, for I'd be dead before morning if I did. But I'll tell you something. There's a colored man here used to live in Billingtown, Nebraska. We got to talking one time two three years ago and he told me he used to live there and then I said I worked in a barber shop there once for two weeks, and I got to asking him about some people I remembered. He said Pete Sykes was living there yet and Doctor Dill had went away from there only a few years before and last he knew he was living in Bent Bow. You could get hold of one or the

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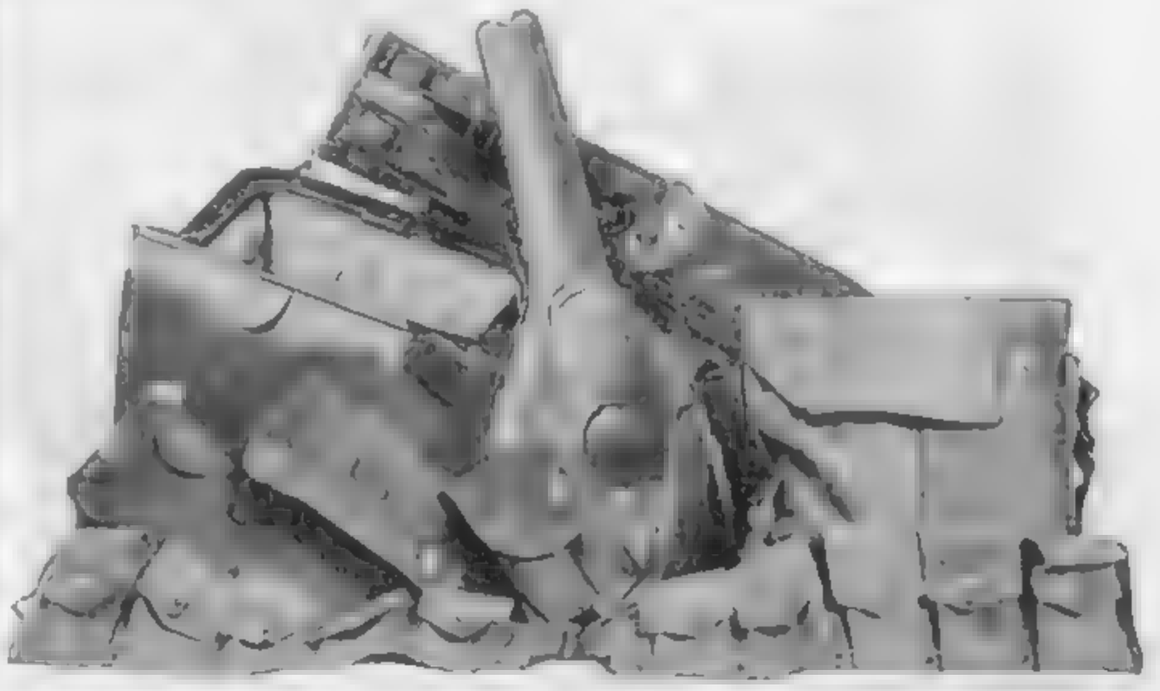

other of them if they knew there was money enough in it. They'd identify this Alfred Dinsmore in a minute. You could show this Alfred Dinsmore that you could hang it onto him if he didn't come across and the man that identified him could turn state's evidence and save his own neck."

The negro paused again and laid his hand on the corner of Purcell's desk.

"But me, you understand," he said earnestly, "I'd never face this Alfred Dinsmore with it myself, because he'd sure kill me if I did. You got to leave me out of it. Maybe I wouldn't have come to you at all, only I'm afraid this man is going to poison me or have my throat cut some day so's to be rid of me. You're going to stick to that bargain, Mister Editor?"

"Oh, certainly! You may depend upon that," Purcell answered readily. And after a long moment he ejaculated, "Well!" For he was still in the grip of a mighty astonishment.

"I guess you got it all down there," said the negro in his drawling speech. "Pete Sykes in Billingtown and Doctor Dill in Bent Row—last I knew about 'em. I guess you got it all down."

He was referring to the pad of memorandum paper on which, since the story got well under way, Purcell had been scribbling the names and dates—with the methodical habit of a trained reporter.

"I think so," said Purcell, looking at his scribbled notes. "But where can I reach you?"

"I've give you my name—William Pomeroy," the caller replied gravely, and added with an aged grin, "I ain't changed it since the old days—except once for a spell after that trouble down in Arizona. I'm living at Elbridge's Hotel. That's on South State Street."

He passed his bony old hand over the shiny ridge of his head and urged with a note of anxiety, "You better not be coming round there. I'm afraid of this Dinsmore. I want to lay low. You better not be coming round there. I'll come here. If you want to see me you just telephone to Elbridge's Hotel and leave a message—say Mr. Johnson wants to see William Pomeroy. I'll get it and understand. Just say Mr. Johnson wants to see William Pomeroy." He nodded toward the memorandum pad and seemed better satisfied when Purcell wrote down: "Mr. Johnson—Elbridge's Hotel William Pomeroy."

"That's it," said the negro; "telephone Elbridge's Hotel that Mr. Johnson wants to see William Pomeroy." His dark old eyes rested anxiously on the managing e' or's face for a moment. "You see, I'm taking a big risk. My skin wouldn't be worth two cents if Alfred Dinsmore knew what I was doing. He's a bad man. If he'd ever showed you that knife of his. But I ain't satisfied the way things is. I don't feel safe. I want to get out of here. I want to go back to San Antonio—somewhere where it's warm. I pretty near passed out last winter. I ain't satisfied. I want to get out. You'll make a million dollars out of it. You get me a hundred thousand and I'm satisfied."

Purcell saw that the caller's story was told and wanted now to get rid of him.

"You'll hear from me just as soon as I look this up a bit," he said assuringly. "I'll let you know how it's going. Of course it will take some time. If it comes through you'll get your money."

"Well, that's what I want—the money," said the negro; "and no telling anybody that I told you," he added earnestly.

"Certainly not," said Purcell. "You'll hear from me. I've got to look after the newspaper now."

He stood up, feeling that the caller would linger indefinitely unless he received the strongest hint to go.

The negro took the hint, rising, hat in hand.

"I'll expect to hear from you," he said.

"You'll hear from me," Purcell assured him again. "Good night."

With a return to his first civility the negro replied, "Good night, sir," and went out, hat in hand, crossing the local room toward the hall and the elevator—his figure somewhat stooped with age and shrunken from its former stalwart proportions.

Purcell then shut the door and returned to his desk—possessed by amazement. A moment after he had seated himself there was a flash in which he felt like one waking from a dream, and he glanced incredulously at the vacant chair as though doubting that it had really held a dusky occupant two minutes before. Then abruptly the whole story seemed absurd—the mere maundering of a crack-brained old man, who very likely was a discharged servant or yardman of Dinsmore's.

But his methodical habits helped him. Long ago he had learned shorthand as a help to the journalistic career which he proposed for himself. He had never been very expert at it and of late years had used it only for making notes for his personal use. He took some sheets of blank paper now and noted down a summary of Pomeroy's recital while it was fresh in his mind—copying names of towns and persons from the pad.

As he did that the grip of the story came back. He thought of Alfred Dinsmore—many times a millionaire; the big house up at Highlands; the family's social position. Presently he touched a button on his desk and when an office boy appeared at the door, said, "Bring me last Sunday's Tribune."

When the bulky edition was laid on his desk he turned the pages rapidly until he found what he wanted and upon that his eyes rested a long moment. It was a half-length portrait of a young woman that took up two-thirds of the page. Only a notable young woman could claim that much valuable Sunday-edition space. From the printed page she looked up at him with serene, composed assurance. The portrait might have been labeled "Beauty and Pride." But, in fact, the legend at the side read, "Miss Louise Dinsmore."

He recalled the gossip which his society editor had imparted to him—namely, that Miss Dinsmore was said to be engaged to Lowell Winthrop and formal announcement of it might be expected soon; also that sometime before this she was supposed to have been particularly interested in Mr. Edward Procter. As the society editor reckoned values, being engaged to Lowell Winthrop was much the same as being engaged to the crown prince, and as Purcell looked down at the portrait Dinsmore's position in the local world bulked large in his mind.

What a mark to aim at!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The beans are baked in steam ovens without contact with the steam. Thus they are baked for hours at high heat—baked so they easily digest. They are also baked after sealing, so we save the flavor which otherwise escapes.

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The beans are mealy, nut-like, whole, and easy to digest.

A Premier Sauce

Then there never was a sauce like the sauce we bake with Van Camp's. Our scientific cooks tested 856 recipes to attain this zest and flavor.

It is baked with the beans, so this sauce gives tang to every granule.

Van Camp's are served quickly, hot or cold. They always taste freshly-baked.

With a dozen cans, a dozen hearty meals are ready at your call.
You owe to yourself a knowledge of this dish.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups —18 Kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but each perfected by comparing countless blends.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The best Italian recipe perfected by our scientific cooks. The supreme spaghetti

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made of nuts so blended that the butter has exquisite flavor.

Lexington
MINUTE MAN SIX

A Statement to Dealers and the Public

WHILE the *number* of Lexington owners is rapidly increasing, more significant is the increased enthusiasm of *each* owner.

The experience, and the resources of the ten specialized factories allied with Lexington, will be consistently directed to this policy—

To build *each* Lexington car as though it were our *only* one,

To make *each* owner so satisfied that Lexington will forever be his choice!

To continue to merit the goodwill of owners, demands that we exceed the standards of tomorrow as we exceeded those of yesterday.

This requires unusual *engineering* developments;—the *creating* of new designs, not merely imitating; the *originating* of improved service and comfort features, so that Lexington owners may enjoy the latest advantage *ahead* of others.

Such a policy is harder to fulfill. It would be easier to follow than to *lead*. But the effort is more than repaid by the continued allegiance of owners.

Frank Ahrens
President

Lexington Motor Company Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Lexington open and closed motor cars

THE greater beauty and smartness which Hayes Wire Wheels give to any car are almost universally recognized.

But their superior strength is not so widely known.

You have probably noticed that racing cars are all equipped with wire wheels nowadays.

Drivers like Oldfield, De Palma, Mulford, and Rickenbacher, insist on wire wheels.

Because most wheel breakages come from skidding, or thrust blows.

In such circumstances, Hayes Wire Wheels have nearly twice the strength of older type wheels.

You may prefer Hayes Wire Wheels for their added style, but you should not overlook their greater safety.

A dozen spokes, or more, can be removed from a Hayes Wire Wheel without interfering with its functions.

The fact that wire wheels are much more quickly and easily changed in case of tire trouble is also an important factor.

Racing men lack your appreciation of the *beauty* of Hayes Wire Wheels, but they do value immeasurably the convenience of changing a tire with one-eighth as many operations as a demountable rim requires.

Your own motor car dealer, or the Hayes sales and service station in your locality, will supply Hayes Wire Wheels for your car in any color.

DEALERS:—If there is no sales and service station for Hayes Wire Wheels in your vicinity, write us at once for our exceptional dealer proposition.

Wire Wheel Division

Hayes Wheel Company, Jackson, Michigan

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

(Licensed Manufacturers)
HAYES
Wire Wheels

HAYES *Wire Wheels*

AND SOLD TO—IRVIN S. COBB

(Continued from Page 4)

against germs. Whenever possible I believe in patronizing the products of union labor. But the expert speedily set me right on this point. He made me see that in furnishings and decorations nothing modern can possibly compare with something which is crumbly and tottery with the accumulated weight of the hoary years.

He taught me about patina too. Patina is a most fascinating subject, once you get thoroughly into it. Everybody who goes in for period furniture must get into it sooner or later, and the sooner the better, because if you are not able to recognize patina at a glance you are as good as lost when you undertake to appraise antique furniture. When a connoisseur lays hold upon a piece of furniture alleged to have rightful claims to antiquity the first thing he does is to run his hand along the exposed surfaces to ascertain by the practiced touch of his fingers whether the patina is on the level or was applied by a crafty counterfeiter. After that he upends it to look for the wormholes. If both are orthodox he gives it his validation as the genuine article. If they are not he brands the article a spurious imitation and rejects it with ill-concealed scorn. There are other tests, but these two are the surest ones.

Patina and Where to Find It

For the benefit of those who may not have had my advantages as recently and expensively enjoyed I will state that patina is the gloss or film which certain sorts of metal and certain sorts of polished woods acquire through age, long usage and wear. With the passage of time fabrics also may acquire it. You may have noticed it in connection with a pair of black diagonal trousers that had seen long and severe wear or on the elbows of summer-before-last's blue serge coat. However, patina in pants or on the braided seams of a presiding elder's Sunday suit is not so highly valued as when it occurs in relation to a Jacobean church pew or a William-and-Mary what-not.

When I look back on my untutored state before we began to patronize the antique shops and the auction shops I am ashamed—honestly I am. The only excuse I can offer is based on the grounds of my earlier training. Like so many of my fellow countrymen, born and reared as I was in the crude raw atmosphere of interior America—anyhow, almost any wealthy New Yorker will tell you it is a crude raw atmosphere and not in any way to be compared with the refined atmosphere which is about the only thing you can get for nothing in Europe—as I say, brought up as I was amid such raw surroundings and from the cradle made the unconscious victim of this environment, I had an idea that when a person craved furniture he went for it to a regular furniture store having ice boxes and porch hammocks and unparalleled bargains in golden oak dining-room sets in the show windows, and there he made his selection and gave his order and paid a deposit down and the people at the shop sent it up to his house in a truck with historic scenes such as Washington Crossing the Delaware and Daniel in the Lions' Den painted on the sides of the truck, and after that he had nothing to worry about in connection with the transaction except the monthly installments.

You see, I date back to the Rutherford B. Hayes period of American architecture and applied designing—a period which had a solid background of mid-Victorian influence with a trace of Philadelphia Centennial running through it, being bounded at the farther end by such sterling examples of parlor statuary as the popular pieces respectively entitled, "Welcoming the New Minister," "Bringing Home the Bride," and "Baby's First Bath," and bounded at the nearer end by burnt-wood plaques and frames for family portraits with plush insets and hand-painted flowers on the moldings. By the conceptions of those primitive times nothing so set off the likeness of a departed great-aunt as a few red-plush insets.

Some of my most cherished boyhood memories centered about bird's-eye-maple bedroom sets and parlor furniture of heavy black walnut trimmed in a manner which subsequently came to be popular among undertakers for the adornment of the casket when they had orders to spare no expense for a really fashionable or—as the saying went then—a tony funeral. Tony subsequently became nobby and nobby is now swagger, but though the idioms change with the years the meaning remains the same. When the parlor was opened for a formal occasion—it remained closed while the ordinary life of the household went on—its interior gave off a rich deep turpentiny smell like a paint-and-varnish store on a hot day. And the bird's-eye maple, as I recall, had a high slick finish which, however, did not dim the staring, unwinking effect of the round knots which so plentifully dappled its graining. Lying on the bed and contemplating the footboard gave one the feeling that countless eyes were looking at one, which in those days was regarded as highly desirable.

I remember all our best people favored bird's-eye maple for the company room. They clung to it too. East Aurora had a hard struggle before it made any noticeable impress upon the decorative tendencies of West Kentucky, for we were a conservative breed and slow to take up the mission styles featuring armchairs weighing a couple of hundred pounds apiece and art-craft designs in hammered metals and semitanned leathers. Moreover, a secondhand shop in our town was not an antique shop; it was what its name implied—a secondhand shop. You didn't go there to buy things you wanted, but to sell things you did not want.

So in view of these youthful influences it should be patent to all that, having other things to think of—such, for example, as making a living—I did not realize that in New York at least those wishful of following the modes did not go to a good live shop making a specialty of easy payments when they had a house-furnishing proposition on their hands. That might be all very well for the pedestrian classes and for those living in the remote districts who kept a mail-order catalogue on the center table and wrote on from time to time with the money order enclosed.

The Lure of the As-Is Shops

I soon was made to understand that the really correct thing was first of all to call in a professional decorator, if one could afford it. A professional decorator is a person of either sex who can think up more ways and quicker ways of spending other people's money than the director of a shipping board can. But whether you retained the services of a regular decorator or elected to struggle along on your own, you went for your purchases to specialty shops or to antique shops, or—best of all—to the smart auction shops on or hard by Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue.

In this stage of my artistic development I was told, not once but repeatedly, that it was at the auction rooms that one picked up desirable things for a song—this being the exact phrase that frequently was used. The sort of song was never specified, but in view of my own experiences during the months which followed I am inclined now to think it was a song by Mr. E. Caruso, at private recital rates, that was meant.

Than the auction rooms in the Fifth Avenue district I know of no places better adapted for studying patina, wormholing and human nature in a variety of interesting phases. To such an establishment, on the days when a sale is announced—which means two or three times a week for a good part of the year—repair wealthy patrons, patrons who were wealthy before the mania for bidding in things came upon them, as it does come upon so many, and patrons who are trying to look as though they were wealthy. The third group are in the majority.

Amateur collectors come, on the lookout for lace fans or Japanese bronzes or Chinese ceramics or furniture or pictures or hangings or rugs or tapestries, or whatever it is that constitutes their favorite hobby. There are sure to be prominent actor folk and author folk in this category. Dealers are on hand, each as wise looking as a barnful of hoot-owls and talking the jargon of the craft.

Agents from rival auction houses are sometimes seen, ready, should the opportunity present itself, to snap up a bargain with intent to reauction it at their own houses at a profit. With the resident proprietor one of this gentry is about as popular as a bat in a boarding school, but since there is no law to bar him out and since it

How to Soften Your Beard

Yet Avoid Slow, Harsh Ways

The Facts About Shavaid

To men who find shaving exasperating, we offer here a new freedom. A better, quicker, simpler way which, once tried, you will never abandon. And we back our statements with a Free Trial Tube, so that you may be completely convinced. The coupon brings it.

THIS is to urge you to try—for your own sake—a new shaving method. A way which has already won the friendship of thousands of men the country over.

Your trial of Shavaid, we promise, will be a revelation. For most men have come to the conclusion that shaving would always be a task.

Read here what Shavaid does; then—if these things appeal to you—let actual proof decide whether you can be content with the old tedious way.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

Saves Time and Trouble

Merely apply a thin coat of cooling Shavaid to the dry face. Then the lather which needs no rubbing in. Then shave with real comfort.

No need to copy the barber's preparations. He uses hot water, hot towels. He rubs the lather in. Yet, when he is through, there is irritation. So he applies lotions.

Harsh, harmful ways of treating the face should be avoided. They age the skin. Wrinkles come too early. The skin becomes leathery.

The Shavaid way is the comfort way. It is scientific, the result of countless experiments and tests.

More Than a Time Saver

Shavaid, of course, appeals chiefly because it saves time. But it does more than that—it saves the skin. While softening the beard instantly, it also forms a protecting layer over the cuticle. The skin remains firm and smooth.

The razor glides over without pulling, without scraping the skin. Abrasions are not so frequent.

The closest shave causes no discomfort.

When you use Shavaid, you can discard the after-lotions, for the sources of mistreatment are gone.

Try This Luxury Shaving Method

The coupon below brings you a Free Trial Tube. Send for it now. Then see if you want to adopt Shavaid.

We are sure it will delight you, amaze you, and that you will never shave again without it.

And you will tell your friends of this better way.

Shavaid, only recently introduced nationally, brought orders from dealers everywhere. Get it at your nearest druggist for 50c a tube.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists'—50c a Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.
Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to

Name

Street Address

City *State*

1102

Out for Business— whatever the weather

Salesmen! You fellows on the city trade—and lots of you who cover wider territory—*think* what the Ford car has *meant to you.* It has cut distances to nothing—trebled, and more, your day's results! And, brothers! *Some* of you are getting still an *extra jump* on lots of the others. *You* ride under

The Koupet Top

TRADE MARK

You salesmen who ride in the Ford with Koupet Top—rainy days never slow you up. You pack a fat order book at the end of the day—shine or *rain*, or slippery sleety snow, or biting cold. And you go about your job in comfort—*in all kinds of weather—and you keep your health.*

Your Koupet Top is even *more* than all that to you. You're just a little *proud*, when you glide up to your customer's door in your smart topped machine, aren't you? A little wholesome pride in yourself helps *land* the orders. *You know!*

Then the downright comfort of a car that is *closed* against bad weather but so delightfully open, with its easy perfect ventilation, when the weather's good. That's where your wife," and youngsters, too, come in.—The spin in the evening—get back late—and shut out the chill draughts. Caught in the rain? No matter.

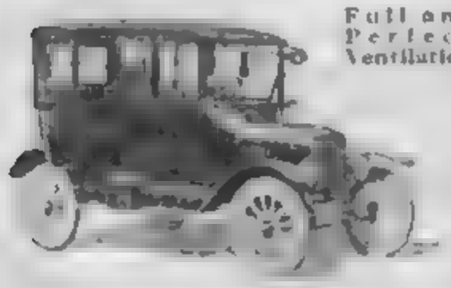
This business insurance, this pleasure protection, for your Ford has cost you only around a week's commissions. Worth it? *You'll say so.* Paid for itself over and over again.

And now, if *you* haven't that Koupet Top—*get* it. Go see it—at the Koupet Top dealer in your town.

Salesmen! Look at these Points:

1. Double-ventilating windshield.
2. Sliding glass in door panels.
3. Convenient for signaling.
4. Substantially built—all *quality* material—screwed and hinged together.
5. Rides quietly.
6. Handsome design—fine finish.
7. Swinging doors—move with car doors.
8. Ease of all ventilating adjustments.
9. Glass all around—full road vision.
10. Roof bow supported, covered with best grade water-proof rubberized fabric.
11. Metal drip troughs, keep glass panels clear in rain.
12. Highly japanned metal back—a practical, durable, comfortable, convenient top for your Ford.

For Ford Roadster $55
For Touring Ford $75
F. O. B. Belleville, Ill.



Full and Perfect Ventilation

With plain chart diagram for assembling and mounting Koupet Top on your Ford.

Ask the Koupet Top Dealer In Your Town for prices delivered and installed.

Write us for Illustrated Free Booklet . . . all the splendid features . . . construction, convenience . . . Koupet Top. It *Tops Them All.* Find out. Write us today. Mention your dealer's name.

Koupet Auto Top Co., Dept. 23, Belleville, Ill.

is in the line of business for him to be present, why present he generally is.

Rich women drive up in their town cars and shabby purveyors of antique wares from little clutter-hole shops on cross streets at the fringe of the East Side shamble in on their flat arches. Then too there are the habitués of the auction room habit; women mostly, but some men too, unfortunate creatures who have fallen victim to an incurable vice and to whom the announcement in the papers of an unusual sale is lure sufficient to draw them hither whether or not they hope to buy anything; and finally there are representatives of a common class in any big city—individuals who go wherever free entertainment is provided and especially to spots where they are likely to see assembled notables of the stage or society or of high financial circles.

Ben Bolt's Lady Friend

The auctioneer almost invariably is of a compounded and composite type that might be described as part matinée idol, part professional revivalist, part floor walker, part court jester and part jury pleader, with just a trace of a suggestion of the official manner of the well-to-do undertaker stirred into the mixture. By sight at least he knows all of his regular customers and is inclined with a special touch of respectful affection toward such of them as prefer on these occasions to be known by an initial rather than by name.

"And sold to Mr. B.," he says with a gracious smile. Or—"Now then, Mrs. H., doesn't this bea-u-tiful vase mean anything to you?" he inquires deferentially when the bidding lags. "Did I hear you offer seven hundred and fifty, Colonel J.?" he asks in a tone of deep solicitude.

By long acquaintance with his regular clientèle, or perhaps by a sort of intuition which is not the least of his gifts, he is able to interpret into sums of currency a nod, a wink, a raised finger, a shrug or the lift of an eyebrow, at a distance of anywhere from ten to sixty feet.

In the face of disappointments manifolded a thousand times a month this man now remains an unfailing optimist. Watching him in action one gets the impression that he reads none but glad books, goes to none save glad plays and when the weather is inclement shares the viewpoint of that sweet singer of the Sunny South who wrote to the effect that it is not raining rain to-day, it's raining daffodils and then two lines farther along corrects his botany to state that having been convinced of his error of a moment before he now wishes to take advantage of this opportunity to inform the public that it is not raining rain to-day, but on the contrary is raining roses down, or, metrical words to that general tenor. He was a good poet, as poets go, but not the sort of person you would care to loan your best umbrella to.

In another noticeable regard our auctioneer friend betrays somewhat the same abrupt shiftings of temperamental manifestations that are reputed to have been shown by Ben Bolt's lady friend. I am speaking of the late lamented Sweet Alice, who—as will be recalled—would weep with delight when you gave her a smile, but trembled with fear at your frown. Apparently Alice couldn't help behaving in this curious way—one gathers that she must have been the village idiot, harmless enough but undoubtedly an annoying sort of person to have hanging round, weeping copiously whenever anybody else was cheerful, and perhaps immediately afterward trembling in a disconcerting sort of way. She must have spoiled many a pleasant party in her day, so probably it was just as well that the community saw fit to file her away in the old churchyard in the obscure corner mentioned more or less rhythmically in the disclosures recorded as having been made to Mr. Bolt upon the occasion of his return to his native shire after what presumably had been a considerable absence.

The poet chronicler, Mr. English, is a trifle vague on this point, but considering everything it is but fair to infer that Alice's funeral was practically by acclamation. Beyond question it must have been a relief to all concerned, including the family of deceased, to feel that a person so grievously afflicted mentally was at last permanently planted under a certain slab of stone rather loosely described in the conversation above referred to as granite so gray. One wishes Mr. English had been a trifle more exact in furnishing the particular details of this sad case. Still, I suppose it is hard for a poet to be technical and poetical at the same time. And though he fail to go into particulars I am quite sure that when asked if he didn't remember Alice, Mr. Bolt answered in the decided affirmative. It is a cinch he couldn't have forgotten her, the official half-wit and lightning-change artist of the county.

But whereas this unfortunate young woman's conduct may only be accounted for on the grounds of a total irresponsibility, there is method behind the same sharply contrasted shift of mood as displayed by the chief salesman of the auction room. He is thrilled—visibly and physically thrilled at each rapidly recurring opportunity of presenting an article for disposal to the highest bidder; hardly can he control his emotions of joy at the prospect of offering this particular object to an audience of discriminating tastes and balanced judgment. But mark the change: How instantly, how completely does a devastating and poignant distress overcome him when his hearers perversely decline to enter into spirited competition for a thing so priceless! A sob rises in his throat, choking his utterance to a degree where it becomes impossible for him to speak more than three or four hundred words per minute; grief dims his eye; regret—not on his own account but for others—droops his shoulders. When it comes to showing distress he makes that poor feeble-minded Alice girl look like a piker. Yet repeated shocks of this character fail to daunt the sunniness of his true nature. The harder his spirits are dashed down to earth the greater the resiliency and the buoyancy with which they bounce up again. The man has a soul of new rubber!

Let us draw near and scrutinize the scene that unfolds itself at each presentation: The attendants fetch out an offering described in the printed catalogue, let us say, as Number 77 A: Oriental Lamp with Silk Shade. Reverently they place it upon a velvet-covered stand in a space at the back end of the salesroom, where a platform is inclosed in draperies with lights so disposed overhead and in the wings as to shed a soft radiance upon the inclosed area. The helpers fade out of the picture respectfully. A tiny pause ensues; this stage wait has been skillfully timed; a suitable atmosphere subtly has been created. Oh, believe me, in New York we do these things with a proper regard for the dramatic values—culture governs all!

The Patter of the Auctioneer

The withdrawal of the attendants is the cue for our sunny friend, perched up as he is behind his little pulpit with his little gavel in his hand, to fall gracefully into a posture bespeaking in every curve of it a worshipful, almost an idolatrous admiration.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen"—hear him say it—"I have the pleasure and the privilege of submitting for your approval one of the absolute gems of this splendid collection. A magnificent example of the Ming period—mind you, a genuine Ming. I am confidentially informed by the executors of the estate of the late Mr. Gezinks, the former owner of these wonderful belongings, that it was the prize piece of his entire collection. Look at the color—just look at the shape! Worth a thousand dollars if it is worth a cent. Try to buy it in one of the antique shops round the corner for that—just try, that's all I ask you to do. Now then"—this with a cheery, inviting, confident smile—"now then, what am I offered? Who'll start it off at five hundred?"

There is no answer. A look of surprise not unmixed with chagrin crosses his mobile countenance. From his play of expression you feel that what he feels, underlying his other feelings, is a sympathy for people so blinded to their own good luck as not to leap headlong and en masse at this unparalleled chance.

"Tut tut!" he exclaims and again, "tut tut! Very well then"—his tone is resigned—"do I hear four hundred and seventy-five—four hundred and fifty? Who'll start it at four twenty-five?"

His gaze sweeps the faces of the assemblage. It is a compelling gaze, indeed you might say mesmeristic. There is a touch of pathos in it, though, an unuttered appeal to the gathering to consider its own several interests.

"Do I hear four hundred?" He speaks of four hundred as an ostrich might speak of a tomtit's egg—as something comparatively insignificant and puny.

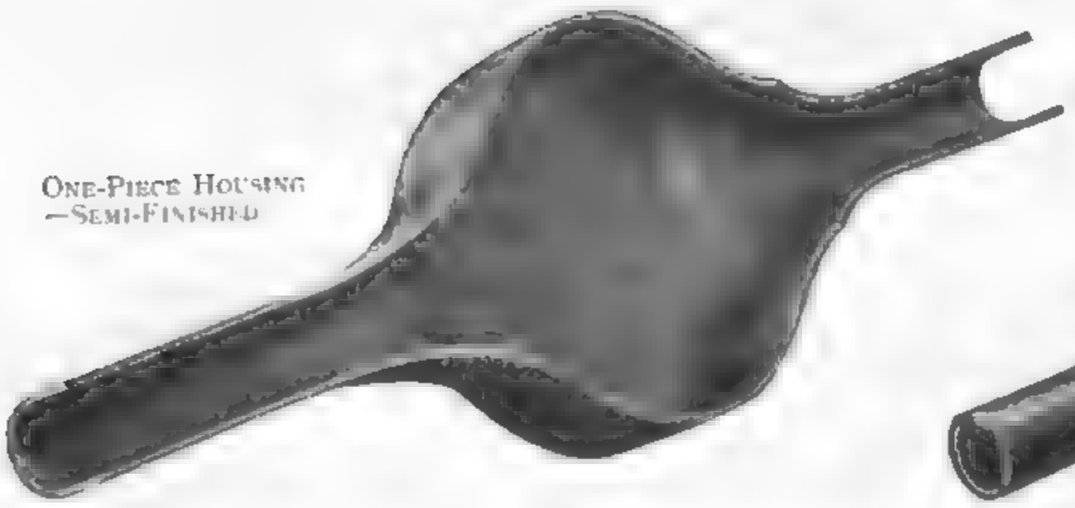
"Twenty dollars!" pipes a voice.

He clasps his hand to his brow. This is too much; it is much too much. But

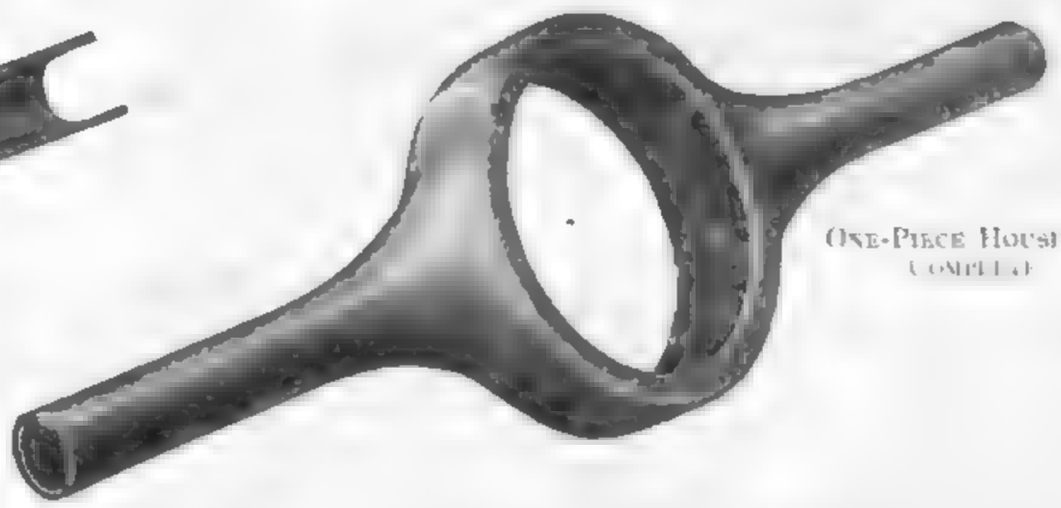
(Continued on Page 169)

Columbia Axles

One-Piece Housing



ONE-PIECE HOUSING —SEMI-FINISHED



ONE-PIECE HOUSING COMPLETED

Importance of Greater Housing Strength —the One-Piece Housing

WE are known as Axle Specialists—the outstanding merit of our product is Strength.

The Greater Strength of Columbia Axles is the natural result of our Specialization in the production of motor car axles to the exclusion of everything else.

The One-Piece-Housing—original with us—when tested to destruction in our laboratories shows an increase of fifty per cent in torsional strength. This is gained by the use of but one piece of pressed steel with one weld instead of two pieces with two welds, thus reducing by more than one-half the liability of welds yielding when subjected to severe twists.

But the Housing is not the only strength feature of Columbia Axles.

Columbia Drive-Shafts and Ring-Gears are larger and stronger than usual.

Columbia Axles have greater than usual Bearing and Braking Surfaces.

With the possible exception of the motor, the most important unit of automobile construction is the rear axle system.

When you discover a Columbia Axle in the car of your choice, it may be taken as an earnest of the manufacturer's valuation of unusual margins of safety.

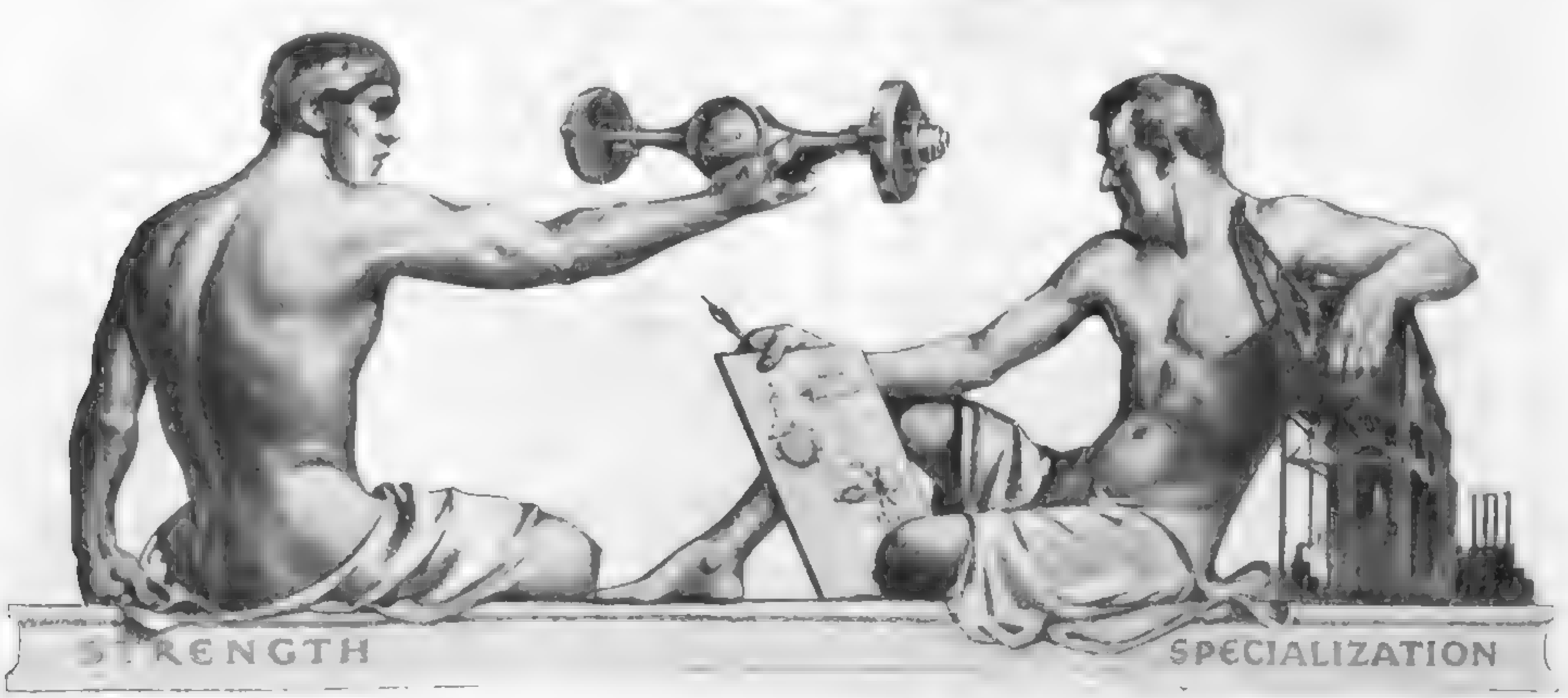
If the car manufacturer provides greater than usual safety margins in the rear axle system, other units are probably selected with the same care and insistence upon over-strength.

Know your axle system and you probably know your car—is a very good guide in car buying.

Columbia Axles are made in sizes to serve cars of various weights.

As Axle Specialists we are glad to hear from manufacturers, dealers and others who desire any kind of information about Motor Car Axles.

The Columbia Axle Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



"Fuller-Built" Landmarks

In The Service of Industry

include a wide variety of structures for many concerns whose names are prominent in the industrial life of the country. The brief details given below of the recently completed warehouses and wharves at New Orleans for the U. S. Army indicate the facilities of the Company for handling certain phases of this industrial work:

Brief Specifications

3 reinforced concrete warehouse units, 600 ft. long, 140 ft. wide, 6 stories high.		Bbls. cement	162,000
2-story steel and pile wharf and wharf-house, 2000 ft. long, 140 ft. wide.		Total number of piles driven	52,700
		Feet of timber	16,000,000
3 structural steel bridges connecting wharf with warehouse units.		Lbs. of structural steel	9,000,000
		Total car storage—743 cars.	
Cubic yards concrete	108,000	Total land area—48 acres.	
Tons reinforcing steel	7,500	Total floor space—48 acres.	
		*Total capacity of plant—175,500 tons.	

*Equivalent to more than 10 days' average movement over all the wharves, private and State, in the port of New Orleans.

NOTE:—This job was completed just one year after work was commenced. It was the last Army contract of this character let and the first completed. Other industrial work *now* in progress includes the following:

U S Navy Steel Storage Shed, Boston, Mass.
Chicago Union Station Taylor St Viaduct, Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
Penn. Railroad Round House, Columbus, Ohio
Wisconsin Telephone Company Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Johnston Candy Factory, Milwaukee, Wis.
T. Eaton Company Bldg., Moncton, New Brunswick
Grain Elevator, Port Arthur, Canada
Kipawa Co. Pulp, Paper & Sulphite Plant, Timiskaming, Canada
Pennsylvania Terminal additions, Steubenville, Ohio
Railroad Tracks, Pennsylvania R. R., Long Island, N. Y.
Car Shop, Pennsylvania Railroad, Terre Haute, Ind.
Housing, U. S. Housing Corporation, Washington, D. C.
Republic Iron & Steel Company Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio
12—9600 ton ships, Wilmington, N. C.

Industrial building is an important part of the George A. Fuller Company's work. Consultation is invited thru any of our various offices.

George A. Fuller Company

New York	Washington	Chicago
Boston	Baltimore	Detroit
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Montreal	Cleveland	Kansas City
New Orleans		Buffalo

FULLER BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

U.S. Army Supply Base A Pearson Hoover Lt Col Constructing Quartermaster. Ford Bacon and Davis — Supervising Engineers

(Continued from Page 166)

business is business. He rallies; he smiles bitterly, wanly. His soul within him is crushed and bruised, but he rallies. Rallying is one of the best things he does and one of the most frequent. The bidding livens, slackens, lags, then finally ceases. With a gesture betokening utter despair, with lineaments bathed in the very waters of woe, he heartbrokenly knocks the vase down to somebody for $38.50.

But by the time the hired men have fetched forth Lot 78 he miraculously has recovered his former confidence and for the forty-oddth time since two o'clock—it is now nearly three forty-five—is his old cheerful beaming self. Thirty seconds later his heart has been broken in a fresh place; yet we may be sure that to-morrow morning when he rises he will be whistling a merry roundelay, his faith in the innate goodness of human nature all made new and fully restored to him. He would make a perfectly bully selection if you were sending a messenger to a home to break to an unsuspecting household some such tragic tidings, say, as that the head of the family, while rounding a turn on high, had skidded and was now being removed from the front elevation of an adjacent brick wall with a putty knife. If example counted for anything at all, he would have the mourners all cheered up again and the females among them discussing the most becoming modes in black crêpe in less than no time at all.

My, my, but how my sense of understanding did broaden under the influence of the auction sales we attended last spring and on into the summer. When the morning paper came, before either of us even looked to see whether Senator Lodge was going to be for or against the League of Nations that day, we would turn to the advertising section and look for auction announcements. If there was to be one, and generally there was—one or more—we canceled all other plans and attended. Going to auctions became our regular employment, our pastime, our entertainment. It became our obsession. It almost became our joint calling in life. To our besetting mania we sacrificed all else.

I remember there was one afternoon when John McCormack was billed to sing. I am very fond of hearing John McCormack. For one thing, he generally sings in a language which I can understand, and for another, I like his way of singing. He sings very much as I would sing if I had decided to take up singing for a living instead of writing. This is only one of the sacrifices I have made for the sake of English literature.

Poor old McCormack that day had to struggle through without me! Because there was a sale of Italian antiques billed for three P. M., and we were going to have an Italian hall and an Italian living room in the new house, and we felt it to be our bounden duty to attend.

Remarks on the Fitness of Things

It took some time and considerable work on the part of those fitted to guide me in the matter of decorations before I fell entirely into the idea of an Italian room, this possibly being due to the fact that I was born so far away from Italy and passed through childhood with so few Italian influences coming into my life. Even now I balk at the idea of hanging any faded red-silk stoles or copes, or whatever those ecclesiastical garments are, on my walls. I reserve the right to admire such a vestment when it is worn by the officiating cleric at church, but for the life of me and despite all that has repeatedly been said to me on the subject I fail to see where it belongs in a simple household as a part of the scheme of ornamentation.

I do not think it proper to display a strange clergyman's cast-off costume in my little home any more than I would expect the canon of a cathedral to let me hang up one of my old suits in his cathedral. Nor—if I must confess it—have I felt myself greatly drawn to the suggestion that we should have a lot of tall hand-painted candles sitting or standing round in odd spots. I mean those candlesticks which are painted in faded colors, with touches of dull gilt here and there on them and which are called after a lady named Polly Crome—their original inventor, I suppose she was, though her name does sound more as if Arnold Bennett had written her than as if she were a native Italian. I imagine she thought up this idea of a hand-painted candlestick nine feet tall and eighteen inches through at the base, and then in her honor the design was called after her, which in my humble opinion was compounding one mistake on top of another.

Likewise I fear that I shall never become entirely reconciled to these old-model Italian chairs. My notion of a chair is something on which a body can sit for as long as half an hour without anæsthetics. In most other details concerning antique furniture they have made a true believer out of me, but as regards chairs I am still some distance from being thoroughly converted. In chairs I favor a chair that is willing to meet you halfway, as it were, in an effort to be mutually comfortable. The other kind—the kind with a hard flat wooden seat and short legs and a stiff high back, a chair which looks as though originally it had been designed to be used by a clown dog in a trained animal act—may be artistic and beautiful in the chasteness of its lines and all this and that; but as for me, I say give me the kind of chair that has fewer admirers and more friends in the fireside circle. I take it that the early Italians were not a sedentary race. They could not have figured on staying long in one place.

I suppose the trouble with me is that I was born and brought up on the American plan and have never entirely got over it. In fact I was told as much, though not perhaps in exactly those words, when antiques first became a vital issue in our domestic life. In no uncertain terms I was informed that everybody who is anybody goes in for the Italian these times. I believe the only conspicuous exceptions to the rule are the Italians who have emigrated to these shores. They, it would appear, are amply satisfied with American fixtures and fittings. I have a suspicion that possibly some of them in coming hither may have been actuated by a desire to get as far away as possible from those mediæval effects in plumbing which seem to be inseparable from Old World architecture.

A Post-Graduate Course in Mirrors

My education progressed another step forward on the occasion of my first visit to an auction room where presumably desirable pieces of Italian workmanship were displayed as a preliminary to their being disposed of by public outcry. I was accompanied by a friend—the wormholeist already mentioned—and when he lapsed into rhapsodies over a pair of gilt mirrors, or rather mirrors which once upon a time, say about the time of the Fall of the Roman Empire, had been gilded, I was astonished.

"Surely," I said, "nobody would want those things. See where the glass is flawed—the quicksilver must be pretty nearly all gone from the backs of them. And the molding is falling off in chunks and what molding is left is so dingy and stained that it doesn't look like anything at all. If you're asking me, I'd call those mirrors a couple of total losses."

"Exactly!" he said. "That is precisely what makes them so desirable. You can't counterfeit such age as these things show, my boy."

"I shouldn't care to try," I said. "Where I came from, when a mirror got in such shape that you couldn't see yourself in it it was just the same to us as a chorus girl that had both legs cut off in a railroad accident—it was regarded as having lost most of its practical use in life. Still, it is not for me, a raw green novice, a subnovice as you might say, to set myself up against an expert like you. Anyhow, as the fellow said, live and learn. Let us move along to the next display of moldy remains."

We did so. We came to a refectory table. Ordinarily a refectory table mainly differs in outline from the ordinary dining table by being constructed on the model of a dachshund. But this table, I should guess offhand, had seen about four centuries of good hard steady refecting at the hands of succeeding generations of careless but earnest feeders. Its top was chipped and marred by a million scars, more or less. Its legs were scored and worn down. Its seams gaped. From sheer weakness it canted far down to one side. The pressure of a hand upon it set the poor, slanted, crippled wreck to shaking as though along with all its other infirmities it had a touch of buck ague.

"What about this incurable invalid?" I asked. "Unless the fellow who buys it sends it up in a padded ambulance it'll be hard to get it home all in one piece. I suppose that makes it all the more valuable, eh?"

All lead oxide used in building Dreadnaught Plates is made by Gould. The above illustration shows the first step in oxide making at the Gould Plant.

What's Back of the Battery?

Men! The Gould Starting-Lighting Battery is made by the same master-battery-builders who make the great batteries that propel submarines. *Materials!* Every ounce is gauged by the strict standards that required our building an oxide plant of our own. No other battery maker goes so far to ensure quality. *Experience!* The Gould Battery has a generation of experience in back of it, gained in the severest fields of battery service. *Equipment!* The Gould is built in the only plant in America producing storage batteries complete, from the pig lead to finished plates.

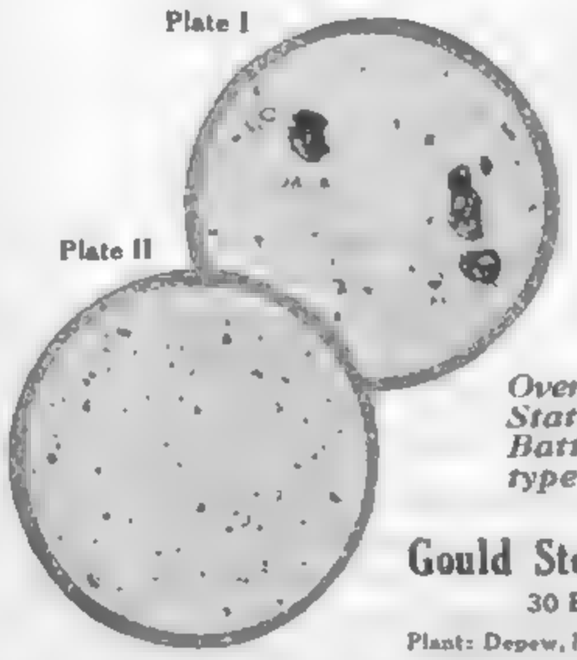
GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE

Dreadnaught PLATES

Plate I

Plate II



The Oxide Test

A microscopic test of lead oxide is reproduced below by greatly enlarged photomicrographs, not retouched. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procured in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity of the particles compared with Plate II, which shows Gould-Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots, but even quality of the whole plate surface.

Over 2,000 Dealers and Service Stations can supply a Gould Battery of the exactly-right type and size for your car.

Gould Storage Battery Company

30 East 42nd St., New York

Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Perfect Protection

The USTUS Limousette fits to perfection the year 'round automobile requirements of the busy business man. It is as practical in summer as in winter.

At the first drop of rain you can easily and instantly convert your open car into a waterproof limousine. The

USTUS Limousette FOR FORDS

Pat. Appd. For

is noted for its convenience.

Just a light touch operates the roller windows—even a child can close the car tight against the storms.

A remarkable feature of this practical utility is the fact that it requires absolutely no alterations to be made in the body or top of your Ford.

The USTUS Limousette weighs only 40 pounds. It provides clear vision—front and sides—is free from rattles and vibrations and will last as long as your car.

The USTUS Dealer in your town will be glad to demonstrate to you its advantages. If there is not a USTUS Dealer in your city write to your nearest distributor for further facts.

Seventy-five thousand Limousettes were sold during the first 120 days. To assure prompt delivery you had better act now.

Price for Touring Car $46.00; for Roadster $30.00
F. O. B. Detroit

DAFOE-EUSTICE CO., *Manufacturers*
1193 W. Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

CHICAGO OFFICES: 35 S. Dearborn, Peter N. Iane, Mngr.
NEW YORK OFFICES: 253 Broadway, Arthur Sadow, Mngr.

NOTE: We desired to use full page advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post for advertising USTUS Products, but inasmuch as the space could not be obtained we felt it our duty to so inform USTUS Distributors and Dealers.

Distributors

ATLANTA, GEORGIA
Hammond Elliott Co.
23 Peachtree Arcade
BALTIMORE, MD.
Backus Motor Co.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
Dayton Keith.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Rue Motor Co.
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CLEVELAND, OHIO
Ohio Auto Equip. Co.
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Morris Brothers
DALLAS, TEXAS
Smith & Yancey
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Features of USTUS Limousette

Provides closed car comfort in bad weather
Is combined with standard Ford body and top without alterations
Eliminates inconveniences of awkward side curtains
Instantly converted into open or closed car. Gives clear vision from front or sides

The Dafoe-Eustice Company are also the manufacturers of the only standardized guaranteed line of protective canvas covers. Send for catalog today.

"Absolutely!" he said. "It's a perfectly marvelous thing! I figure it should bring at least six hundred dollars."

"And cheap enough," I said. "Why, it must have at least six hundred dollars' worth of things the matter with it. A good cabinetmaker could put in a nice busy month just patching ——"

"You don't understand," he said. "You surely wouldn't touch it?"

"I shouldn't dare to," I said. "I was speaking of a regular cabinetmaker. No green hand should touch it—he'd have it all in chunks in no time."

"But the main value of it lies in leaving it in its present shape," he told me. "Don't you realize that this is a condition which could never be duplicated by a workman?"

"Well, I've seen some house wreckers in my time who could produce a pretty fair imitation," I retorted playfully. I continued in a musing vein, for the sight of that hopelessly damaged wreck all worn down and dented in and slivered off had sent my mind backward to a memory of early childhood. I said:

"I can see now how my parents made a mistake in stopping me from doing something I tackled when I was not more than six years old. I was an antiquer, but I didn't know it and they didn't know it. They thought that I was damaging the furniture, when as a matter of fact in my happy innocent, childish way I was adding touches to it which would have been worth considerable money by now."

Early Contact With Poison Gas

What I was thinking of was this: On my sixth birthday, I think it was, an uncle of mine for whom I was named gave me a toy tool chest containing a complete outfit of tools. There was a miniature hammer and a plane and a set of wooden vises and a gimlet and the rest of the things which belong in a carpenter's kit, but the prize of the entire collection to my way of thinking was a crosscut saw measuring about eight inches from tip to tip.

Armed with this saw, I went round sawing things, or rather trying to. I could not exactly saw with it, but I could haggle the edges and corners of wood, producing a gnawed, frazzled effect. My quest for stuff suitable to exercise my handicraft on led me into the spare, or company room, where I found material to my liking. I was raking away at the legs of a rosewood center table—had one leg pretty well damaged to my liking and was preparing to start on another—when some officious grown person happened in on me and stopped me with violent words. If I had but been left undisturbed for half an hour or so I doubtless would have achieved a result which now after a lapse of thirty-odd years would have thrilled a lover of antiques to the core of his being. But this was not to be.

My present recollection of the incident is that I was chided in a painful physical way. The latter-day system of inculcating lessons in the mind of the child according to a printed form chart of soothing words was not known in our community at that time. The old-fashioned method of using the back of a hairbrush and imparting the lesson at the other end of the child from where the mind is and letting it travel all the way through him was employed. I was then ordered to go outdoors where there would be fewer opportunities for engaging in what adults mistakenly called mischief.

Regretting that the nurse that morning had seen fit to encase me in snug-fitting linen breeches instead of woolen ones, I wandered about carrying my saw in one hand and with the other hand from time to time rubbing a certain well-defined area of my small person to allay the afterglow. In the barnyard I came upon an egg lying on the edge of a mud puddle under the protecting lee of the chicken-yard fence. I can shut my eyes and see that egg right now. It was rather an abandoned-looking egg, stained and blotched with brownish yellow spots. It had the look about it of an egg with a past—a fallen egg, as you might say.

Some impulse moved me to squat down and draw the toothed blade of my saw thwartwise across the bulge of that egg. For the first time in my little life I was about to have dealings with a genuine antique, but naturally at my age and with my limited experience I did not realize that. Probably I was actuated only by a desire to find out whether I could saw right through the shell of an egg amidships. That phase of the proceedings is somewhat blurred in my mind, though the dénouement remains a vivid memory spot to this very day.

I imparted a brisk raking movement to the saw. It is my distinct recollection that a fairly loud explosion immediately occurred. I was greatly shocked. One too young to know aught of the chemical effect of the reactions following the admission of fresh air to gaseous matter, which has been forming to the fulminating point within a tightly sealed casing, would naturally be shocked to have an egg go off suddenly in that violent manner. Modern military science, I suppose, would classify it as having been a contact egg.

Not only was I badly shocked, but also I had a juvenile conviction that in some way I had been taken advantage of—that my confidence had in some strange fashion been betrayed. I left my saw where I had dropped it. At the moment I felt that never again would I care to have anything to do with a tool so dangerous. I also left the immediate vicinity of where the accident had occurred and for some minutes wandered about in rather a distracted fashion. There did not seem to be any place in particular for me to go, and yet I could not bear to stay wherever I was. I wished, as it were, to get entirely away from myself—a morbid fancy perhaps for a mere six-year-old to be having, and yet, I think, a natural one under the circumstances.

I had a conviction that I would not be welcomed indoors and at the same time realized that even out in the great open where I could get air—and air was what I especially craved—I was likely to be shunned by such persons as I might accidentally encounter. Indeed I rather shunned myself, if you get what I mean. I was filled with a general shunning sensation. I felt mortified too. And this emotion, I found a few minutes later, was shared by the black cook, who, issuing from the kitchen door, happened upon me in the act of endeavoring to freshen up myself somewhat from a barrel of rain water which stood under the eaves. She evidently decided offhand that not only had mortification set in but that it had reached an advanced stage. Her language so indicated.

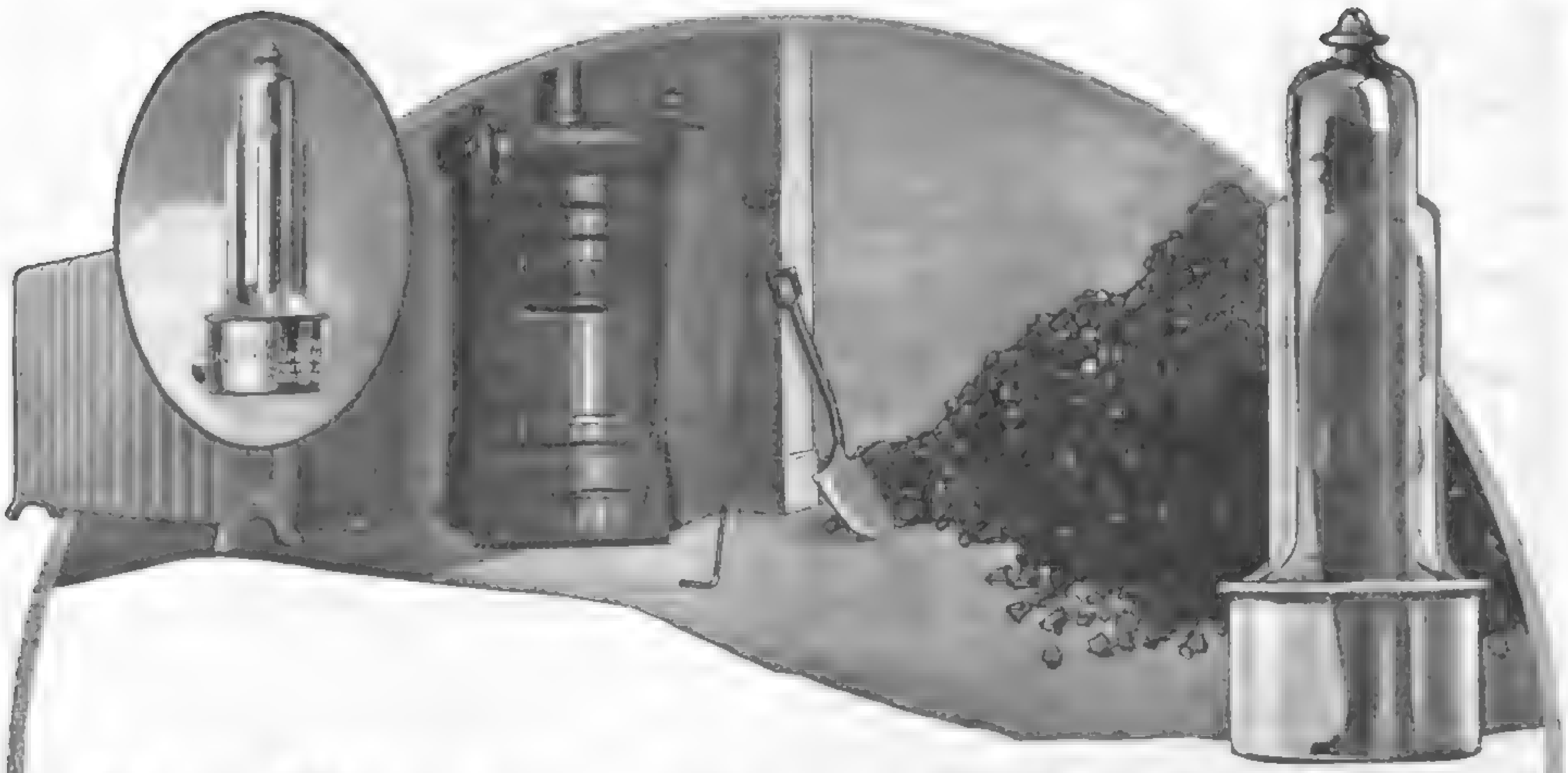
The Patina Kid From Paducah

And now, after more than three and a half decades, here on Fifth Avenue more than a thousand miles remote from those infantile scenes, I was gleaning another memorable lesson about antiques. I was learning that junk ceases to be junk if only it costs enough money, and thereafter becomes treasure.

Having had this great principal fact firmly implanted in my consciousness, I shortly thereafter embarked in congenial company upon the auction-room life upon which already I have touched. We went to sales when we had anything to buy and when we had nothing to buy—somehow we did not seem to be able to stay away. The joy of bidding a thing up and maybe of having it knocked down to us undermined our pooled will power; it weakened our joint resistance. "And sold to ——" became our slogan, our shibboleth and our most familiar sentence. By day we heard it, by night it dinned in our ears as we slept.

But taking everything into consideration, I must say the game was worth the candle. By degrees we acquired the furnishings for our two Italian rooms and our other rooms—which, thank heaven, are not Italian but what you might call fancy-mixed! And by degrees likewise I perfected my artistic education. Of course we made mistakes in selection, as who does not? We have a few auction-room skeletons tucked away in our closet, or to speak more exactly, in the attic of the new house. But in the main we are satisfied with what we have done and no doubt will continue to be until Italian-style furniture goes out and Aztec Indian or Peruvian Inca or Thibetan Grand Llama or some other style comes in.

And when our friends drop in for an evening we talk decorations and furnishings—it is a subject which never wears out. Mostly the women callers favor discussions of tapestries and brocades with intervals spent in fits of mutual wonder over the terrible taste shown by some other woman—not present—in buying the stuff for her house; and the men are likely to be interested in carvings or paintings; but my strong suit is wormholing in all its branches—that and patina. I am very strong on the latter subject also. In fact among friends I am now getting to be known as the Patina Kid.



This Watchman Guards the Coal Pile

HE'S a little chap—this fellow, and modest—never says anything, not even whistles, and so he's liable to be overlooked. And yet he has **such** a big job—bossing one of the most powerful things in the world—making it keep us comfortable and warm throughout cold winters, at little expense. He works day and night—never complaining, never a murmur or request for help.

He's the bright nickel air valve on our steam radiators and we call him "The Hoffman Valve."

Without him we could not have perfection in that best of heats, steam—because first he quietly lets all the cold air out, preventing air, steam and water struggles with their noisy bangs in pipes and radiators. Then he permits the steam to get into the radiator, and when it arrives, shuts his jaw tight to keep it there where it can radiate all the comfort it contains. If water rushes to him, threatening disastrous leaks over costly rugs and ceilings below—he knows it at once, and automatically turns it all back.

We never have to adjust "The Hoffman Valve." When he's made at the factory all these good things are adjusted inside of him and proved, then bottled up tight and sealed, with the watchman inside so he can't escape or be meddled with. He helps us get all the heat out of every shovelful of coal we use—not wasting tons and tons. He guarantees to do it for 5 years at least, or he'll pay back every penny you spend for him. In our case he has been doing it for much longer and still he shows no sign of getting tired.

He is for use in your home too.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

There is a Hoffman Valve for every type of steam system, no matter how simple or complex—whether for home, hotel, apartment house, office building or factory.

Hoffman Valves are coal savers because they permit radiators to give maximum heating efficiency. They never leak or spit.

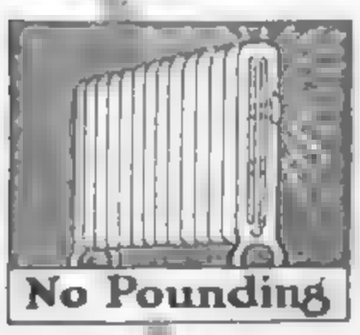
Hoffman Valves eliminate "hammering" in pipes and radiators. They are built non-adjustable. Put them on. They do the rest.

Ask Your Architect or Heating Contractor—the Good Ones Know and Recommend Hoffmans.

HOW TO GET THE HOFFMAN VALVE—If your home has the simple one-pipe system, send us $1.90 for a single Number 1 Hoffman Valve (as illustrated above). Test it—then have your contractor Hoffman-equip every radiator in a few hours at small cost.

SEND TO OUR NEW YORK OFFICE FOR THIS BOOKLET—"More Heat from Less Coal." It tells in a non-technical way of steam heating systems and their air valve faults. It is most interesting reading and a copy will gladly be sent you on request.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC., 512 Fifth Ave., New York



No Pounding

No Leaking

No Hissing

No Half Heat

Los Angeles
215 W. Seventh Street

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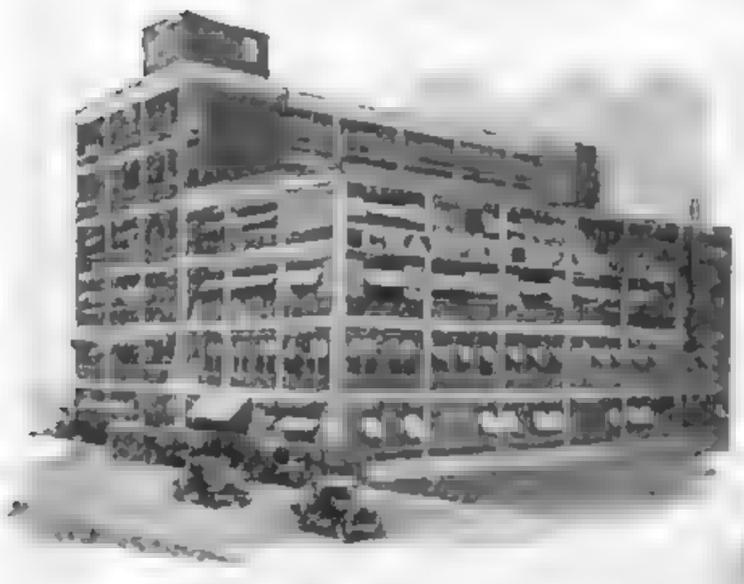
An Unqualified Guarantee

The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If, for any reason, you are dissatisfied new valves will be furnished or your money returned, whichever you prefer—without quibbling.

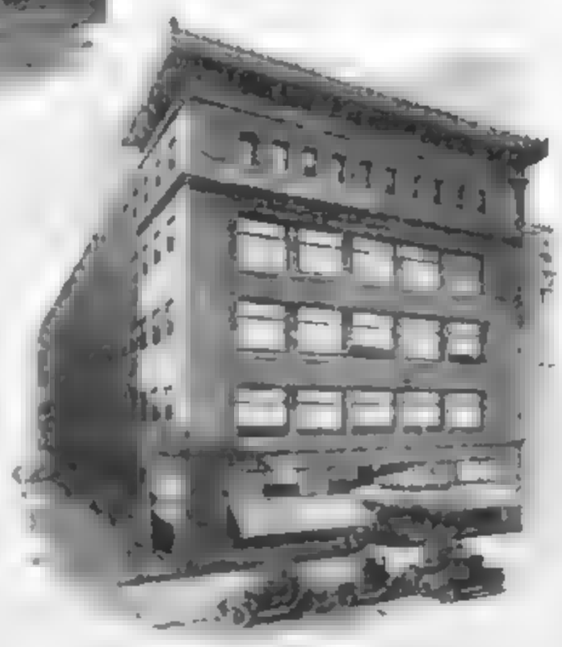
HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

Made in Toledo

Residence of H. S. Firestone
at Akron, with Haughton Elevator Equipment



Champion Spark Plug Plant
at Toledo, Entirely Equipped with Haughton Passenger and Freight Elevators



Over 100 Haughton Elevators
are in use in Ford plants and branches. The Ford plant at Detroit, shown below, has 22 Haughton passenger and freight elevators

Sterling & Welch Store
at Cleveland, one of the Largest of Its Kind, Complete Haughton Equipment

"We do not think your prices are high, considering the apparatus you furnish."

THIS statement of a consulting engineer reflects the attitude of Haughton users. Actual experience has led them to reach very definite conclusions regarding Haughton equipment.

Chief among these conclusions is the fact that it pays to buy Haughton Elevators, even at a higher price, on account of their greater durability and their greater efficiency and economy of operation.

Tangible evidence of this is found in the fact that 40 per cent of all orders for Haughton Elevators are re-orders.

In re-ordering Haughton Elevators, for the most extreme service, users know they are amply protected by Haughton engineering and construction standards.

These standards are based on the Haughton policy of building elevators of such liberal design as to insure exceptionally long life and of such fine quality and workmanship as to guarantee unusually low operating and upkeep expense.

THE HAUGHTON
ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
Absolutely Independent

GERMANY'S NEW BID FOR WORLD TRADE

(Continued from Page 13)

foreigners American typewriter makers are likely for the first time to meet a really efficient competition, from the largest armament works in the world.

A similar transformation is taking place in the chemical industry. Six prominent German chemical firms, which have an aggregate capital of 340,000,000 marks, all long ago embarked on peace adaptation; and a month ago three big explosives firms of Hamburg and Cologne altered their charters of incorporation so as to enable them to practice general manufacturing. Germany's niter producers boast that they can beat the world. Before the war the home production was only 100,000 tons, as against 140,000 tons imported; to-day the home-production capacity is 500,000 tons. Not only in Scandinavia but also in Poland and in the western districts of Russia a big German aniline works has its agents at work. Agriculture in these countries is at its last gasp for want of nitrates, and Germany calculates that she alone can help and reap the benefit.

The Leipsic expert, Doctor Halden, declares that the readaptation of Germany's factories and workshops will cost $1,500,000,000. But Germany's exclusion from colonial and overseas enterprises, he adds, makes the provision of this capital easy. With reason Bank Director Helfferich, formerly German Finance Minister, declares that "From standpoint of financing export the loss of Germany's overseas possessions will do less harm than is expected." The peace terms have compelled Germany's banks to seek new spheres for their capitalizing activities. All of them showed decreased profits for the financial year 1918, and all except two of them cut down their dividends. The new sphere of activity lies in the capitalizing of plant adaptation and export; and already the Deutsche, the Dresdner and other prominent banks are deep in such deals.

Backed in this way with plentiful money German exporters are already making a show in neutral countries beside which the mild displays of American and English export firms attract no notice at all. Every week the leading Scandinavian newspapers publish whole pages of German advertisements, always correctly worded in the neutral's own language, accompanied by booming editorial comments, and by artistic symbolical pictures which extol tacitly Germany's incomparable skill. And the supposedly anti-German newspapers—such as the Copenhagen Berlingske Tidende, and the Dagens Nyheter, of Stockholm—lead first of all in this well-planned campaign to prepare the European world for the great German boom.

Fifty-Fifty Middlemen

Germany is exploiting with equal skill one other old advantage, an advantage not sufficiently understood in America. This is that her language and her commercial customs and terminology have an unshakable grip on all Europe east of the French Vosges. All of the former components of Austria—anti-German though most of them were—the Balkan States and Scandinavia are entirely within the German-language sphere. Anti-German Poland and Russia have no trade language but German, which was first enforced and then maintained by millions of hyphenated citizens—German Balts, German industrial leaders in the former Russian Poland, Yiddish-speaking Jews; and Letts, Ests and Lithuanians nurtured on Germanic Kultur. The educated half-German classes in these nations always monopolize commerce all the way from the Warthe to the Neva; and indeed much farther. In Siberian Ekaterinburg in April, 1917, when Russia and Germany were still professedly at war, I found the German commercial language and German trade standards being publicly taught by a municipal lecturer in the City Hall.

On this foundation has risen that specific European commercial type, the semi-German agent and middleman, often non-German by race and anti-German in politics, but always German in all that concerns his pocket. On these half Germans even American sellers come to depend. Through Stockholm on their way to Finland lately passed two such American business men, neither of whom was the least German in sentiment—on the contrary they naïvely proclaimed to all the world that they had come to Europe to cut out the Hun. But when these pioneers of unhyphenated American trade proceeded eastward one was in tow of a German-Danish interpreter, the other of a German-Polish Jew, both men from the very class of international agents who were formerly the mainstays of Germany's position in the East-European commercial world.

Only Germans are trying to organize the trade of the less accessible parts of Europe. On my writing table lies a German book entitled Guide to Commerce—in German, *Wirtschaftsführer*; in Russian, *Torgovi Putevoditel*—which when opened reveals the languages of Poland, Bohemia, Serbia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Finland. It is the work of a retired German of Lodz; and it brims over with facts that would be useful to anyone, but in particular with facts aimed at inducing buyers to turn to Germany. Such publications are turned out in masses. At the height of Germany's military prosperity in Poland the big Leipsic publishing firms, also the Berlin Tageblatt and the other Prussian newspapers which then opened offices at Warsaw, published Polish, Bulgarian and Turkish trade guides, technical dictionaries and buyers' handbooks. Later in admirably written pamphlets the Ukrainians under Skoropadsky and the Great-Russians under Lenine were taught by Germans how to till their land and how to buy German implements. And when Russia's own printing industry fell to pieces Germany produced Russian books of all kinds; first Russian Bibles and prayer books, and later Russian fiction, poetry and science. And all this was done with such an unerring eye to the coming main chance that before I left Russia the joke was passing round that the Bibles dumped from Leipsic began with the Genesis of German mercantile domination in Russia and proceeded to chronicle the Exodus of all of Germany's competitors.

German Designs on Russia

The German campaign for the commercial conquest of Russia is now under full way. On this vital question, which has evoked many conflicting statements in Ally countries, the German Government and the German-Russian Economical Association of Berlin lately told the literal truth when they declared that "It is not yet practicable to resume commercial relations with Russia." It is not practicable to resume relations only because relations were never broken off. Just as in 1915 Germany notwithstanding a nominal state of fierce enmity was selling drugs to Russia via Swedish Haparanda, so to-day despite a formal cessation of diplomatic relations, very effective Russo-German commercial intercourse exists. In Russia Germany has agents everywhere; she has the tradition of old associations and mutual indispensability; she has societies for studying Russia, such as the Institute of Russian Research attached to Berlin University; and special banks for Russia, such as the German Eastern Trade and Industry Bank. Finally she has settled on her soil 150,000 Russians of educated class, mostly refugees, whose sole hope of permanently earning a living lies in their collaboration with Germans for Russo-German trade.

And soviet Russia's only able organizers come from that very class of hyphenated Germans or hyphenated Russians who have always run Russia's trade. Lenine, who began his political career in a sealed German railroad car, is one; the German-named Bronstein who calls himself Trotzky and the German-named Apfelbaum who calls himself Zinovieff are others; and the latest and greatest of all the soviets' industrial geniuses, the Commissary of Railroads Leonid Krasin, a man of real talents, who in America would be a Carnegie, is German-trained, German-thinking and German by the fact that he long served the big Siemens Schuckert firm. So if the soviet government, as far as it has any active trade policy at all, is to-day moving in Germany's direction that is no passing accident but a very prescient design.

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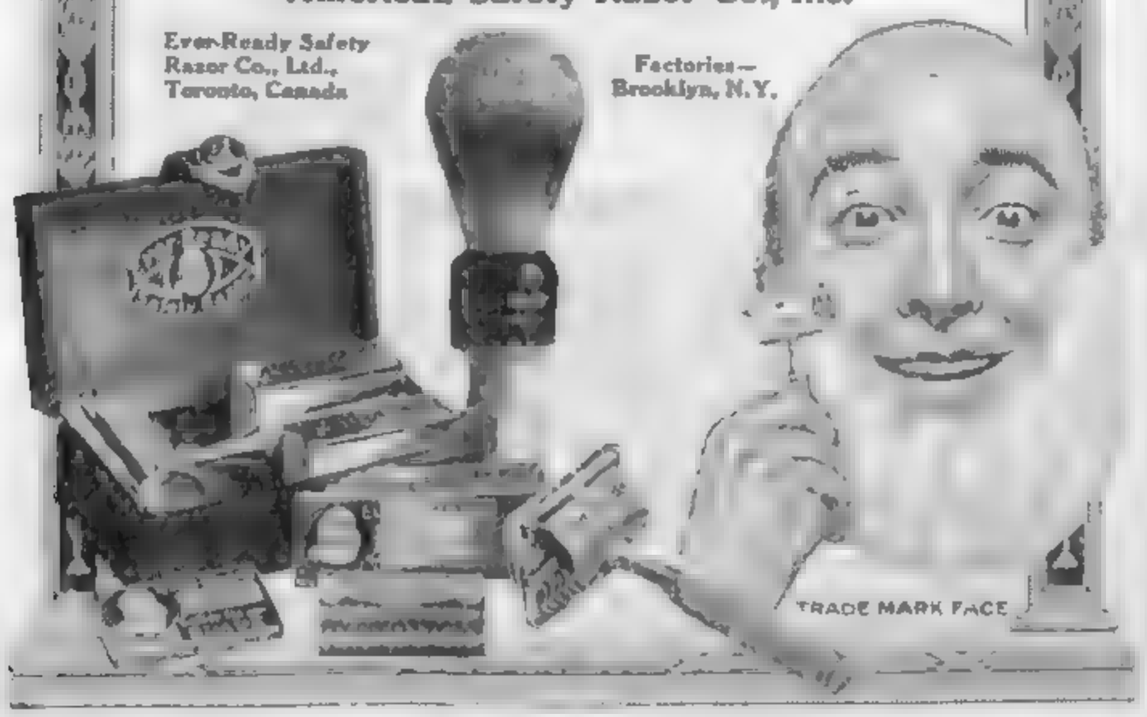

Within the past few months soviet Russia has given repeated proofs of solidarity with republican Germany. When in Moscow in May a special council was convoked to decide Russia's attitude toward the peace terms handed to Von Rantzau, Lenine openly declared for "military and commercial collaboration with Germany, bourgeois as she is." Trotzky agreed, but objected that Germany must take the first step. Thanks to the Germanophile vigor of the indefatigable Krasin, the first commercial steps had already been taken. When Krasin was temporarily diverted from the Commissariat of Communications to the even more important Munitions Bureau he advised the soviet government to intrust the Nationalized Chemicals Industry to German hands. Two Germans in Moscow are to-day candidates for presidency of the Chemicals Central. Krasin next declared that the estimated 600,000,000 rubles' expenditure necessary for putting telegraphs and telephones in order should be organized by a German named Stahl.

The next grandiose scheme which Germans should organize was also electrical. The soaring Bolsheviks, who shrink from no enterprise, who have even planned to divert the great river Oxus into the Caspian Sea, submitted to a special commission the question whether agriculture could not be electrified. Russia has few domestic animals left; and electricity would be the new plow horse. That Russia would turn to Germany in such a matter was predetermined; for before the war she bought from Germany 85% of her dynamos, 80% of her transformers, 97½% of her electric cables and 98% of her electro-motor cars. Before the special commission dispersed, 22,000,000 rubles had been voted for preliminary inquiries; and the nine-tenths-German Krasin had forced through a vote that "the representatives of the German electrical industry be invited to help."

A month later Bolshevik newspapers reported a plan for electrification of the Donetz coal mines, whereby the annual output of 40,000,000 tons would be increased to 240,000,000 tons; and whereby Russia's fuel problem, now seriously aggravated by the loss of the Dombrovski mines in Poland, would be satisfactorily solved. And again the soviet newspapers talked of German help.

War Material Salvaged

What the Germans in Russia, who far outnumber even the Russians in Germany, are doing for German commercial-conquest plans I take from the report of M. Anatole Ruchloff, formerly of the Russian Bank for Foreign Trade. The 7000 Germans in the Red Army, says Ruchloff, are supplemented by 50,000 civilians, mostly ex-war prisoners who prefer the adventures and prospects of Russian life to stagnation at home. These Germans engage in capitalistic trade; and the anticapitalistic soviets, which want commodities at all costs, favor them. The Germans formerly settled in Russian Poland are filtering through to soviet Russia and starting businesses. The new German-Russian Trade Association at Moscow has 1700 German members. By buying up junk iron and derelict war material and turning it into useful goods Germans have appeased the iron hunger of whole provinces; and in Yaroslaff province Germans so successfully organized the distribution of merchandise that the peasants have resumed selling food to the soviets. Naturally the grateful soviets protect also the former German estate managers who are now on capitalistic lines tilling land expropriated from the nobles.

And "in the monasteries where the monks in hope of gaining a living have turned farmers, one usually," concludes Ruchloff, "finds a German in charge." Nothing, that means, is too small or too big for the Germans in Russia; it is Germans who teach monks how to plant cabbages; and it is Germans who are invoked to electrify areas of country very much bigger than Germany was at her best.

German commercial prospects in the former Baltic Provinces, now the republics of Livonia, Esthonia and Lithuania, are quite as bright. During her military occupation here Germany ran commerce for all it was worth. Still in circulation to-day, and a powerful lever for future German trade, are the "East-Marks" and "East-Rubles" which she enforced as currency. In seven Livonian and Esthonian towns she established well-equipped chambers of commerce; at Dorpat she opened a technical school for 500 pupils; and by rough but thorough enough measures she forced—naturally in her own interests only—agriculture and industry back into life. But Germany has her fastest grip in the fact that the local German nobles and burghers far exceed the Letts and Ests in education and productive skill. In Finland when the Allies' victory forced from office the pro-German Svinhufvud Government, Germany seemed to lose her trade chance. But at the height of the catastrophe the Essen Krupps formed a Finnish company, with a dummy Finn Professor Ramsay on top, to exploit Finland's minerals. Finland badly wants goods of all kinds — how badly is shown by the fact that in the first five months of 1919 she had only 69,000,000 marks of exports to set against 631,600,000 marks of imports. Germany is going to supply these goods. In Finland's smallest towns one meets her agents, spying out the land commercially, searching for developable water power, examining free-harbor plans so that she may open new offices; yes, even running on the eastern frontier of Finland an active smuggling trade with Russia which is locally regarded—probably with good reason—as the forerunner of very much bigger things to come.

Denmark Overrun

Germany in Scandinavia is relatively inert. She can afford to wait and watch, because that is a market which she never lost. With Sweden her commercial fate is cemented by her dependence upon the iron ore of Norrland, and the compulsion to pay Sweden in finished goods. Last winter Germany sent agents with offers to buy up for ten years ahead the whole ore output of the Kiruna mines. When the high prices of metal in Sweden led to a great increase of prospecting and to the registration of many claims—in the last year more than 1000—Germany's representatives were on the spot with offers similar to that successfully made in Finland.

Here, too, Germany has the advantage of dealing with countries that are very short of goods. Sweden imported in the last four months goods worth 407,000,000 crowns, against exports of 240,000,000 crowns; and Denmark in the last five months imported goods for 734,000,000 crowns, against exports of 204,000,000 crowns. Scandinavia's own extraordinarily high production costs are a pledge that these imports will continue. In Sweden and Denmark the German, though mostly only on the watch, is everywhere. When I asked the Danish merchant who first called my attention to this why, if it were so, one heard nothing of these Germans, though the newspapers printed every day the arrivals of American business men, he answered: "There are so many German agents in Copenhagen that no editor in his senses would think it worth while to report fresh arrivals."

Republican Germany, I am convinced, is far from being in the desperate plight which some Americans imagine, which some Germans, for obvious, well-considered reasons, pretend. Of the universal despair and immediate state and private bankruptcy which were to follow the peace signature there is no sign. On the contrary Delenda Germania is already on the highroad to Germania Regenerata.

The stock exchange, which in all countries faithfully foreshadows coming industrial and commercial conditions, is instructive. Immediately after peace was certain German state securities rose with a jump. In sharp contrast with English loan stock the German 5% War Loan rose nine points in nineteen days. And with it up went sharply Germany's chief bank, transport and industrial stocks—the stocks of the Deutsche Bank, of the Hamburg-American and Norddeutscher Lloyd, of Siemens and Halske, of the Baden Aniline Works, even of the German Armaments Corporation. And of course at the same time up went the stocks and shares of the big metallurgical and mining corporations of the West-German *Grossindustrie*.

This event is a final striking proof of the doctrine that though the German peril in the military domain may be exorcised forever the peril in industrial domains—if one can rightly speak of an industrial peril—is potentially as great to-day as it was when Germany was Europe's greatest steel and iron producer, when Germany's general overseas trade was exceeded by that of only one country in the world.

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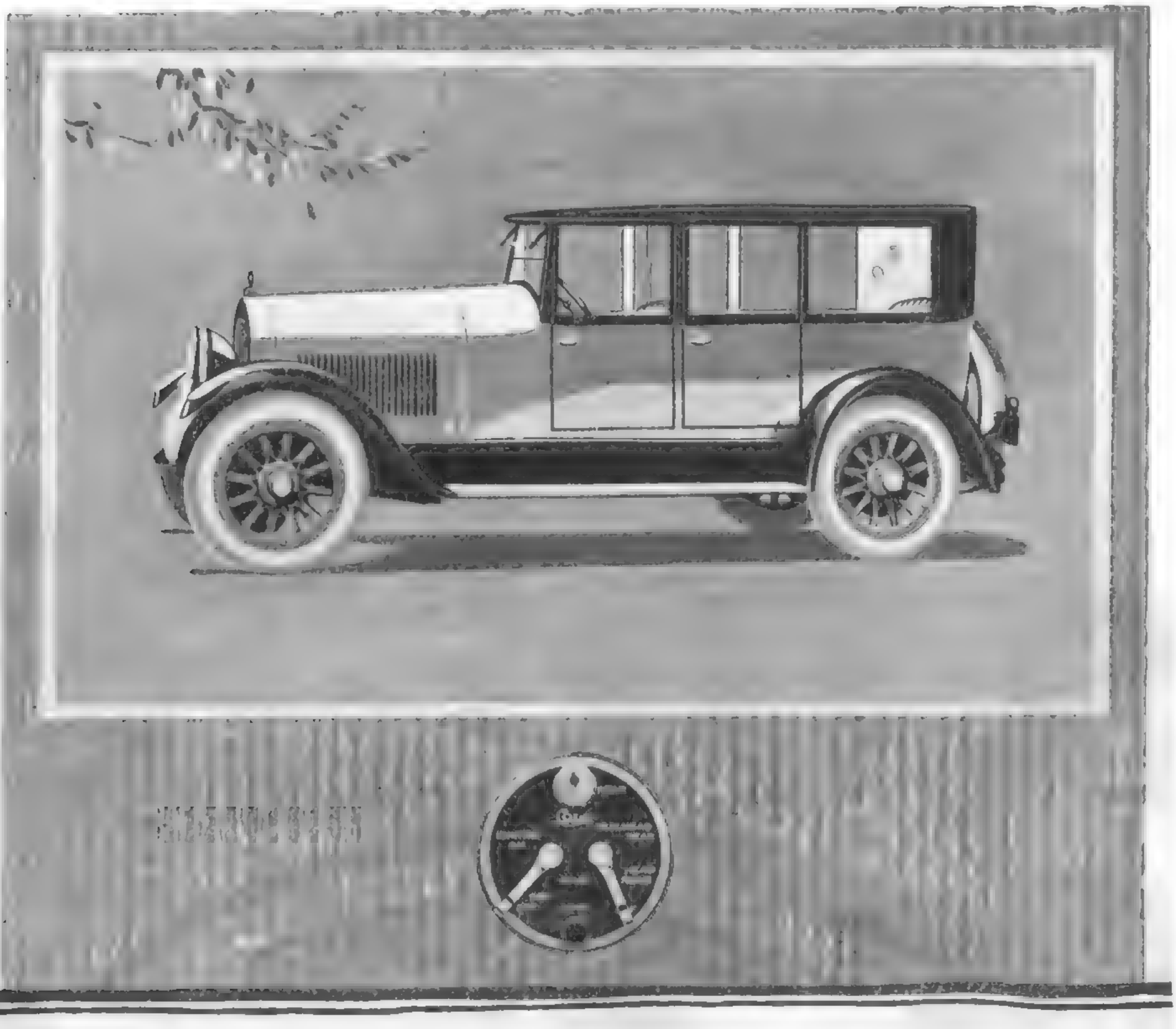

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THE INTERPRETER'S WIFE

(Concluded from Page 49)

Above all things he was glad to think that that museum had vanished into thin air with its treasonable relics and its murmurs of conspiracy.

"Where are we going, then?" he murmured in her ear.

"To the museum of Monsieur D'Astignac," answered madame in faint tones.

Mr. Fairfield's heart first stopped beating and then hit his fifth rib a hammer stroke. Must all roads lead to that accursed museum? He sat up suddenly, struck by the fact that he was holding in his hands some hard object. It was the listening device. His grip tightened on it. A sickening sense of insecurity ran through his very marrow. He seemed to see that stern French soldier sitting opposite him again in the railway coach, stroking his invention with war-wasted hands and murmuring: "You have ears, my little bird. You will hear the heart itself tick, if there is treason in it."

Was it possible? A ghastly whisper persisted in his ear, saying that this infernal thing had discovered to him the very workings, the secret meditations of that fluttering heart. A phrase of the interpreter's echoed in his brain.

"Do you usually find women so compliant?"

Alas, no! And again, no! In one staggering breath he reviewed the fatal ease with which he had slipped into this embrace, which he would now give up the world itself sooner than be without. What part had he in that, save to follow on? And she was taking him to the museum of Monsieur D'Astignac. What more natural, assuming her guilt, than that she should enact beforehand in her own heart that awful scene, even to the discovery of her own shameful complicity in it? For the brain schemes, but the heart fears its own undoing.

"Poor boy!" whispered madame, stroking his hand. "He is so sleepy."

A ray of light fell through the crevice in the door and illuminated those talented fingers.

"Do you do more than thumb-nail paintings?" he asked abruptly, harshly. "For example, have you ever tried your hand at a portrait?"

As he spoke he seemed to see looming in the dark that painting of his own features and the track of his fingers smeared across them.

"A —a portrait?" faltered madame with a quick intake of her breath. "But with my little brushes—how should I?"

"How should you?" whispered the sailor tensely. "How should I know? But we might ask the heart inside the casket."

With these words he could not but mark a vague and menacing rhythm which grew louder steadily, despite all his struggles to shut it out. He had at first thought it the click of the horse overreaching himself again and striking his irons together; but something in the deadly regularity of the sound now forbade that explanation. Sweat broke out on his brow; that mournful doubt of his position assailed him anew.

"Madame," he cried, "what is this I hear? I insist upon knowing at once. I cannot help thinking ——"

His fingers had closed spasmodically about the stem of the listening device. Words died on his lips and he adjusted the thing to his ear. At once the sound that had seemed to haunt him since time began beat on his eardrums like the strokes of a maul. They seemed to prelude some mighty upheaval; and now he was tormented more keenly than before by that dreadful sense of dereliction. What was it that he had not done?

A thing was staring at him from the shadows; he was going mad, perhaps. A monstrous round eye burned more clearly through the floor of the *voiture*, like the sun burning through a fog. It was like a brilliant burnished dial aimmering there—a clock. Was it—could it be the clock regulating the drop of acid from the acid pan of the infernal machine? The clock by which the very sands of time ran out? The clock which split the world in twain?

He seized it fairly in his two hands and he saw that what he had there was the ship's chronometer.

He had never left the chart room of the Amphitrite.

With his hands deep down in the chronometer cupboard and his cheek ground into a fold of musty canvas there, he had slept. He roused himself and glared about him. The mate was there, still affecting to be writing up his log, stull with that foolish, that detestable sag to his shoulders. And suddenly the mate turned flat about, twisted up the points of his mustache and repeated severely, having let just time enough elapse to let his point sink in: "Yes, mild in taste, but it has a kick, mister."

Mr Fairfield, winding the chronometer—for here was his dereliction—thought to himself bitterly: "I wonder if I have ever got out of my cradle."

THE LAIR

(Continued from Page 21)

shoot, against all that the writer man knew; also he had appeared to prevail upon the tiger to keep his side of the pit until they were rescued. And now Skag recalled the big tiger that had lain on the river margin near the Monkey Glen while he had told Carlin that he had never really known what a woman was like before. The presence of the big sleepy cat down among the wet foliage had nerved him and called out all his strength for the romantic crisis.

He thought of the moment under the poised head of the great serpent in the place of fear in the grass jungle; and of the coming of Nut Kut, the incomparable black elephant, whom he had forced to listen in spite of the red hell in the untamable eyes. Always between and in and round, his thoughts were of Carlin—her voice, her presence, the curious art of her ministration and the utterly wise lure of her heart. Even now he couldn't quite be calm under the whip of memory of the afternoon of the cobra fight, nor afterward when the jungle sickness carried her close to the gate and her dry lips had begged night and day for him please to "stop those fever birds!". The whole panorama might have been named Carlin so far as Skag was concerned.

He didn't think of his own danger now. It wasn't that he ignored it; rather that he had entered upon a new dimension of his power. He had no thought of failure. No thought came to him that Carlin would have prevented his entering had she been near. This was different from anything he had ever been called to do, but his power was different. The thing that engaged his mind was utterly clear from every angle. He couldn't have missed the novelty from the unusual stress of Nels' manner. The big Dane was actually burning with excitement. His eyes were filled with firelight and back of the smoky burning was a dumb appeal turned to his chief. Hyenas alone had been able to break Nels' nerve for himself, but he was frightened now for the man. The big bony jowl was steadily pressed like a knuckled hand against Skag's knee, the body only half lifted from the dry stones and cramped with tension.

Skag's eyes were turned up toward the mouth of the lair and his left hand fell to the Dane's head. The beast actually shook because his eyes were covered a second.

"Of course you're to stay outside, Nels," he said softly as he rose.

The dog lowered his breast to the stones. It was like a blow to him—the one thing he had feared most.

"Don't, Nels!" the man muttered. "You're to stand at the mouth of the lair and watch there. I need you there—outside, of course."

The dog followed him heavily up the slope past the high-water mark. Skag turned with a cheering whisper, shielding his eyes from the light for a moment before peering in. There was a sound like blown paper across a marble floor and then another sound—low, soft, prolonged, like the hiss of escaping steam.

Skag shoved himself into the narrow, rocky aperture. He could see nothing for the moment. The taint was oppressive at the first breath of the still air. There were kittens no doubt of that. He heard their scurrying; he felt their eyes and the sort of

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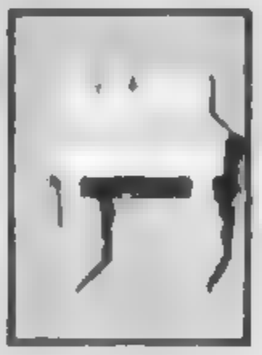

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melting panic in the place that would have utterly unstrung any but a perfectly keyed set of nerves.

It was a cave, the mouth higher than the floor. The way down was jagged and precipitous. Skag, advancing softly, had to feel for each step and yet give no distracting attention to keep his footing, for the full energy of his faculties was directed ahead.

The sound of blown paper was from the kittens—that was clear enough. Yet the hissing continued and this was the mystery of it all—that there appeared to be no movement besides. If this sound came from the tigress, at least she had not stirred to meet him.

The hiss sunk to a low guttural grating. No cub had a cavernous profundity of sound such as that. Still there was not the stir of a muscle, so far as his senses had detected.

Skag was puzzled. Big game before him, possibly nerved to spring, and yet the tensity was not like that. The man stood still, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the darkness—waiting for the mystery to clear. Then to the right, like a little constellation suddenly pricking through the twilight, Skag saw a cluster of young stars. His heart warmed—kittens hunched there in a bundle and watching him. Their pricked ears presently shadowed somewhat from the blacker background; then he saw the little party suddenly swept and overturned, as if a long thin arm had brushed them back out of reach of the intruder.

Now his eyes turned slightly to the left and began to get the rest—the great leveled creature upon the darkened floor. Skag kept his imagination down until his optic nerves actually brought him the picture. The long thin sweep was the mother's tail, yet she was not crouched. Skag saw her sprawled paws extended toward him. She lay upon her side.

Thus it was that he was rounded back to the original proposition. He had found the lair of the wounded tigress and her young. For fully two minutes Skag stood quiet before her, working softly—her hiss changing at slow intervals to the cavernous growl. The kittens were too young to organize attack—the tigress was too maimed for resistance, even though at bay in lair with her kittens to defend.

Now the man saw the gleam of her eyes. She had followed his movements and was holding him now, but half vacantly. The pity of it all touched him; the rest of the story cleared. Her tongue was like a blown bag, the blackness of it apparent even in the dark. She was dying of thirst, the bullet wound in the shoulder turned up to him. The little ones were still active, for the tigress had fed them until her whole body was drained. He saw how her breasts had been torn by the thirsty little ones—the open sores against the soft gray of her nether parts.

Skag backed out. Nels pressed him—half lifted his great body in silent welcome.

"Oh, yes," Skag was saying, "we got the call, all right, my son. Four little duds in there eating their mother alive, and she full of fever from a wound—no water for days. I'm just after the canteen, Nels."

Skag entered again. His movements were deliberate, but not stealthy. He spoke softly to the creature on the floor—his voice lower than the usual pitch, yet sinking often deeper still. The words were mere nothings, but they carried the man's purpose of kindness—carried it steadily, tirelessly. The great beast tried to rise as he stepped closer. Skag waited, still talking. He had uncorked the canteen and held it forward—his idea being not only that she would smell the water but become accustomed to the thing in his hand. Each time he pressed a bit nearer she struggled to rise toward him—Skag standing just out of reach, working with his mind and voice.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before he bent close, without starting a convulsion of fear and revolt in the huge fevered body upon the rocky floor. Skag poured a gurgle of water upon the swollen tongue, watching the single baleful tortured eye that held his face. The water was not wasted, though not drunk, for it washed away some of the poison formed of the fever and the thirst. Skag poured again, and for a second the great holding eye was lost to him and the tongue moved.

Thus he worked, permitting her fear and rage to rouse no answer in kind from himself; talking to her softly, luring her out of the fury into the enveloping madness of her own great need.

He waited a moment and her tongue stretched thickly to draw to itself the water on the rock; then he turned toward the cubs. They scurried back deeper into the cave. He poured a gill or two of water into a hollow of the rock and returned to the mother. Presently as he moistened her tongue again one of the little ones crept forward and began to lap the puddle on the rock.

Skag smiled in the gloom. The others were presently beside the baby leader. A few moments later Skag interrupted his ministrations to the mother to fill the hollow for the kittens again. All this with less than three pints of water—the work of a full half hour as he found when he emerged to Nels and the light.

"It's only a beginning, old man. We've got to get more water. It's five hours' march back to the pool where we camped. I'm gambling that we're a lot nearer than that to the Nerbudda."

Nels' jubilation was stayed by the unfoldment of fresh plans that were not slow to dawn upon his eager mind. They hastened along the river bed, continuing in the direction they had come. Skag was in a queer elation, dropping a sentence from time to time. Suddenly he halted. It had occurred to him to recall something his mind had merely noted during the work in the cave. There was fresh meat there. He had not looked close, but at least two partly devoured carcasses had lain in the shadows.

"They were mighty thirsty, Nels," he muttered. "The mother dying of thirst, but the little ones were only sultry compared. Yes, they're old enough to tear at fresh meat. They weren't so bad off and there was plenty of meat there. Only thirsty," he added thoughtfully.

It was clear to his mind that the tigress had been helpless at least three days, possibly four. She could not have brought the game. There was one conclusive reason—that the meat was in an altogether too fresh condition to have been brought by the mother before she gave up. Skag walked rapidly. They did not reach the Nerbudda, but sighted a village back from the river bed after nearly two hours' walk.

They refilled the canteen and procured two water skins besides; also a broad deep gourd which Skag carried empty. The man's difficulty was to escape without assistance. A white man in his position was not supposed to carry goatskin water bags over his shoulders. The boys of the village followed him after the elders had given up, and Skag halted at last to explain that this was an affair that would interest them very much—when a teller came back to tell the story; but that this was the doing part of the story and must be carried to its conclusion alone.

A little later in the nullah bed he fastened the canteen and the gourd to Nels' collar, but continued to pack the two skins himself—a rather arduous journey in full Indian daylight with between forty and fifty pounds of water on his shoulders. It was four in the afternoon when they neared the mouth of the lair and Nels was drooping again. "Buck up, old man!" Skag said. "I'll go in for a while with the thirsty ones. Then we'll make a camp and have some supper together."

Skag heard the hiss again as he entered the darkness, and the kittens were not so still as before. Only a trifle less leisurely he approached the mother. He knew that any strength that had come would only feed her hostility so far; that a man was not to win the confidence of a great mammal thing like this in a day. His first impulse was to silence the kittens with a gourd of water, but he could not bear to make the mother wait.

She raised her head against him as before, but the smell of the water caught and altered her fury more swiftly this time. Skag saw the glare go out from the great eye as the tortured mouth was cooled; and now the hope grew within him that the tigress might actually be saved. He talked softly to her as he poured drop by drop upon her tongue from the side—the little ones pressing closer and closer. Even in the convulsive trembling that shook her body from time to time there was an inflowing rather than an ebb of strength.

Presently he left her long enough partly to fill the big gourd for the babies. He had scarcely drawn back before the first was at the edge. Lapping was not enough for this infant. He wanted to cover himself; apparently to overturn the dish upon himself.

(Concluded on Page 181)

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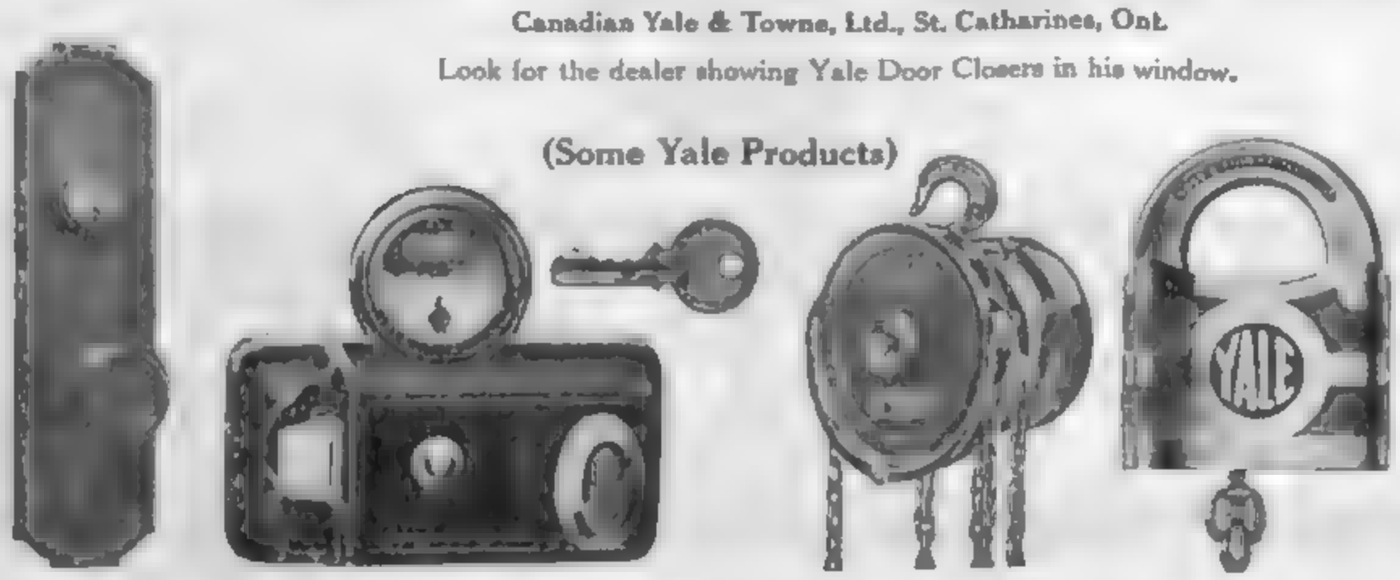

(Concluded from Page 178

The others helped to balance the gourd for a moment or two, but the massed effort became too furious and over it went among them. Skag laughed. Only a portion was wasted, for the kittens followed the little streams on the rock, tonguing them as they moved and filled. He tried them again, only covering the bottom of the gourd, but it was as swiftly overturned. Still the young had drunk enough presently, and went to tearing at the meat in the deeper shadows.

Skag went back to the mother, still using the canteen for her. Alternately now he dropped the water upon the wound in her shoulder. There were hours of work here to soften the fever crust and establish drainage. Some time afterward this work was stopped abruptly by the warning of Nels at the door. Skag stood his canteen against a rock and hurried forth. Nels stood at the mouth of the lair, his head turned up the river bed. His eyes did not alter from their look of fixity as the man emerged. The shoulder nearest Skag merely twitched a trifle, the left paw lifting to the toes. Skag followed the Dane's eyes. The boss of the district—the great male himself—stood stock-still in the center of the river bed, the carcass of a lamb having dropped from his mouth. So strange, so vast and still, the picture, that it seemed dreamlike; the great, round, sunny eyes unwinking—serious rather than savage—a dark-banded thing of gold in the ruddy gold of late afternoon.

Skag was silent, the magic of the moment flowing into him. Nels had not moved.

Skag had been forced to walk round him to find room to stand. They faced the big Bengali together for an instant, the man's hand dropping softly to the dog's shoulder.

"The king himself, son," Skag whispered raptly. "He's the loveliest thing in stripes. We'll have to look out for this fellow, Nels. There's no fear in him. We're on his premises and the missus is sick and needs quiet. He's apt to charge, and I can see his point of view. We'll back down, son, and not obstruct the gentleman's door."

They couldn't have been three seconds clambering down the rocks to the nullah bed, yet the male tiger was twenty feet nearer when they looked up. Moreover, he had brought the lamb with him, and this time he kept it in his mouth as he watched.

"We mustn't let him see our dark side again, Nels," Skag muttered. "See if we can't stare as straight as he does. What a picture! Yet I'm rather glad he's got that lamb. He must have brought it far. Carrying out her orders doubtless. Only a great male would do that. Oh, it's not that he cares for the babies, Nels. It's to please her that he does it! And she's down and done, but running the lair!"

So Skag talked, hardly knowing what he said, keeping in touch with Nels with his hand and holding the eyes of the royal beast that seemed to be made of patience and poise and gilded beauty. Skag didn't step back, but presently to the side, away from the mouth of the lair. The tiger's countermovement was not to lessen the distance between them this time, but to drop to his haunches, still holding his game. He rocked a little on his hind feet, that ominous undulation which portends the charge. Not more than ten seconds passed and no outward change was apparent, yet there was a relief of tension in Skag's voice:

"It's the little lamb that saved us that time, Nels. I think we've passed it—passed the crisis, my boy. We'll just stand by now and measure patience with him."

It was two minutes before Skag ventured a further movement to the right. The tiger made absolutely no counter this time. Skag now spoke to Nels:

"You're doing beautifully, son."

The dog had stood by like part of himself. The droop and the quiver that he had known twice that day when the man disappeared into the lair had given way in the real test to unbreakable nerve and defiant heart. Yet it was less the courage than his absolute obedience that entered the man with a charge of feeling that instant. A minute later Skag took another ten steps to the right.

In the deeper shadows, less than an hour afterward, he struck a match to the little supper fire a hundred yards up the slope from the mouth of the lair. Skag then loosened his hunting belt, dropping the weight from him to the blanket with a sigh of content. The hardware had chafed him all day and had been really forgotten only in the stresses of action.

"I didn't pack that gun for tiger," he said softly. "Why, I would as soon have shot our good Arab, Kala Khan, or put a bullet between Nut Kut's eyes, as to stop that big fellow's bringing young mutton home—to please her! Won't Carlin love to hear that! Oh, yes, it's been a day, son, one more day! I've loved it minute by minute, and you've been—well, I can't think in words, when it comes to that."

The big fellow drowsed in the firelight, his four paws stretched evenly toward the man.

In the morning and afternoon of the next two days Skag brought water to the tigress and bathed her shoulder long. On the third day he could not be sure that the male had left the lair until late afternoon, and when he finally ventured to the mouth and his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness within he saw that the tigress was watching him from the deeper shadows—not prone but on three feet. He filled the gourd and weighted it with stones; then backed out.

"We're starting for Hurda to-night, son," he said to Nels. "I've left her a drink or two, and by the time she needs more she'll be able to get to the river herself."

Carlin must have caught the reality of that moment of crisis from Skag's telling—the moment when the male tiger might have charged but didn't, because she succeeded in making Malcom M'Cord see it too.

"And you say there was no sign from the tiger, but that Hantee Sahib knew when the instant was past?" the famous marksman repeated curiously.

Carlin nodded.

"But how did he know?"

"Ask him," she said.

"Huh," he muttered. "I might as well inquire of the Dane beastie."

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

told him that I had carefully read the protocols of the sittings of his commission and had been surprised to find that he had not taken any active part in the discussion and had refrained from giving utterance to the views I felt sure he entertained himself, the grand duke said that he regretted it greatly now, but that at the time he had felt a delicacy, as a member of the reigning dynasty, about expressing a divergent opinion which might have been interpreted as an attempt at unduly influencing the decisions of responsible ministers on the strength of his personal position and the prestige of his rank.

Prince Lobanoff, having undertaken to carry out the decision reached by the commission and approved by the emperor, applied to this task all his ingenuity, his diplomatic experience, his great personal prestige and his firm will. He naturally realized that it would be impossible for Russia alone to approach victorious Japan with a demand that could not but deeply wound the susceptibility of a proud and combative nation. It was therefore manifestly necessary to seek to associate with Russia at least two other Powers in the attempt to oust the Japanese from the continent of Asia. Great Britain being out of the question, Austria-Hungary being useless, there remained only two Powers that could be of assistance in exercising the required pressure on the Japanese—France and Germany—whose joint coöperation it was evidently no easy task to secure. It did not, however, prove beyond Prince Lobanoff's diplomatic skill.

Playing partly on the jealousy of the French Government and partly on the eagerness of the Emperor William to seize any occasion which might through even a temporary rapprochement with both Russia and France promise to bring him nearer the realization of his pet dream—a Franco-Russo-German alliance—Prince Lobanoff succeeded in inducing both these Powers to join Russia in recommending to the Japanese Government the retrocession to China of the territory ceded to Japan by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, on the plea that Japan's tenure of the littoral of Manchuria would menace the security of the Chinese capital, would render the independence of Korea illusory and would be an element endangering the peace of the Far East.

That these two Powers should have been induced to take part in a diplomatic campaign by which they could not possibly expect to gain anything and by which they were certain to incur the displeasure—perhaps the lasting displeasure—of a Power with whom they had every reason to cultivate the most friendly relations must be set down as a signal triumph of Prince Lobanoff's diplomacy.

As to the point of view from which the Japanese regarded this intervention of the three Great Powers I may cite the opinion expressed to me five years later, after we had taken possession ourselves of Port Arthur, by one of my Japanese friends:

"We can understand why you should have insisted on our evacuation of the Manchurian littoral; we also understand why the French, being your allies, should have lent you their support. We fail, however, to understand what caused the action of Germany in a matter which was no concern of hers—but we shall remember!"

And they did. It appears besides, as I was told, that in pressing upon the Japanese Government compliance with the demands of the three Powers, the German Minister at Tokio had adopted a tone of particular aggressiveness, contrasting with the studiedly moderate and courteous attitude of his French and Russian colleagues, and that in this respect he had been merely obeying very stringent instructions he had received from the emperor himself, supposed to have been desirous of accentuating his particular zeal in the common cause.

Though the recommendation of the coalition was presented in the most courteous terms it was plain that the three Powers were prepared to compel acquiescence by a resort to force. Exhausted by the great effort of the campaign on the continent, her financial resources as well as her supply of war material more or less drained, her fleet after having been eight months constantly at sea unable to cope with the superior naval forces of the coalition, and her army on the continent exposed to the risk of being cut off—Japan found herself compelled to comply.

With their usual clear-sighted and realistic appreciation of existing conditions the Japanese Government promptly and unreservedly bowed to the inevitable. An imperial decree was published in which the emperor was made to say that being unalterably devoted to the cause of peace and recognizing that the counsel of the three European Powers was prompted by the same sentiment he accepted their advice. In due time, without any unnecessary delay, Manchuria was evacuated and all Japanese troops were withdrawn from the continent, with the exception of a detachment left to occupy Wei-hai-wei until the final payment of the war indemnity. Thereupon Japan quietly proceeded to prepare plans for doubling her army and trebling her naval forces.

These warlike preparations, the meaning of which could hardly be misunderstood by even a superficial observer, were facilitated financially by the payment of an additional 100,000,000 dollars imposed upon China by the coalition as a compensation for the retrocession by Japan of the ceded territories in Southern Manchuria. In order to provide the necessary funds for this payment supplementary to the war indemnity stipulated in the Shimonoseki Treaty the Russian Government undertook to place on the Paris market a Chinese Government loan with a Russian guaranty of four per cent interest.

This financial combination could naturally not have been conceived without the participation of Mr. Witte, who was then Minister of Finance, and who was most loyally and with his wonted energy supporting Prince Lobanoff's policy. It proved, however, the entering wedge which led us into further politico-financial combinations in connection with Manchuria in regard to which in the end I found myself in disagreement with the great statesman who had been fathering and promoting them. But this is a subject to which I shall have to revert later on.

Our successful intervention, which resulted in the restitution of the integrity of China, according to current international ethics, seemed to give us a legitimate claim to an adequate compensation, and it was found in the grant by China of the right of way through Northern Manchuria to our Trans-Siberian railroad, whose line by this means instead of following the great bend of the River Amur could be shortened by several hundred miles. The negotiations on this subject were carried on at Moscow during the coronation festivities in May, 1896, between Prince Lobanoff and Witte on one side, and Li Hung Chang on the other. They resulted in the grant of a railroad concession to the recently founded Russo-Chinese Bank, a hybrid semipolitical financial institution, the capital of which was furnished partly by the Russian treasury and partly by French financiers, and in which a limited share was alloted to the Chinese Government. With the railroad concession went also the grant of a wide strip of land on both sides of the railroad, which was to be exempt from Chinese jurisdiction and in which Russian settlements gradually grew up, one of them, at Harbin, attaining the proportions of quite a moderate-sized town.

Another concession obtained by way of compensation for our intervention was the permission to use, in case of an emergency, the port of Kiao-chau as a naval base for our fleet in Far Eastern waters. This seemingly aimless arrangement was probably meant to satisfy the claims to consideration of our naval general staff, possibly occupied with the elaboration of some vague strategical plans and combinations; it turned out, however, as will be seen in the sequel, to have contributed in an indirect way to the conception and realization of another plan of real and far-reaching importance.

Whether our War Department had likewise then and there, unknown perhaps to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, conceived some plan of action in another direction I do not know. It is not impossible that such

(Continued on Page 185)

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(Continued from Page 182)

may have been the case and that the discovery of the existence of such a plan may have been one of the causes of the coolness which had marked the relations between the emperor and his minister as a consequence of the inconsiderate promise His Majesty had given or was supposed to have given the Korean Ambassador, as related in a preceding chapter of these reminiscences. All I know is that in the summer or the autumn of the year of the coronation, which was also the year of the death of Prince Lobanoff, the War Department had dispatched to Korea a certain colonel of the grand general staff whose name I do not now remember, with the result that he had brought back an elaborate plan for the organization of a Korean army of 250,000 men, capable of being expanded to double its size. This organization was to be effected by a special military mission composed of officers of all arms of the Russian Army; among whom, by the way, was to go out to Korea the son of Mr. Shishkine, who had been acting Minister of Foreign Affairs after Prince Lobanoff's death until the appointment of Count Mouravieff.

Furthermore, I found out that our Naval Department was on the lookout for an ice-free port; open all the year round, somewhere in Korea, and was entertaining some vague plans of a future acquisition of one of them, preferably the port of Masan-pho on the southern extremity of the Korean peninsula, as a permanent naval station for our fleet in Far Eastern waters; Vladivostok not being considered quite satisfactory on the ground that the port is usually closed by ice for some time every winter. Whether such plans had been inspired by the knowledge that some kind of protectorate had been promised to the King of Korea through his ambassador during the Moscow festivities I am unable either to affirm or to deny. All I can say is that the Minister of the Navy, Admiral Tirtoff, who was a particular friend of mine, whom I had known intimately when twenty years before he had been in command of one of our vessels on the Japan station, never mentioned to me anything of the kind, though he knew that I was engaged on a very important investigation of the political situation in the Far East, which he himself regarded with considerable misgiving. But then he may have been under a special injunction of secrecy in regard to the matter, which on account of its extremely delicate nature required to be handled with the greatest circumspection.

XVI

HAVING made the various discoveries mentioned in the preceding chapter and having been enabled to acquaint myself with the detailed information in the possession of our Naval Department in regard to the Japanese program of naval armaments, which was to be completed in 1904, I set to work on my memorandum in the firm conviction that we were already but too deeply engaged in a line of policy that could only land us in the end in an armed conflict with Japan, an eventuality that every consideration of prudence and regard for the true interests of Russia commanded us to avoid by every means compatible with our country's honor and dignity.

In this conviction I was not in the least shaken by the optimistic reports of our chargé d'affaires at Tokio, who, as soon as I should arrive there to relieve him, was to take up his duties as diplomatic agent in Korea, to which post he had just been appointed. He was one of those young diplomatic hopefuls who are always ready to recommend to their government forward policies in the hope of thereby acquiring great credit for activity and patriotism. This particular young gentleman, probably desiring to prepare the field for his coming activity in Korea, kept assuring the Foreign Department in his reports—which, by the way, were much relished in high places—that it was perfectly safe to go ahead with any plans we might wish to put through in Korea, quite regardless of Japanese feelings and objections, and that the utmost manifestation of Japan's displeasure would probably take the form of the dismissal of a ministry which should have failed to arrest our progress.

I have already explained the reason why it is impossible for me to give here more than a very succinct account of the essential points touched upon in my memorandum, the preparation of which occupied all my time during three or four weeks, as every word of it had to be carefully weighed.

The first point I brought out was that in the Far East we had to face a situation essentially different from the conditions we had been accustomed to deal with and had dealt with on the whole successfully in Central Asia. There we found ourselves face to face with a distinctly lower grade of civilization, with populations living either in a state approximating anarchy or under tyrannical and oppressive misrule, to whom our advent brought law and order and security of life and property, and therefore could be, and generally was, hailed by them as a positive benefit, our bureaucratic régime even, with all its serious defects and shortcomings, being immeasurably superior to the state of things they had been suffering from under their native rulers. Therefore it was to some extent excusable that our military authorities in Central Asia were allowed or rather suffered to assume some latitude in dealing with neighboring semibarbarous states and in encroaching ever more and more on their territories, thereby compelling the central government to sanction in the end such annexations in spite of its desire to avoid them.

In the Far East, on the contrary, we had to deal with two great states, one immense in size of territory and population, the other not large in size but unapproachable as an island empire, with a compact population full of ardent and aggressive patriotism and combative military spirit, both with a highly developed social fabric and refined culture antedating even the beginnings of civilization in Europe. It was evident that in this part of the world it was impossible to let our policy be determined, not by a well-considered, carefully weighed plan decided upon by the central authority, but by the would-be patriotic inspiration and forward tendencies of some local agent or by the special views and requirements of this or that individual branch of the government.

Moreover, before a plan of action could be determined upon it would be imperatively necessary to establish first of all the precise and concrete aim our policy should pursue. In this respect we should begin by eliminating entirely from the field of our policies—and not only in the Far East—all such vague aims as hegemony, predominant influence or similar imponderabilia of more than doubtful value, the pursuit of which could only excite rivalry, suspicion and general hostility and might at any moment embroil us in most dangerous complications, which it was Russia's prime interest to avoid.

Next, having determined the aim our policy would have to pursue, it would be necessary to examine most carefully the question whether the aim determined upon corresponded to any real need of the state and the nation, whether it was practically attainable, whether its pursuit would expose us to the danger of an armed conflict with a powerful neighboring state, whether in the event of such an armed conflict arising we should be prepared to support our policy with all the power and resources of the empire; and lastly, whether the results obtained in case of victory would justify the sacrifices in blood and treasure by which such results would have been secured.

In proceeding to examine these points in the above order, we must, to begin with, ask ourselves a question which is one of fundamental importance: Could territorial expansion in the Far East—or for the matter of that anywhere—be considered a legitimate aim of our policy, and could its achievement in any way, barring the vainglorious satisfaction of success, benefit the state and promote the welfare of the people?

In the case of an immense and already rather overgrown empire, one part of which, in Europe, is still underpopulated, and the other and far greater part, in Asia, can hardly be said to be populated at all in proportion to its colossal extent—this question, it would seem, could only be answered most categorically in the negative. Moreover, the acquisition of any new territory in the Far East at such an enormous distance from the center of the empire could only contribute an additional weakening element to a position already precarious enough and maintained much less by actual power than by prestige, which elementary caution forbade to jeopardize by exposing it to the test of an armed conflict with a powerful neighbor.

Turning next to the question whether territorial expansion in the direction of Korea—the only question I had to deal

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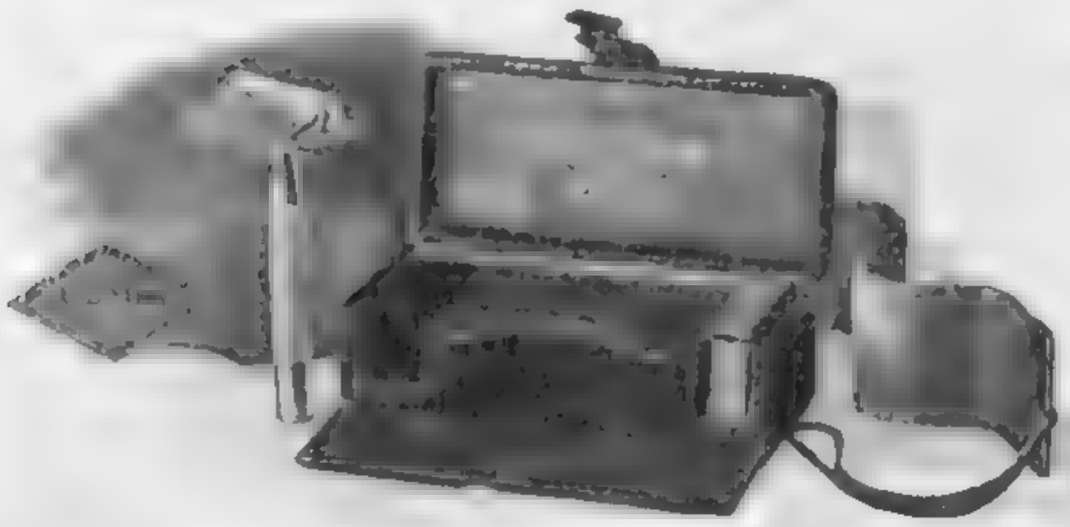

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with, everything concerning Manchuria belonging to the province of my colleague at Peking—was practically attainable without running the risk of an armed conflict with Japan, I had not only to negative it most emphatically but to point out on the strength of detailed information on the state of Japanese armaments that the Japanese Government, manifestly suspicious of our intentions, were already actively preparing for the coming conflict, the outbreak of which would in all probability coincide with the completion of their program of naval armaments scheduled for the beginning of the year 1904.

Of the firm determination of the Japanese Government to defend what they considered to be their legitimate, historically grounded interests in Korea—to defend them against all comers by force of arms and at all hazards—I was absolutely convinced from what I knew of the Japanese character, of the state of popular feeling in Japan and of the policies of her government.

In my eyes, therefore, the whole question reduced itself to a very simple proposition: Are we or are we not prepared to support our aggressive policy in the Far East at any cost, and with all the power and resources of the state? If not, the continuation of such a policy would be equivalent to courting disaster in the form either of military defeat or of the loss of the main support of our position, our prestige, through a reversal of our policy under compulsion. If, however, we were prepared to stake our all on the result of a campaign in the Far East the questions would present themselves as to what could be the result of a victorious campaign, and how far such result would justify the sacrifices in blood and treasure by which it had been achieved.

Granted the possibility of a conquest of Korea after the annihilation or expulsion from the continent of the Japanese forces, which in any case we would have had to fight in Korea, the annexation of a kingdom nearly as large as Italy could hardly have entered into our plans, for the reasons mentioned above. It must be supposed therefore that we should have had to limit ourselves to the acquisition of some ice-free port—let us say, Mosan-pho—which could hardly be claimed to be an adequate justification for a sanguinary war. Besides, the possession of such an exposed point not within reach of our land forces would be valueless in time of war, as such a point would easily become the prey of a more powerful maritime Power.

From this point, as far as I can now remember, I branched off to a discussion of the subject of sea power. My thesis, based on the importance of the respective naval forces of different nations actually present in those days in Far Eastern waters, was the following: Of the three countries—Russia, England and Japan—having considerable naval forces stationed in those waters England naturally was potentially immeasurably the strongest, but having widespread interests to guard all over the globe it was not convenient for her to detail to the Far East more of her fighting units than were necessary to maintain a fair show—inferior to the Japanese fleet, but equal or perhaps slightly superior to ours.

No one of these three Powers could lay claim to the absolute command of the China-Japan sea with their forces actually on the spot; but any two of them in concert could claim and realize such command in this way: Russia and Japan united could do so, of course, only as long as England did not choose to increase her forces sufficiently to outnumber them; which, however, would inconvenience her considerably by necessitating the withdrawal of some of her naval resources from other parts of the world where they might be sorely needed. On the other hand, England and Japan united, with their forces actually present, could checkmate the Russian fleet completely without having to increase the English squadron. It was therefore plainly to the interest of England to seek an alliance with Japan, just as much as it was to our interest to forestall such an eventuality by a friendly understanding with Japan.

Of course a third combination of forces would have been quite possible and desirable in the interests of the solidarity of European Powers, which had been for years considered, and even more or less practiced, as the best policy in regard to Japan. But at that time anti-Russian feeling in England was just as strong as anti-English feeling was in Russia, and such a combination was not to be thought of; or, as my old friend and colleague, Mr. De Staal, then our Ambassador in London, wrote to me: "Anyone who would have proposed it would have been considered a madman in England as well as in Russia."

Next I undertook to suggest that the port of Vladivostok though closed by ice for some time every winter could be rendered accessible even then by means of powerful ice breakers and could be made in every other respect entirely sufficient as a base for our necessarily limited naval forces in the Pacific, provided we concentrated our efforts on the completion of its defenses, on the construction of sorely needed docks and everything else that goes to the making of a first-class commercial port and naval station as well, instead of neglecting the splendid opportunities open to us in our own undisputed possessions for a wild-goose chase after the acquisition of a port, however admirably situated, as Mosan-pho, for example, on foreign territory, which could be achieved only as a result of a victorious armed contest with Japan. Besides, we were not a seafaring nation, all our interests as an enormous continental Power were continental interests, and we could never expect to become a leading naval Power in the Pacific. Therefore, all our feeble and sporadic efforts in the pursuit of such a chimera were foredoomed to failure, and could at best serve only to irritate needlessly our powerful neighbor by furnishing him with ample food for the suspicions he entertained in regard to our supposed aggressive intentions.

Moreover, whatever might be our ultimate intentions in regard to Korea they could never be realized by such means as the constant loitering of our naval vessels in Japanese ports, the purchase of large tracts of land at Mosan-pho under the transparent pretext of its being needed for the construction of a naval hospital, the appointment of an agent of our Ministry of Finance as financial adviser to the Korean Government, the opening of a branch of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and similar measures apt to confirm the suspicions entertained in Japan as to our secret designs aiming at the establishment of a Russian protectorate over Korea.

Finally—this being the immediate object I had in view in preparing this memorandum—I directed a broadside of the heaviest and most unanswerable arguments against the War Department's plan of the organization of a Korean army by a body of 120 Russian officers as instructors, insisting in plain and precise terms upon the urgent necessity of totally abandoning this plan if we desired to avoid an armed conflict with Japan.

In conclusion, starting from the point of view that Russia's paramount interest in the Far East, entirely overshadowing all others, consisted in the fullest and uninterrupted development of the inexhaustible natural resources of her immense Siberian Empire, the encouragement of immigration from the interior of the country, the fostering of trade and industry, all of which demanded as a prerequisite condition the maintenance of peace—I advocated a friendly understanding with Japan as well as with China, which would be the best guaranty of a solid and lasting peace.

By way of a little digression from the course of my narrative I might mention in connection with the preparation of this memorandum an incident that for a moment interrupted my work. One afternoon while I was busy writing I received the quite unexpected visit of M. Motono, who was then Chargé d'Affaires of Japan; the same M. Motono who later as Baron Motono became Minister and then Ambassador at St. Petersburg and ended his life as occupant of the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan. I had never before met this young, distinguished and very able Japanese diplomat, who was destined to play subsequently such an important part in the development of the relations between our two countries. He had graduated from the Law School of the University of Paris, and addressed me in the purest French, apologizing for his intrusion and explaining that only the gravest of reasons could have caused him to invade my privacy. He was under orders from his government to try by all means accessible to him to ascertain under what approximate conditions Russia could be found willing to come to a definite friendly understanding with Japan in regard to Korea. He had been knocking at all the doors he could think of, but he

(Continued on Page 189)

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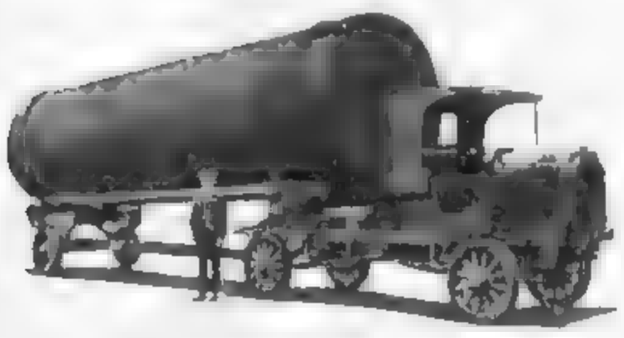
HENRY ACHELPOHL.
Eureka, Washington



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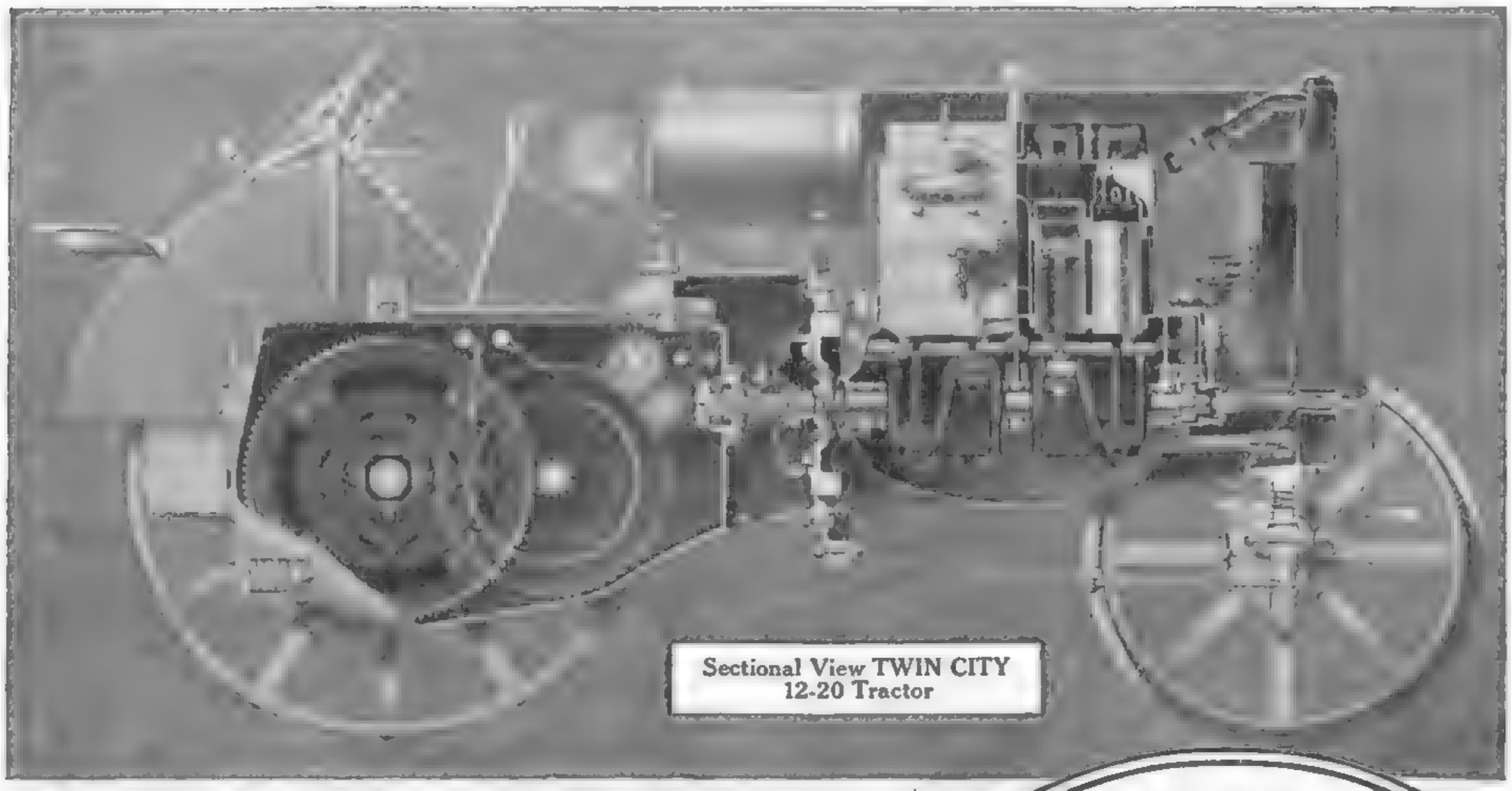

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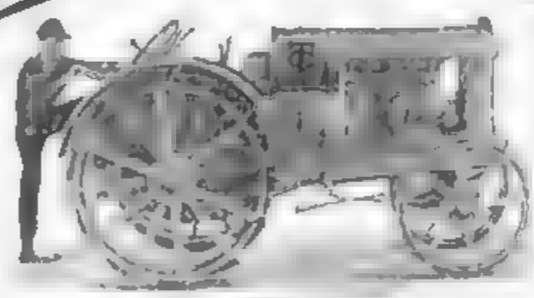

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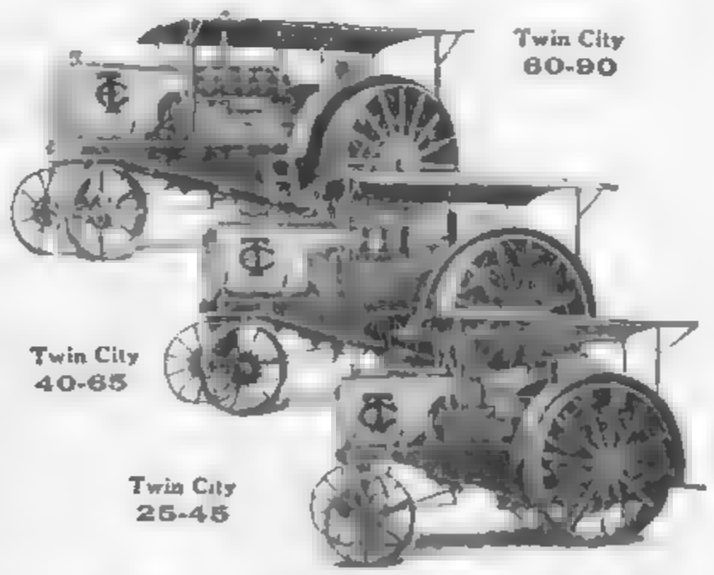

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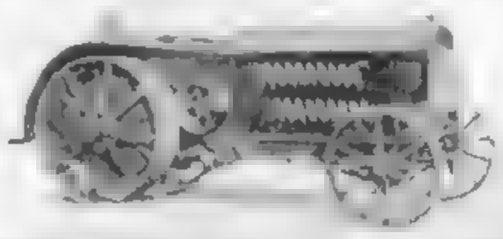

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(Continued from Page 186)

had not been able to elicit from anyone in authority anything but the vaguest assurances of good will, and now in despair he had come to me as the newly appointed Minister to Japan, who had the reputation of being friendly disposed toward his country, in the hope that I might be able and willing to lend him some aid in his endeavors to bring about such an understanding, to which his government attached the greatest importance, and to which he personally was but too happy to devote his most earnest efforts. He spoke with great warmth and apparent feeling, the sincerity of which I had no reason to doubt, from what I had heard of his personal disposition. Under the circumstances then existing I was, however, unable to give him more than the same vague assurances he had received elsewhere and which had appeared to him so little convincing.

Nineteen years later, in the third year of the war, when he was Ambassador to Russia, I had occasion, after an informal dinner at the Japanese embassy, in a friendly chat over coffee and cigars, to remind him of our first meeting in my room at the Hotel de France at St. Petersburg in the spring of 1897, and of our conversation on that occasion in regard to the desirability of the conclusion of a friendly understanding between Russia and Japan.

I said that now I could tell him what I was not in a position to do then—that on that occasion he had been preaching to a man who needed no persuasion in order to be converted to his views, which indeed were his own as well, and which he was at that very moment engaged in pressing on his government in a memorandum drawn up to that effect.

"Well," said Baron Motono, "if we had succeeded then in our efforts we certainly should have prevented the outbreak of the war between our two countries; but after all it is perhaps better that the war was fought out—we have learned to know each other!"

This was a reflection the double meaning of which could be interpreted in a far from flattering sense.

The first result of my memorandum, the contents of which, though considered strictly secret, had necessarily leaked out in the narrow circle of the lower personnel of the Foreign Department, had been that I was dubbed a "pro-Japanese"—the term "pacifist" not having yet come into use as a term of opprobrium—not to be trusted with the carrying high the flag of my country, and so on.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs himself took, however, a different view of my modest efforts in the cause of peace. Count Mouravieff, with all his superficial levity, possessed shrewdness enough to realize that it would not be to his interest to run the risk of exposing the country to the danger of serious complications in the very beginning of his career as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he also had sufficient virile decision to act upon his once-formed conviction resolutely and without delay.

As soon as he had acquainted himself with the contents of my memorandum he sent for me and told me frankly that though he had long ago felt instinctively that in our proceedings in Korea we were treading on very dangerous ground he had not hitherto had at his command the weighty arguments needed to combat the War Department's plans; that he had made up his mind to try his best to defeat these plans, of the dangerous character of which he had now been entirely convinced, and that he intended to submit my memorandum to the emperor, but could do so only if I consented to his doing it, because, as he said: "You must know that most of the arguments that you use run decidedly counter to the favorite conceptions of the emperor, and, what is perhaps even more important, to those of the all-powerful Minister of Finance, Witte." The latter assertion I had no means of verifying, not having had at the time the honor of being personally acquainted with that great statesman.

The very next day Count Mouravieff had his audience with the emperor at Tsarskoe Selo, and on his return sent for me and told me with visible satisfaction that he had carried the day triumphantly, that the War Department's plan of the organization of a Korean army had been definitely abandoned, but that the struggle had been long and hard, and that perhaps the most effective argument that he had used had been the following:

He had said that being quite new to that part of the business of the Foreign Department dealing with the affairs of the Far East he could not pretend himself to any thorough knowledge of these affairs, and therefore considered it his bounden duty to listen to the opinions of those who were entitled to speak of Far Eastern affairs with the authority of long experience acquired on the spot, and that the opinions expressed in the memorandum submitted for the emperor's consideration were those of a man whose sincerity could not be questioned, since he had been warned that most of his opinions were opposed to his sovereign's views, and he had unhesitatingly consented to his memorandum's being submitted to His Majesty at the risk of incurring the imperial displeasure.

Some days later I had the honor of a farewell audience with the emperor preparatory to my departure for my new destination. His Majesty received me most graciously and engaged me in a conversation on a variety of subjects, but never said a word about my memorandum—which had been returned to the Foreign Department with the imperial annotation, "Excellently written"—and in fact never even mentioned the name of the country to which he had accredited me as his representative.

In the meantime the newly accredited Japanese Minister had arrived, and it so happened that he had been given his solemn audience for the presentation of his letters of credence on the day of my departure from St. Petersburg. I was just about to enter my compartment in the sleeping car when the Japanese Minister, in full-dress uniform, appeared on the platform and told me he was glad to have had just time enough on his return from his audience at Tsarskoe Selo to catch me at the station, because he wanted to tell me before I left how gratified he was with the cordiality of the reception His Majesty had been graciously pleased to extend to him, and with the assurance he had been given that I had been instructed to enter into negotiations at Tokio in order to reach a friendly understanding in regard to Korean affairs.

I found my wife and daughter in Paris, where we spent some weeks busying ourselves with the necessary preparations for a prolonged sojourn in Japan. It was summertime, and we naturally decided to go by way of America instead of taking the southern route by the Indian Ocean. Besides purely climatic considerations, we were mainly influenced in taking this decision by my decided preference for the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—the former being my special favorite—and by the attractive chance that presented itself to pay the United States a new visit, albeit but a flying one.

Arrived in New York I made up my mind to try this time a new transcontinental route, instead of resorting again to the old reliable U. P. and C. P., which—I take the liberty of explaining this for English readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who may not be familiar with American railroad terminology—means Union Pacific and Central Pacific, and engaged passage for our party over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver, and thence in the same company's steamer Empress of India to Yokohama.

Some one of my friends, whose name I cannot recall, had given me when I met

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him in Paris a card with his name "to introduce Baron So-and-So," addressed to Sir William Van Horne, who was then president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. I had put it away in my traveling bag with some notes, receipted bills and odds and ends that one is apt to pick up at the last moment when packing one's things for a long journey, and had quite forgotten all about it.

When at Montreal, where we intended to spend a couple of days, I quite accidentally, in looking over my things, came across that card, and it occurred to me to look up in the Montreal directory the residence of Sir William Van Horne and to call on him, hoping to find him at home, as it was Sunday. In this, however, I was disappointed.

But later in the day, on our return from a sight-seeing walk in the town, I found at our hotel Sir William Van Horne's card, on which he had written that he had come to tell me that he would place at my disposal a private car for the journey to Vancouver, and asked me to let him know when I intended to start.

Of course I at once returned to his house to thank him for his quite overwhelming kindness and courtesy, and to say that all my arrangements for the journey had already been settled in New York. This time I found him at home and had a long and most interesting talk with him on the question of the land grants in connection with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, a question I was greatly interested in, as our government was then building the Trans-Siberian Railway, and conditions in Canada and Siberia being in many respects similar, I had intended to avail myself of my passage through the Dominion in order to collect some detailed information on the way this land question had been dealt with by the Canadian Government as well as by the railroad company. Sir William himself was a most interesting personality, one of those men who do things, men of great intelligence, untiring energy and unerring business acumen, to whom such unlimited opportunities are open on this happy not yet overcrowded continent.

The summary information he had succinctly imparted to me in our interview he later on completed by sending to Tokio some pamphlets and documents containing the fullest possible data in regard to all the points that interested me in connection with the land question. Unfortunately all this most valuable material was not available for application to Siberian conditions as our government was dealing with the land question on principles which were, one might say, almost the direct opposite to those which had guided the Dominion Government in its successful land and railroad policy.

In spite of all my protestations Sir William Van Horne insisted on my acceptance of his offer of a private car, and, moreover, insisted on my not postponing our departure when I had learned from him that the Japanese Imperial Prince, Arisugawa, was to travel on the same train in another private car, which naturally would increase the weight of the train to some extent and quite unprofitably to the company. Sir William laughingly said that express trains on his railroad would never balk at hitching on a couple of extra private cars, least of all when it was a question of extending the courtesies of the road to illustrious and distinguished guests the company wished to honor.

He told me, furthermore, that we were quite welcome to take off our car at any point at which we wished to stop over, and to have it hitched on again to any train we chose, a facility we were very glad to avail ourselves of in order to admire the surpassingly grand and beautiful mountain scenery at Banff, where we stopped over for twenty-four hours. Our car was in charge of a butler and an excellent cook, and lavishly stocked with provisions of every possible kind and a liberal supply of—I should perhaps blush to confess it—refreshments of a liquid description. In short, we traveled in truly regal state and indulged for a short week—alas, much too short—the sweet illusion of belonging to the happy class of railroad presidents.

Our traveling companion in the next car, Prince Arisugawa, I had had the honor of knowing in Japan years before, when His Imperial Highness was quite a young naval officer just promoted from cadetship and I was representing my country as Chargé d'Affaires. The prince had been on a visit to the British court, where he had attended the festivities in connection with the Queen's Jubilee as representative of the Emperor of Japan.

Having spent a few days at Vancouver we embarked on the Canadian Pacific Company's steamer Empress of India for Yokohama, where we arrived after a very pleasant passage of barely twelve days, a vast improvement on my previous crossings of the Pacific between Japan and San Francisco, which had taken from twenty-two to as many as twenty-eight days.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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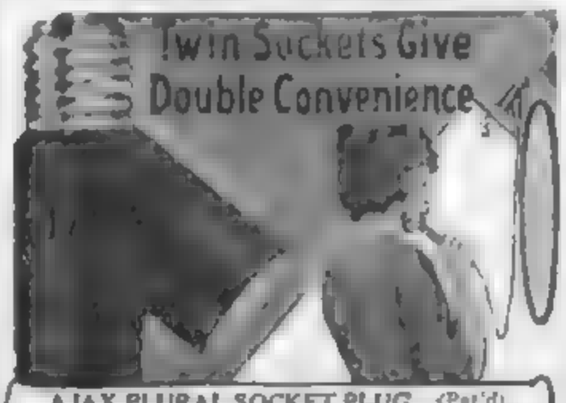

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One of Philadelphia's leading business houses, directed Dr. I. Kitsee, the eminent chemist, to go into the open market and buy samples of standard inks, including Signet, and make a report on their comparative values. Details of that test are herewith shown. This analysis is corroborative of tests made by many notable chemists, and means in ordinary layman talk, that

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THE PERMANENT INK

is absolutely permanent. That it writes blue. That it turns black *and stays black*. That it is without sediment. It will not corrode or cake on the pen. It's an ideal fountain pen ink. But best of all, there is a "feel" about Signet when you move the pen on paper that makes you know instinctively that it's the *right* ink. And a chemist's test proves it is—it's the safest, most efficient, "kindliest" writing fluid obtainable and is made from American dyes and American material.

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TESTS	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	RESULTS
COLOR VALUE	1	3	4	6	2	8	5	7	5	5	A GREATEST
PAPER PENETRATION	1	8	6	7	5	4	3	2	4	2	A BEST
RESISTANCE TO WATER SOAKING	1	3	7	8	6	5	4	2	5	2	A GREATEST
RESISTANCE TO ACID	1	2	5	6	8	3	4	7	2	9	A GREATEST
RESISTANCE TO ALKALI	1	2	3	5	4	6	7	6	2	9	A GREATEST
CORROSIVE ACTION ON STEEL PENS	1	6	7	4	3	5	8	2	4	4	A NONE
SPECIFIC GRAVITY	1	3	5	2	4	2	3	2	2	2	A LOWEST
STABILITY TO SUNLIGHT	1	2	2	3	2	3	6	4	5	7	A BEST
STABILITY TO ARTIFICIAL LIGHT	1	5	3	8	2	7	9	4	6	9	A BEST
ACIDITY	1	5	3	9	7	8	9	4	6	3	A SLIGHTEST

"A" designates SIGNET—other letters the various other inks; figures show the rating.

I unhesitatingly pronounce SIGNET INK ("A") the best in each of the tests.

Dr. I. Kitsee

Analytical Chemist,
209 Walnut Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

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